



D. B. S.
REPOSITORY
 OF
 Arts, Literature, Fashions &c.
 THIRD SERIES.
 Vol. 3.

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TO
HIS MAJESTY.

By his Grateful & Obedient Servant—

RACKERMANN

THE
Repository
 OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

JANUARY 1, 1824.

N^o. XIII.

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LONDON;

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We shall be happy to receive the commencement of the correspondence mentioned by T. and have no doubt that it would prove very acceptable; but until we are favoured with a specimen, we cannot, of course, pledge ourselves for its insertion.

We regret that the continuation of the Confessions of a Rambler did not reach our hands till after the making-up of the present Number, which, on account of the holidays, took place at an earlier period of the month than usual. Owing to the same cause, the appearance of several other communications has been necessarily deferred.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S COTTAGE, OLD WINDSOR.

IN the immediate vicinity of Old Windsor church is situated this elegant cottage, the Garden-Front of which is represented in the annexed engraving. Its unpretending and picturesque appearance, combined with the beauty of its situation, would alone have rendered it worth notice; but when to this is added, its being so long the occasional residence of the Princess Elizabeth (now Duchess of Hesse-Homburg), it becomes peculiarly interesting. It was here she delighted in diffusing around that exquisite taste for the arts in which she so much excelled.

The ground belonging to this cottage is very limited; but the useful is nevertheless so admirably blended with the agreeable, that it is deficient in nothing that a summer residence of this nature requires. It is

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surrounded by some noble trees, fine in form and richly luxuriant in foliage, imparting a sequestered feeling to this pretty spot, that well accords with its immediate neighbourhood; and now that the fair owner, who cherished its beauties and gave a soul to the rural scene, has removed to other climes, this retired spot appears the emblem only of happier days. The reality is gone, perchance never to return. A pensive stillness now reposes over the scene, broken only by the native notes of the feathered songsters, that here undisturbed prolong their stay, or the footsteps of the occasional visitor. In spite of the wild luxuriance that now pervades the garden, which forms what may be termed a lawn and pleasure-ground, and notwithstanding the evident want of care, strong indica-

B

tions still remain of the superior mind that once reigned over it. The view from the principal apartments embraces this sweet little lawn, filled with luxuriant flowering shrubs, bounded on the one side by trees and shrubs of a powerful growth, intermixed with the holly and the rose, that finely group with the sombre tints of the evergreens. On the other side is seen, beneath some fine elms, the silvery Thames winding its silent way. A sequestered walk of singular beauty, formed by the overhanging wood, leads to a wicket that communicates with Grove - House, the property and occasional residence of the Princess at the time she held the cottage. It is a pretty monastic edifice, standing on the verge of Old Windsor church-yard.

In our *Repository* for March of last year, we had occasion to notice many ingenious works, with some original designs of great merit, at Frogmore, by the Princess Elizabeth. Among others, is a classical work, "The Power and Progress of Genius," consisting of a series of etchings by herself, and dedicated to her

Majesty. The dedication is so pleasing, and speaks so much, that we cannot do better than conclude the article with it.

"The etchings that are now laid at your Majesty's feet would never have been executed, if many of those who looked over the drawings had not wished them to be published: but that, my dearest mother, you will see was impossible; for it would have opened a door to much criticism, which in every situation is unpleasant, and particularly in ours. I therefore undertook to do them myself, as they might then pass unnoticed, and protected in the pleasantest manner to me by one whose affections would kindly pardon the faults of the head of the inventor—I trust those of the heart will never be known by you, as its first wish has ever been to prove grateful for those talents which you have so tenderly fostered and improved; and if they meet the approbation of those friends who will have them, believe me I shall feel that the merit will be less mine than yours, who have occasioned them to be brought forward. I remain, with the greatest respect, your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

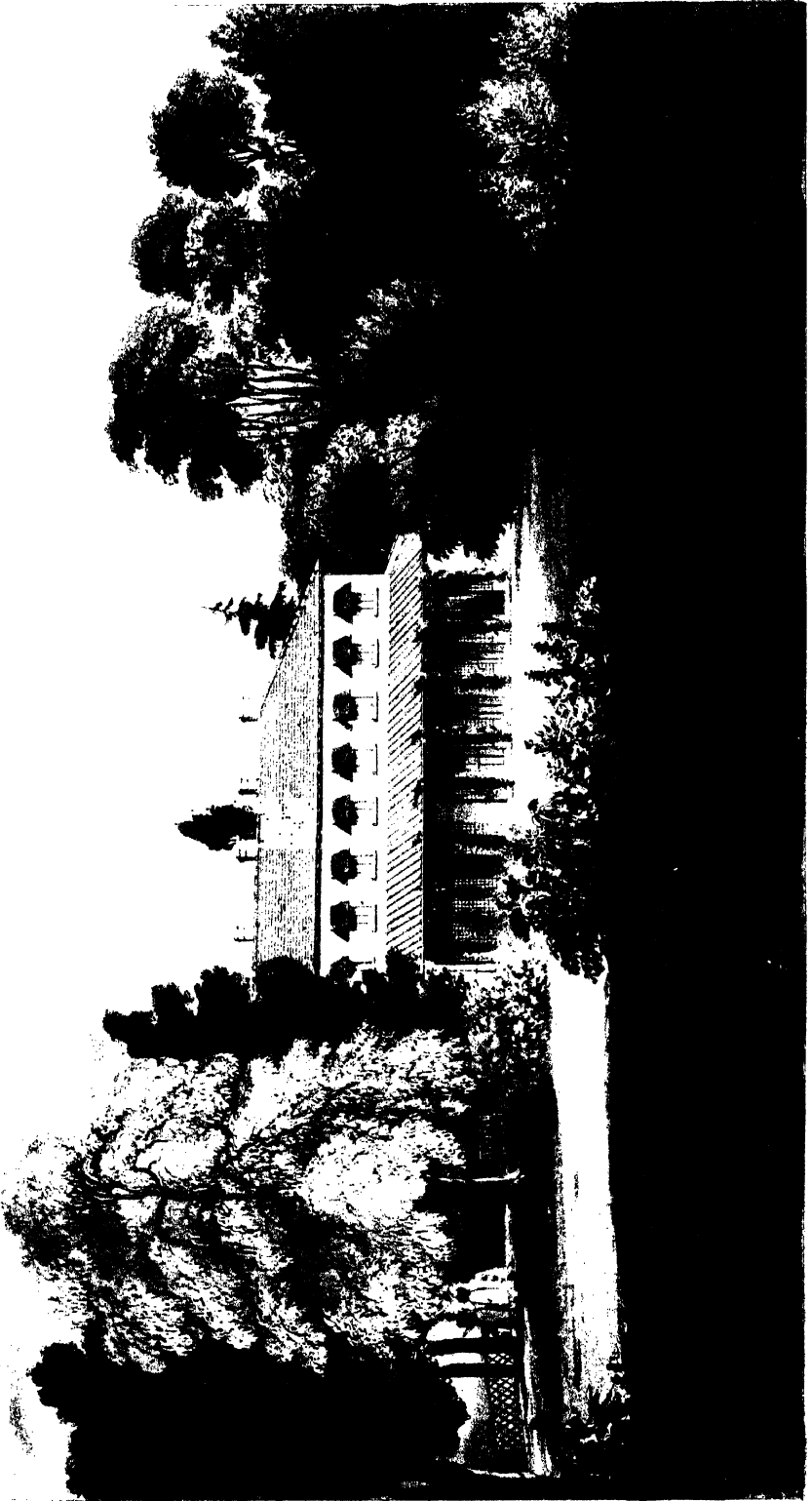
STOKE-FARM,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF SEFTON.

THIS charming residence may be truly termed a *ferme ornée*. Its situation is favourable, and nature has been so far only assisted as to permit its natural beauties to spread over the demesne in uninterrupted ease. The woods, shrubberies, and gardens, immediately about the house, are so judiciously arranged as to present many interesting points of view; laying the house partially open to the south, and screening it completely to the north and east, on

which side the offices are situated and planted out, with the exception of some portions, that add to the general effect of the entire scene.

Our View is of the Front from the lawn, on which side are some of the principal apartments, elegantly fitted up, the windows extending to the floor, forming door-ways, that open beneath a spacious verandah, along which flowering shrubs twine in rich luxuriance, exhibiting, when seen from the apartments, natural festoons



of the richest colours. The lawn in front is so judiciously laid out with evergreens intermixed with deciduous shrubs, that the greater portion is embellished with rich foliage in the winter season: combined with the verandah, or rather corridor, it forms a pleasing winter walk.

Here is a small park of about forty acres, through which there is a pleasant drive to the lodge, which is pretty and chaste. It is rendered pleasing by the deep thatched roof, which, overhanging the dwelling, forms a pretty rustic colonnade. The

supports are unbarked stems of trees, around which grow the rose and the jessamine.

The estate was purchased by the late Lord Sefton of a Mr. Johnson. The house was then a mere farm, but served as an occasional residence. The whole of the alterations, both in the house and grounds, have been effected by the present noble owner; and they have been guided by such taste and judgment, that Stoke-Farm now forms as delightful a retreat as can be desired.

FLUCTUATIONS IN THE FASHION OF HATS.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

SIR,

So much has been said and written by you lords of the creation, to shew that women are incessantly changing the fashion of their clothes, that one would imagine your own modes were really stationary; that is to say, in ancient times, for certainly the *beaux* of the present day alter the shape of their garments nearly, if not quite, as often as the *belles*; and I believe, if we were inclined to do you the favour you have so often done us, that is, to trace the changes in your dress for some centuries back, they would be found to have been as frequent as our own. As I have a great deal of leisure, and also some taste for these researches, I shall perhaps some time or other give the public an account of the various changes which have taken place in male costume during the last thousand years or so. I have already commenced this grand undertaking, and, beginning with the covering for the head, I have traced the various forms of the hat for more than eight

hundred years. I have commenced of course with France, because, as every body knows, that sprightly nation has led the modes since Europe first emerged from barbarism, it would be an injustice not to give her the preference. I have compressed this beginning of my undertaking into as brief a space as possible, for the purpose of offering it to your acceptance, since I am desirous to see what reception it will meet with from the public, before I set about completing my voluminous undertaking. By inserting this sketch, Mr. Editor, you will give my work a fair chance; and as a recompence for your politeness, I shall have the honour of dedicating it to you, as soon as it makes its appearance in at least twenty-five volumes folio. I am, sir, your constant reader and very humble servant,

TERENTIA TRACEMODE.

CHAPEAU.

The first covering that we find regularly used for the head by the

French was called *chaperon*; it seems to have been a kind of hood attached to the robe, and ornamented with a very long tail. Some whimsical people took a fancy to roll this tail round their heads; a fashion which did not meet with general approbation, and which was the cause that the tail was retrenched altogether.

As those *élégans* who had a fancy for the *queue* were determined not to wear *chaperons* without them, they invented a new kind of head-dress for themselves, which was known by the appellation of *bonnet*, and which differed from the *chaperon* only in the height, each being made of the same material, which were cloths of different kinds and velvet. It could be thrown back by means of strings. We see models of these head-dresses in the coats of arms of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops.

In a little time the *bonnet* assumed a new form and a new name: it was called *barrette*, because of the seams which divided it into compartments.

When a foreign clergyman is promoted to the rank of cardinal, it is said that the pope has given him the cardinal's hat; but in reality it is the cap or *barrette*, which his holiness sends to the sovereign from whose dominion the cardinal is chosen. A cardinal can receive the hat only from the hands of the pope himself.

About the year 1180, in the reign of Philip Augustus, an alteration took place in the form of the *bonnet*, which then began to be worn with a brim all round.

Louis IX. (St. Louis) introduced the fashion of hats with large brims turned up.

Philip III. (the Bold) brought in the fashion of wearing a large *calotte*,

that is, a kind of skull-cap, with a very small-brimmed hat placed on one side.

What may be properly called the *chapeau bras* was first introduced into France in the reign of Charles le Bel: they were composed of felt, and carried in the hand.

The form of the hat under Philip de Valois is exactly similar to that of the English coal-porter's hat of the present day: its large brim was turned up in front, and was attached to the dress behind.

In the year 1341, three different sorts of hats were worn, under the names of *chaperons*, *bonnets*, and *chapeaux*.

Under Jean II. (the Good) the crown of the hat was very high, and the brim extremely small. Some of these hats were ornamented with feathers.

Until the time of Charles V. hats had been used only by distinguished people, but in his reign they became common.

The hat of Charles V. was of the helmet form.

Twenty years afterwards we find that the brim of the hat was cut in points.

Henri le Bon, the Duke of Anjou, generally wore a *bonnet*; Louis XI. his uncle, wore a very small-brimmed felt hat, over a large *calotte*. The *chapeau* in the days of Charles VIII. was ornamented with a *panache*.

The head-dress of Louis XII. was a cap, the top of which was almost flat, and trimmed with fur. The lords of the court wore caps or hats with high crowns, and brims more or less broad, but always turned up.

Francis I. introduced the singular fashion of adorning the brim of the hat with the coat of arms of the

wearer. The crown was decorated with a large plume of feathers.

During the reigns of Henry II. Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. the *chapeau* was displaced by *toques* of different forms: this mode is said to have been borrowed from the Italians.

Henry IV. wore a high-crowned hat with a small flat brim. This fashion was then in use among the Spaniards.

A great change took place in the form of the hat under Louis XIII.; the crown was extremely low, and the brim very large: it was worn on one side.

This fashion was too simple to suit the pompous taste of Louis XIV.: he elevated the crown, and had the brim turned up before and behind. Shortly afterwards he introduced the fashion of the cocked hat, with the button and loop on the left side, so long prevalent all over Europe, and still used in full dress.

Who could have expected to find on the hats of the *petits-maitres* of those days, an ornament named after the most popular preacher of his time? But so it was: the zeal and eloquence of the celebrated Bourdaloue made him the fashion; nothing else was talked of or thought of: nevertheless it was very difficult to find any thing about the man of God which could be dragged into the service of *la mode*. However, the Parisians were determined to call some part of their dress after him; at last they gave his name to a narrow black band which encircled the crown of the hat, and from that time nobody was seen without a Bourdaloue. But this ornament soon lost its original simplicity; it was worn in gold, and

twisted many times round the crown of the hat.

During the reign of Louis XIV. the hat was always carried under the arm: it was never placed upon the head, because it would have disarranged the enormous wig, full curled and powdered, which was an indispensable appendage to the fine gentleman of that day.

After the death of Louis XIV. wigs *à la régence* began to be fashionable. The fore-top of this wig was flat, and consequently a hat might be put on without inconvenience. At that period the brims of hats began to be edged with a narrow gold or silver binding.

Until the middle of Louis XV.'s reign, the brim of the hat was worn turned up and very narrow. The military got tired of this fashion; they soon passed to the other extreme by enlarging the brim enormously.

These large hats were not adopted by magistrates nor physicians, nor in short by any of those professions to whose costume a well curled and powdered wig had been considered indispensable. The danger to which these gentlemen exposed themselves in going about in the coldest weather without hats, made the jokers of those times say, that they valued their lives less than their wigs.

In 1760, the shape of the fashionable hat was borrowed from the *chapeau* called *ramponneau*, worn by the alehouse-keepers of Paris: this hat had the front corner larger than either of the others.

Some years afterwards the hat took an oblong form: this was called the *chapeau à la Suisse*.

The French had a kind of mania

for every thing that was American during the war between that country and Great Britain, and this mania introduced into France in 1778 the round hat, called *chapeau à la Bostonnienne*.

The jockey hats were also round, but with large brims. In 1783, the crown of the hat was formed quite round, and it took the name of *chapeau au ballon*, from the then novel invention of the balloon.

In 1786, a hat with three short corners came into favour, and kept

its place for eight years. In 1790, the crown of the hat became narrower at the bottom than the top. In 1794, it resumed its old form, which in 1795 it lost, to take that of the reverse of a broken cone.

From that time, the form of the French hat has changed as often as that of the French bonnet, and the alterations have consequently been too numerous to come within the compass of my present sketch.

T. T.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S CLOSET-WINDOW.

THERE is, after all something in that sort of malady half real, half imaginary, which the French call *ennui*: till now I regarded it as the offspring of an enervated body and an ill-directed mind. I cannot admit this to be my own case; and yet I feel those tormenting imps, vulgarly yclept blue devils, amply revenging on me, by the horrors they inflict at this moment, the doubts I have so often expressed of their existence. How shall I get rid of them? Suppose I try to write—but what? I am too little of a *savant* to treat of scientific matters. Light sketches then? It will not do, I have no turn for *badinage*. Moral essays? Worse and worse, nobody would read them. My own history? It is a blank. What then can I write? I have it: my closet-window will furnish me with something. When we write or speak on a subject that we like, we are always eloquent: let me see then whether I shall not be able to make something of my closet-window.

For the first forty years of my life I looked for happiness to my fellow-creatures; I was often disappointed,

but disappointment did not extinguish hope, and I consoled myself for each failure, with the thought that my next essay would be more successful. At last the moment came when the phantom that I had so long pursued vanished for ever, and I derived from the wreck of all my hopes only the knowledge, that he who trusts to his fellow-creatures for happiness leans upon a broken reed. The lesson was bitter but salutary, though it was long ere I could profit by it. The time at length came when I could bring myself to look at the resources my Creator had given me, and to bless him in humble thankfulness for the means of finding, if not happiness, at least content.

Years have now passed since I placed my comforts within a narrow bound: my books, my walks, the caresses of my faithful dog, and the attachment of my old servant, these are helps to soften the tedium of life; but perhaps a still greater is my closet-window. It is there that I find the grand stimulus of existence; it is through it that I am enabled to exercise the only power we ought to

covet in this world, that of doing good. My reader, whoever he may chance to be, will smile when he is told, that the only prospect my closet-window affords, is a garret inhabited by the meanest class of people, and that for the last fifteen years of my life I have devoted some portion of every day to watch their motions. But before he condemns what he will call my folly, let him look at his own pursuits: he might perhaps be worse employed than in watching his poor neighbours with a view to assist their necessities, if their conduct deserved it. Oh! what a lesson might the proud, the dissipated, the unfeeling, and the avaricious receive, if, like me, they daily viewed human misery without disguise!

SUNDAY.—It is three weeks to-day since I have been able to take my usual walk, and for a fortnight of that time, the garret, my grand resource, has been untenanted. I have heard of a man who found the horrors of captivity softened by watching the motions of a neighbouring mouse, and when it disappeared, he solaced himself by the hope of soon seeing another. It is with feelings somewhat similar to this poor captive's, that I look from the window of my closet for the arrival of a new tenant in the opposite garret. As to the scenes that I have witnessed, I scarcely know, now that my momentary fit of authorship has in part subsided, how to portray them. The miseries of the poor are, alas! widely different from those scenes of fancied woe on which the imagination delights to dwell. "Ah, Peter! what, a new-comer to-morrow, do you say? Let us see then to-morrow what Fortune will send us."

MONDAY.—Ah! there is a tenant

indeed! and such a creature! Who in heaven's name can she be? Graceful, interesting, so young too, for she seems scarcely seventeen, and yet already the bloom of youth and health appears extinct. My window is so placed that I could see her without being myself discovered. It is evident that she was not born to inhabit a garret; and at her age what can have reduced her to it? Can it be a lapse from chastity? Fie upon the uncharitable idea! She looks too pure to deserve the suspicion.

Ten at night.—I do not know that I ever returned to the window so often as this day, and I am afraid my doubts were too well founded. This girl has done nothing all day but write a letter: that has a bad look, doubly a bad look, because there was something in her covering her face with her hand after she had finished it, and in the quick and hurried step with which she paced her room when she had sealed it, that more than half persuaded me she is not what I hoped.

TUESDAY.—I believe I am an uncharitable old fellow after all. She has been busy this morning in putting her miserable apartment in order, and afterwards she sat down to read: from the appearance of the book, and the seriousness of her demeanour, I think it must have been a prayer-book. That looks well: but why does not she work?

Poor girl, the sight of her dinner has completely spoiled mine—a crust of bread and a glass of water. Innocent or guilty, I must come to her assistance; at all events I can prevent her plunging deeper into vice. I could knock my brains out for ever harbouring a thought to this girl's disadvantage: my life for it, she will

come like gold out of the fire. Just as I had written the above, and was going from the window, I turned to take another peep at her: I saw her start—nay, I could almost fancy I heard her scream at the entrance of a fashionable-looking puppy. Oh! how I regretted that I could not hear as well as see from my closet-window! But their gestures were sufficiently expressive; there was no misunderstanding them. I fancied I could hear every word the handsome rascal said as he talked to her in an attitude of the most earnest entreaty: at last he knelt, and she—oh! what a beautiful scorn there was in the air with which she repulsed him! He pointed to the miserable meal which his presence prevented her from finishing: yes, yes, no doubt he contrasted it with the dainties which she might purchase at the price of infamy.

What would I give for a picture of her at this moment, as she stands with a calm severity of aspect, that speaks more than volumes of reproach? Ah! he offers her a purse! O heaven! she pauses. No, poor girl, I wronged her—it was but to give vent to her tears. She has got rid of the scoundrel. How dignified she looked as she held the door open for him to leave the room! 'Tis well the puppy went, or old as I am, I believe I should have set scandal at defiance by going and turning him out. I must get my trusty Mrs. Meanwell to go immediately to this girl; my Peter would be too clumsy a blockhead to be employed in relieving her.

WEDNESDAY.—How provoking! Where can this girl be? She must have gone out early this morning, and she is not yet returned, though it is near ten, and I expect Mrs.

Meanwell every moment. More vexation! the good woman is in the country, and wont return for some days.

Twelve o'clock, and no sign. Yes, there she is at the end of the street, tripping lightly along with a bundle. What does she turn back for? Good girl, it was to assist a poor blind man in crossing. I hug myself on having found a treasure.

She must have been abroad in search of needle-work, for she has been sewing all day. I took several peeps at her, but found her constantly employed.

Eight in the evening.—She has had a female visitor, a well-dressed woman, who staid with her a long time. I know not why, but I have taken a dislike to this woman; a causeless one it must be, for there was nothing in her appearance to inspire it, and she seemed to regard the girl with much kindness: but yet there was something, at least I fancied so, that did not appear natural in her manner. She was too caressing; and the poor girl appeared to think so too, for I observed her shrink from the woman several times as she took her hand. After all, I am afraid I dislike her only because I think she has anticipated me; for I saw her give this young thing money, and the girl took it with an air of modesty and thankfulness. I suppose by that she will not be long my neighbour, but I must find out where she goes to.

If I did not know myself secure against the power of love, I should be afraid that even the frost of age had not defended my heart against this girl's attractions. I must find a name for her till I can learn her own. Suppose I call her Pamela? I think it is applicable to her situation. Very well, her name shall be Pamela.

THURSDAY.—What a fool have I been to place any reliance on the virtue of a woman! The girl is naught, stark naught. Oh! what a damning proof has she given me that deceit is the unalienable inheritance of woman! With all her seeming innocence, she has turned out the veriest wanton: but I will be methodical. This morning while I was looking at her at work, I saw a shabby-looking young man come into her room: no sooner did she see him, than flinging down her work, she flew into his arms with evident transport. Then seating herself by his side, with both her hands in his, she listened to him with such looks of tenderness; and presently springing up, she ran to a drawer, and took out a purse: no doubt it contained the money which she received yesterday. The fellow made a show of refusal, but she would not be refused; she forced it into his hand, which she held clasped in her own, and pressed it to her lips. Her paramour thanked her with an embrace. At that moment the guilty pair were startled by a knocking at the door; it was plain enough from the gestures of the fellow that he was afraid of being seen, but his mistress soon found a hiding-place: she crammed him into a closet, or rather cupboard, where one would suppose you could hardly have hid a cat. Unfortunate creature! so young and so depraved! Yet she is not hardened, for there was a guilty confusion in her air as she seated her visitor, who was the same lady that had been with her yesterday. She did not stay many minutes, to my great disappointment, for I should have wished the fellow to have been half smothered at least. He hastened away

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directly afterwards, no doubt to spend the money which he had obtained from the unfortunate wicked girl.

Four o'clock.—How is this? That woman has returned, and seems to be talking angrily to Pamela, who is in tears. What paper can it be that she offers her, which the other so indignantly refuses? Oh! she evidently threatens her! What an expression of insolent vulgarity there is in her gestures and demeanour! She goes out slapping the door with violence—Hold! she is returned, but evidently to no purpose. What can be the reason of this change in her behaviour? Has she discovered the unfortunate creature's guilt? But that cannot be: there was nothing in her manner that marked a virtuous indignation; her gestures were those of a vulgar scold.

FRIDAY.—To-morrow Meanwell returns, and I am heartily glad of it; for I know not why, but I cannot resolve to resign this unfortunate creature to her fate. She has been at her needle all day, but it was evident that she often laid down her work to weep.

SATURDAY.—I don't know what to make of this: there are two ill-looking fellows, I am sure they are bailiffs, sauntering up and down, and looking very often at Pamela's window. What, can that be the woman who visits Pamela speaking to them? It surely is; but she can never mean to arrest the unfortunate girl? By heaven, she does though, for the whole three have just entered the house! No, bad as the unfortunate girl is, she shall not be dragged to prison!

You sha'n't hinder me, you little

C

witch! I must write, I must finish the first sketch I have ever made from my closet-window. Yes, my dear reader, you shall know what happened after I flung down my pen, and darted across the way with an agility, which made my man Peter, who followed close at my heels, bless himself. I arrived at the very moment that the catchpoles had laid their hands on the horror-struck girl. "What is your demand on this young woman?" said I to the bailiff, who looked at his employer, and she darted a fiend-like glance at me, while she replied, "The young woman and I can settle the matter without your interference."—"Oh! no, sir! no, indeed I will have nothing to do with that woman, I would rather go to prison!"—"You have then borrowed money from this woman?"—"To be sure she has."—"No, I have not; I thought it was given to me."—"You knew well enough on what terms it was given," cried the procuress, who now, exasperated at seeing herself on the point of losing her prey, thought she had no measures to keep; and it was not without threats of punishment that I at length compelled her to receive her money, and leave me with the weeping girl, whom she pronounced to be well calculated to dupe an old fool like me.

I have already told you that my closet-window has procured me some pleasant moments, but all the good I have ever derived from it was nothing compared to this. No wonder I could not look on the poor Sophia—Pamela now no more—without finding my heart drawn to her; but in order that you may know, good reader, why it was drawn, you and I must be a little better acquainted.

I have said, that during the first forty years of my life, I looked to my fellow-creatures for happiness; the last and bitterest disappointment I experienced from them, was in the conduct of my only sister, who was to me in place of a daughter, for she was twenty years younger than myself. She was courted by a libertine, who I knew would render her miserable; I told her so, she disbelieved me, and ran away with him. I renounced her in the first moments of my anger, and before my unbrotherly resentment had subsided, she died in giving birth to a girl. Her death in extinguishing my resentment renewed my affection. I would have taken her children, for she left also a son, who was five years old at the time of her decease; but her husband not only refused to hold communion with me, but took his children abroad, in order to avoid me, nor did I ever learn their fate.

Alas! it was indeed a hard one! Neglected by their father, who consumed his substance in brutal riot, their childhood and their youth were alike deprived of the advantages and the pleasures to which they were entitled. The ill health and ruined fortunes of their father brought him at last to a sense of his injustice to his children, but it was when the power of making reparation for it was no more. His death separated the orphans. Sophia accepted a situation as *femme de chambre* to a lady; while her brother Edward, trusting for a subsistence to his pen, indulged his fancy with the hope of soon sharing with her the competence which he trusted his exertions would procure. He was unsuccessful, and but for the scanty earnings of his sister, must have wanted bread. For-

tune had not yet exhausted her malice; the beauty of Sophia captivated the libertine husband of her lady: she quitted his family to escape his importunities, but the wretch, finding her inaccessible to temptation, hoped to conquer her by terror. The vile woman from whose hands I rescued her was his agent; she had introduced herself to the unsuspecting girl, whom she offered to take into her service, and insisted upon giving her ten pounds to provide necessaries. No sooner had she obtained a confession that the money was disposed of, than she thought herself sure of her prey; but at the moment in which she hoped to grasp it, Providence sent to the aid of the desolate girl the only relation she had who possessed at once the power and the will to help her.

When this female fiend left the room, the poor weeping girl raised her eyes with such a look of pious thankfulness to heaven, that nothing short of the evidence of my own senses could have made me believe her guilty. "I know all," cried I, interrupting her as she began to thank me, "I have seen all, seen you in the arms of your gallant."—

"My gallant?"—"Yes, him whom you caressed so fondly only two days back, whom you hid in a closet; to whom you even gave——"—"What! my brother?"

"Your brother! My God, is it possible?"

"Indeed it is most true: only hear me."

I did hear. O heaven, with what delight I heard a tale that convinced me I was no longer an isolated being! Need I say that the misfortunes of those poor children are at an end, and that in spite of my declaration of never looking to any human being for happiness, I cannot help fancying that they will gild the last days of my life? I am now going with them to reside in the country; but I shall not have a closet-window, for two reasons: first, I see by my last adventure, that whatever views we may take of the actions of our fellow-creatures, we never can feel convinced that our judgment has not been deceived by appearances; secondly, I shall now have an almoner, to whose good sense and tenderness of heart I can trust more confidently than to my own eyes, or to my closet-window.

"TOUJOURS FIDÈLE,"

A SKETCH OF FRENCH SOCIETY.

I HAVE ever considered society in France as in a state of great demoralization: how should it be otherwise? So lately emerged from a revolution in which all the bad passions of the soul have been untied and given as it were to the winds, we cannot hope that the nicer distinctions of moral restraint should there be regarded with much reverence: hence these social ties which to our minds

form the great charm of life, are little appreciated; and provided the tide of pleasure but continues to flow, the consequences of dissipation and indiscretion are comparatively unheeded. Far be it from me to imagine, that goodness or virtue is exclusively to be found amongst ourselves; I am sure it is not so, but that every country possesses its portion of good or evil: yet it cannot be denied, that the

great mass of the French people are contaminated by a spirit of gallantry and intrigue, become so general from example and long practice, that, in a greater or less degree, it pervades every breast, from the prince down to the humble peasant. In fact, to be deficient in this kind of feeling, or backward in exercising it, would but gain a man the appellation of a stupid sort of fellow, who knows but little of the world.

I need scarcely observe that it is not an uncommon thing for a Frenchwoman, whether married or single, to have a lover, and to regard a connection of this nature without the least remorse or compunctious visiting of conscience. Should chance discover her amours, and force her to quit the circle in which she once moved, and where she enjoyed the reputation of being virtuous, she does not consider such discovery as a great drawback on her happiness; she has still many resources of pleasure left to compensate for this misfortune: she can always find a very extensive society of females precisely in her own situation, in which she can yet play her part, and seek some consolation for the rank she has quitted. I mean that class of women known as *femmes galantes*, a class not exactly tolerated in England, where the moment a woman's virtue is known to be forfeited, her stand in society is for ever lost, where scorn is the fruit of error, and utter seclusion the only abode of tranquillity for fallen virtue.

Not so in France; here the mistress of a prince or a duke is often surrounded by very good society. I know an instance of the sort, where a married woman living with her husband and family, but notoriously the

mistress of a nobleman of the first rank, is in the habit of receiving a great many of the fashionables of Paris into her circle; and it is to this kind of society to which I allude, and which exists to a very great extent, that women of equivocal character can always resort, in exchange for those places where the observance of nice rules of propriety has refused to grant her any further welcome.

In this species of society, the superficial observer might suppose he stood in the midst of a temple of chastity as well as pleasure: every thing is here found that can charm the ear or please the eye; a great display of beauty, wit, and talent, and, as may be well supposed, a very great share of liberality of sentiment. Here hovers the shadow of virtue though the substance is fled; in appearance here is every thing severity can require, decorum of conduct, refined politeness, cultivated and polished manners. It is to this sphere a woman flies whose character becomes questionable; here is both a substitute and compensation for the sacrifice she has made; and provided that sovereign disturber, *ennui*, does not overtake her, provided reflection is stifled in the busy round of pleasure, she thinks it an indispensable duty to leave the work of repentance for the solitary season of old age.

This toleration of gallantry, if it may be so termed, joined to the numberless difficulties which rise up in opposition to marriage, helps to remove many of the scruples of the mind, and works its corruption by almost imperceptible means. The danger of such society to a young female is obvious; the pernicious tones of gallantry are breathed into her ear at an age when the judgment cannot

withstand the combat of the passions; she is in the midst of companions of her own sex, whose precept and example tend to efface every spark of moral feeling. I once overheard an instructive lesson given by a more experienced adviser of her own sex to a young lady whom an indiscreet mother had introduced into one of these gay circles. She told her young pupil, that to be loved was the chief object of a woman's life, and that all her cares and studies should be directed to this end: that if she but succeeded in reciprocally exciting and bestowing affection but for a period of three years, the great object of her life was then attained, and she might remain contented with having had her share of happiness in this world: that as to marriage, it rarely happened that any couple loved each other long, in cases even where love had been the sole object of their union; but when a match was formed from interest or ambition, which was in fact the only good excuse she had ever heard for matrimony, it was useless to expect any thing but perfect misery and wretchedness: that discord was the universal fruit of marriage; for her part she had experienced it, but her husband was, thank God, no more, and rather than again endure the wrangling she had once suffered, she could wish that some dreadful catastrophe might overtake her if she was ever guilty of a second such folly: it was much better to be out of the world, than suffer dissension, from which we could not free ourselves, to embitter and destroy life. This able instructress added, that it was far different between a woman and her lover: that she was bound to him by no tie but that of affection, and whenever that

tie was dissolved, they were both at liberty to roam where they pleased; that true love never could exist where the will was bound by the fetters of wedlock.

This anathema against marriage, thought I, and this recommendation of intrigue, is a fit sermon to be pronounced by such a mistress and in such a place; the lesson is likely to have its full weight in a mind perhaps prone to high romantic feeling; it is a delusion well calculated to lead astray one who cannot yet foresee or comprehend the result of the moral attempted to be inculcated.

How is it possible then, if society is thus constituted in France, to arrest the progress of contamination? A great laxity of morals, however deplorable, must always exist; and such circles will of course find numerous advocates and supporters of both sexes, so long as they shall continue to be a matter as well of necessity as infinite gratification. Indeed it must be confessed, it holds out extraordinary charms to the male sex: the fascinations of Frenchwomen do, in spite of every thing, render them truly amiable, with all their faults and follies; they possess in a superior degree the art of making themselves beloved; their seeming artlessness, their apparent flow of soul, which, whether it be assumed or felt, must be acknowledged to wean us into a forgetfulness, that makes time pass delightfully in their company; their classical elegance and taste of costume; their very forms, serried so as to approach closely to statuary beauty; their gracefulness, their chit-chat, their little flatteries and caresses, are all sufficient to unbend the resolution of the most hardened stoic. Certain it is, that if sin is to be pardoned in

the next world, only a Frenchwoman dare plead its forgiveness.

Chance introduced me to the family of —, one of the old *noblesse*, whose house was the rendezvous of this class of French nobility, who it must be confessed bear about them the marks of good-breeding and true politeness. The marquis had been an emigrant during the revolution, but the restoration of the Bourbons had given him back part of his patrimonial possessions, and enabled him to exhibit that share of style and elegance, which both suited his rank and evinced his good taste. His wife was a lady, who, though advanced in years, still retained all the traits of former beauty; her mind was in no wise impaired; and from her extreme amiability, she had contrived to render her house a most agreeable resort for both young and old. I was a pretty constant frequenter of her *soirées*, where the lively conversation of the women, their fondness for dancing, music, and all sorts of gaiety, had made a deep impression on me, and seduced me so far as to throw off a great part of my nationality, and enter into all the spirit of these entertainments; till, what with the pleasing encomiums that were sometimes bestowed on me, and the taste I had actually formed for these amusements, I had almost forgotten that I was an Englishman. An incident, however, occurred, which awakened me once more to my accustomed reflection, and convinced me how necessary it was sometimes to think, even amidst the dazzling of *fêtes* and the busy revelry of enjoyments.

Among the females I had met at these parties, there were two sisters, who were particularly noticed for their distinguished beauty and grace-

fulness of manner; they were of that order of beings which the eye immediately singles out, and which the mind contemplates and dwells on, as above the ordinary level of the human race. Among men as well as women, Nature seems to have held up some for more general admiration than others; the divine marks which she has stamped in their physiognomy are at once so striking and so beautiful, that we become insensibly captive to their movements; the mind is awed by the contemplation of their adornments, and we only awake from the reverie with inspired feelings of love or admiration.

Of this class of beings were the two sisters to whom I allude: they seemed formed to excite sensations of love in every beholder; their conversation, their endearing manners, were such as riveted the senses still more closely than their personal charms. Unfortunately, calumny, which seems to be the growth of every clime, had been busy with their reputations; but this I immediately ascribed to the known jealousy that always exists against superior beauty and merit. My particular friend, who accompanied me, and who had become perfectly enamoured of the elder sister, participated in my opinion: he observed, "that it needed only extraordinary attraction to excite extraordinary scandal; that the general feeling of the world went to depreciate qualities beyond its reach; and that to be celebrated for any particular distinction or talent, was sure to excite the bitter tongue of envy and reproach."

My friend's affection became daily more wound up in the elder of these ladies. He was a young man of distinguished elegance and beauty of

person, of a mind replete with generous and lofty sentiments, an ardent admirer of a fine woman, in short of a highly elevated soul. It was impossible for two such beings as Amelia and himself to meet without loving each other. Nature seemed to have assimilated them together; both so young, so lovely, and so loving; for but a very short time had elapsed after their first introduction, ere they exchanged vows of mutual and irrevocable affection. Their love seemed not to be of an ordinary description; their whole souls were absorbed in the passion. I regarded them as two beings whose feelings and affections were scarcely of a sublunary order; they almost loved too much. Should any thing happen to interrupt this affection, I dreaded to think it must cost the life of one or the other, or perhaps of both.

I am accustomed to reflect a great deal, and never to consider the things of this world as too certain: human happiness I know to be a frail reed shaken by every storm, apt to be shivered by every blast; and there was a melancholy which seemed at times to usurp Amelia's bosom, that thrilled, I know not why, a most gloomy foreboding to my soul, and left on me an impression of most unhappy augury.

Indeed my friend would often complain to me of this melancholy which she felt, and which he had taken great pains to dispel, but without effect. In their solitary rambles, when he poured forth all his soul to her, and told her his life was made of the love he bore her, often did he conjure her to shake off this sorrow, which she never accounted for, farther than as a feeling of her nature

which she could not repress. He implored her not to shed a gloom over his happiness, nor to fill his bosom with presentiments so discouraging to their love. Beaufort generally succeeded in dispelling those feelings; and on this occasion, after having restored her mind to perfect complacency, she again renewed the promise of unalterable affection, and consented to an immediate union.

I, who am not an advocate for rash attachments, was always over-ruled in my reasons against this speedy conclusion of a business which, I thought, required much reflection. I imagined that some knowledge of disposition and character was necessary before any reasonable hopes of happiness could be entertained: but I was told I had no soul for love; and that "he who did not love at first sight never loved at all;" till this sort of reasoning quieted all remonstrance on my part, and although I looked with pain on a connection I mistrusted, I was still obliged to cease from offering further remark.

About this period, it happened that we were invited to a ball at a *château* not very distant from Paris, in the neighbourhood of which one or two regiments of hussars were quartered. The young ladies were likewise to be there. Its magnificence was spoken of as something likely to surpass, in point of splendour, all we had ever witnessed of the kind; in fact, it did surpass all the *fêtes* of the sort that had lately taken place. The brilliancy of the uniforms of the officers who had been invited in great numbers on this occasion, the profusion of ornaments that glittered in the ladies' dresses, the great share of beauty and fashion assembled, and the superb manner

in which the whole suite of rooms was decorated, all contributed to render the place more like a fairy scene than one of real life.

It is said that a woman's beauty is put to the test when placed amidst a number of beauties of her own sex. Amelia suffered nothing from this comparison; both she and her sister stood pre-eminently marked for their superior elegance even in this extensive circle, and at every corner was heard the buzz of inquiring admiration. Every one was anxious to dance with them, but Beaufort very naturally obtained this favour from Amelia much oftener than any other, which seemed to excite some share of jealousy among the rest of the candidates, and particularly in a young officer of hussars, who eyed him during all the turns of a quadrille in a manner which I thought bespoke a passion rankling at his soul, fraught with a disagreeable result.

Fatigued with dancing, my friend withdrew to the card-room to amuse himself at *écarté*. Chance, I believe, led the young officer I have just alluded to (and whom for distinction's sake I shall call Delessert) to the same room; and in the course of play, Beaufort and himself became opposed to each other in the game. Beaufort lost the stake, and withdrawing his glove to pay over the money, he discovered a diamond ring on his finger, which seemed to light up the face of Delessert with astonishment and dismay.

This ring Amelia had given to Beaufort in the hour she plighted her faith to him. "With it," said she, "I give you my heart, and whilst you wear it, and continue to prize it, I can never cease to love you: if

ever you part with it, I shall consider you wish to free yourself from the attachment I bear towards you."

The words of a mistress are always sacred to a lover's ear; to Beaufort then how much more dear was this gift than any thing he possessed on earth! Delessert pretended to admire the ring, and asked permission to look at it: this was refused. "I dare not displace it from my finger," said Beaufort.—"And why refuse so trifling a request? It would give me infinite pleasure if you would but lend it me for an instant." This was without avail.—"I wonder, sir, at your earnestness to look at a ring which certainly cannot interest you much."—"Sir," answered Delessert, "let us retire to another part of the room, that we may converse further on this subject." My friend immediately complied. "That ring, sir," continued Delessert, "closely resembles one I gave my mistress; it bears a device within it, '*TOUJOURS MÊME*.' You must either resign it, or die to-morrow ere the morning dawn."—"Then I must die indeed, sir, for never will I resign it whilst I have breath;" and then presenting his card, he added, "I shall be glad to meet you, sir, the instant the ball is finished, that we may definitively arrange this affair."

On my friend's reappearance in the ball-room, I was rather struck with his altered features, and plainly saw that something deeply agitated his soul. Perhaps it was at this moment that a doubt of Amelia's faith first flashed across his mind. I taxed him with being disturbed. "You have," said I, "a disorganized air; something has happened to you." He answered that it was mere weariness, and begged me to finish the dance;

for I was at that moment the partner of Amelia's sister in a quadrille, who, I confess, had likewise entangled my heart, and I began earnestly to think I was half in love. The dance finished, soon did the first words of Beaufort restore me to my senses, by dispelling all my love for the sister. He related to me what had passed. "O my prophetic soul!" I perceived there was more in this affair than my friend would be willing to believe; but the storm was now raised, and it was necessary to weather it out. He told me of the rendezvous he had given Delessert as soon as the ball ended, and begged me to act as his friend on this occasion.

The night was growing late, and we returned to the hotel in the neighbouring village, where we had taken beds. Soon after we entered, Delessert and his friend, an officer of his own regiment, made their appearance. "Sir," said Delessert to my friend, "let us speak frankly together; our negotiation may be terminated in a few words. Have you any pretensions to the lady from whom you received the ring I saw on your finger? If so, I will not beg you to renounce her; I have too high an opinion of your courage to expect it; the life of one or the other can alone decide the point. But I must observe to you, that the lady is my mistress; she has been so for upwards of a twelvemonth. I adore her beyond life; my devotion to her has proved it. I have twice braved death for her sake, and have been twice wounded: six months of anguish on a bed of sickness from the wounds I have received have taught me to know that I love her. It was the

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thought of her alone, and the idea that the dangers I had encountered for her might bind her to me, that roused me into life again: still I am aware she is unfaithful to me, though I have sacrificed fortune, friends, and health for her sake. To be near her is the only joy I know on earth. I love her to distraction, and will never endure the thought of being supplanted by another."

"Hold, sir!" said Beaufort; "there is no necessity for adding falsehood to insolence: you have said enough already to rouse my indignation; I shall retire, and leave the rest for my friend to settle with yours." Both the principals after this quitted the room. Independently of any other obstacle, too much had been said to leave the slightest hope of accommodation, and blood was now to be shed before any further word could be spoken.

Delessert's friend, who I really believe regretted the turn the affair had taken, and whose object and wish was to have spared a sacrifice of life if possible, first broke silence after the pause that had ensued. He said there was one point on which he wished to be satisfied before he accompanied his friend to the ground, which was, to be assured of the identity of the ring; for in fact there might exist many rings similar to the one which Beaufort wore. He asked if it bore the device of "TOUJOURS FIDÈLE," and was answered in the affirmative. We then proceeded to arrange the meeting for the following morning. It was agreed that they should fire together by signal, at the usual distance of twelve paces, and it fell to my lot to give the word. But a new difficulty here presented

itself: no pistols were at hand; this was unfortunate in the extreme: a servant, however, was dispatched to Paris, who, mounted on a fleet horse, returned by daybreak with a case I had left at my hotel there.

It was a soft morning in the early part of autumn; the day seemed to dawn with a mildness peculiar to the season; the sun was just rearing its head, as if to witness the tragic scene that was about to ensue. The place of rendezvous was a wood about a mile from the *château*. As we proceeded in our carriage to the spot, I could not help contrasting the happy countenances of the peasantry proceeding to market, with the feelings that agitated my breast. Happy creatures! thought I, if ye are far removed from the luxuries and enjoyments of the great, ye are also far removed from their cares and annoyances: the pleasures which fill your bosoms are perhaps not so exquisite as those which occupy the elegant world, but then your griefs are not so poignant; your injuries are forgotten in a day; your dissensions are healed, as they are formed, by a word! That stern notion called honour does not teach you bravely to shed your fellow-creature's blood to rid yourselves of a rival, or to give a proof of your courage!

We arrived on the spot a few minutes before the time appointed: our adversaries were not yet there, so that we had a few moments' leisure for conversation. "If I fall," said Beaufort, giving me his watch, "I beg you to preserve this in memory of your friend. Bear this," said he, giving me his portrait, "to Amelia, and tell her to cherish the recollection of one who, had he survived, would have thought the longest life

too short to be spent in devotion to her happiness." I talked him as being too desponding, and said, "that I still hoped the affair would not terminate fatally." He observed, that he was perfectly resigned to whatever might happen, for he felt the inward conviction that he was most unjustly provoked to this combat.

By this time Delessert and his friend arrived on the ground, and apologized for having detained us. He said he had one request to make, which he hoped would be acceded to: that whatever the result of this affair might be, the cause for which they had met might for ever remain secret. I would not bind myself to any promise on the part of Beaufort, but contented myself with saying, that if nothing transpired to render an explanation of the affair necessary, I should certainly not reveal it: but this was a matter which must be entirely left to circumstances and my own discretion. He observed it was the protection of Amelia's character which induced him to make the request; but as it did not appear by his rash proceedings that he could have considered this as an object of great importance, all farther conversation was waved. The ground was immediately taken, the pistols were respectively handed to each party, and the signal agreed on given. Both fired together, and Delessert received his antagonist's shot in his right breast. He staggered and fell to the ground. We ran towards him, and expressed a hope that the wound was not mortal. "I do not think it is," said he; and addressing himself to Beaufort, he observed, "Should this wound prove my death, I freely forgive you. The love I bear to Amelia

never could brook the thought of a rival. I know that my affection is not repaid with the constancy it merits, but I must prove to her that she can never encourage another with impunity. I have some title to her affection. She bears a pledge within her——” Here his voice became much enfeebled; he murmured the words “*TOUJOURS FIDELE*,” and fainting from loss of blood, was borne from the spot.

Regret that a fellow-creature’s life had perhaps been sacrificed rendered us immoveable for some moments; but the recollection that my best friend was still preserved to me suggested the thought of immediate flight. Beaufort spurned the idea, and was determined to await the consequence of the event whatever it might be. “Let us remove,” said I, “at least till the nature of his wound is ascertained: a few days may enable us to decide what course to take; our safety is endangered.”—“No, not for an instant,” was his reply; “Fate may do her worst! Why am I spared for a life of wretchedness? His dying words are not to be discredited; she is his mistress, and I have been grossly deceived.”

A tumult was now gathering in his bosom, the pain of which can only be felt by those who have had the misfortune to lose “at one fell swoop” every thing they prized on earth. The world was now to him but one uniform blank, dull waste; all his fond projects of delight were changed to wild despair. A woman’s infidelity was about to complete that havoc, which, but a few moments before, I rejoiced that the pistol had spared.

The news of a duel having taken place was very soon spread, and cu-

riosity was on the alert to ascertain the cause. Rumour assigned a thousand reasons equally ridiculous and untrue; various were the means employed to extort the circumstances of the case, but without effect.

I was now perfectly assured in my own mind, that the tale exactly as Delessert had related it was true, and lamented his absurd infatuation for a woman, who, notwithstanding any favours she might have conferred, had now evidently become changed and unfaithful to him, and was willing to rid herself of an obnoxious lover, even at the expence of his life. But most of all I deplored the depravity of a woman who, under the mask of innocence, could hope or seek to entrap the heart of an unsuspecting confiding man. Did she seek to consummate this union in the rank deception in which it was begun? Could this be love to Beaufort, to encourage his addresses at the imminent peril of his life from a desperate rival, who had fought so many duels for her sake? Delessert’s fondness for Amelia too filled me with disgust; I ceased to pity him: his wanton exposure of her character, however true it might be, seemed a base means of securing her to himself. A suspicion of his conduct had perhaps reached her ears, and made her resolve on ridding herself of so dangerous a connection.

The wound which Delessert had received was fortunately pronounced not mortal, and his health continued to improve slowly. Not so with Beaufort; the wound which had been planted in his mind preyed dreadfully on his feelings. His fine form, the admiration of every beholder, wasted visibly. His bright eye, which had penetrated many a heart, grew dim

and hollow. His spirits, which had rendered him the charm of every society in which he moved, had sunk into utter dejection. He totally secluded himself from the world, yielding entirely to that grief which had taken such deep root in his soul.

The only person who did not long remain ignorant of the reason for which Beaufort and Delessert had met on the fatal morning subsequent to the ball was Amelia herself, whose conscience, now awake to all the horrors of her situation, easily interpreted the cause of every thing which had happened. From that moment she shrunk from public gaze, and became filled with anxiety and fears lest the affair should become known: so great was the shock her feelings experienced on this occasion, that her life was at one period despaired of. But she did not rightly know or appreciate the sentiments of those who possessed her secret: death would have been preferred in its most frightful shape, rather than that one word should ever have escaped the lips of Beaufort which suspicion might even have glanced at. His love for Amelia unfortunately remained, though she had ceased to deserve it.

I endeavoured to make him shake off so unworthy a feeling, and pointed out to him the folly of entertaining one spark of affection for a degraded woman. "My friend," said I, "you have much to blame yourself for in this business: it is your own thoughtlessness and want of knowledge of the world that renders your situation so unhappy; you must not be surprised at being deceived. Consider for a moment the nature of her conduct towards you, and you must cease to think of her but with feelings

of detestation. It is worse than deception; it is complete criminality: she consented to receive your love at the moment her honour and virtue were irretrievably lost; and that not only at the price of your happiness, but perhaps of your life, which she would not have blushed to have made the sacrifice of her guilty passion, and thus have committed the crime of murder."

By this and the like reasoning I hoped to restore his mind to its former tranquillity, but his affliction was too deeply seated to be easily removed. "With all the enormity of her conduct," said Beaufort, "I love her beyond what I have power to express. She is too beautiful to be forgotten; and even now I can scarcely reconcile myself to the thought, that such perfidy can be allied to such divine qualities. Her very face is that of an angel; innocence and meekness are portrayed in her features; the language that falls from her lip would ensnare the heart of an anchorite and even a sceptic into firm belief."

The wounds inflicted by grief generally yield to the hand of time, though there are hearts which corrode with melancholy recollections, and there are sorrows which work in silence on the soul, making but little visible outward ravage, compared with the consuming workings within. This was the nature of Beaufort's grief, and a letter which he received from Amelia, instead of assisting to dispel it, completely achieved the misery of my unhappy friend. It ran thus: "A calm has succeeded to the noise of inquiry respecting the late duel. I may now address you, though on a bed of sickness; neither the removal from which, nor any

earthly circumstance, can ever bring repose to a mind whose misery is consummated in this world. My friend—dare I still call you so?—the maddening love I felt towards you made me strive to gain your affections at any risk. My life still hangs on that affection, and though I love you, I must possess it or die. Tell me it is fled, and let me expire upon the word!

“Your silence, your secrecy regarding the whole transaction, is a charity I do not deserve; it is an indulgence which kills me: still it leaves a faint gleam of hope upon my mind, that you do not utterly despise me. O God! if life could efface the wound I have given to your noble spirit, I would yield up mine with joy; but even this consolation is denied me, and the reflection of the irreparable injury I have done you must remain my everlasting torment and regret.

“What have I forfeited? all which is honourable or dear in life! But

what did I attempt to gain? all that is most precious of heaven's gifts! What are the means I have employed? they are too horrid to think of, much more to repeat!

“I could fly with you to the uttermost end of the earth and be your slave, did I but know that you could forgive me. Did I but dare to think you do not curse me, and still remember me with kindness, I would cherish that life which is now ebbing fast from me. But tell me what you think of me? Heap upon me the reproaches I merit, or say one kind word, and thus bid me live or die!”

To this letter Beaufort sent an answer full of kindness and feeling; his generous heart was incapable of reproach. He at last adopted the only advice and recommendation I could give. The next morning saw him on his route to a distant country, there to seek that forgetfulness of his woes which could alone contribute to his relief.

GHOST STORIES.—No. IV.

THE ILLUMINATED CHURCH AT NEISSE, IN SILESIA.

THE following narrative is given in the words of Lieutenant-Colonel Weisse, of the Prussian artillery, who, at the beginning of the present century, resided at Wesel.

“During the Seven Years' war, being then in garrison in the fortress of Neisse, in Silesia, I was an eye-witness of a singular and exceedingly mysterious phenomenon which occurred at that place. By command of Frederic II. of Prussia, the Jesuits had been obliged to remove into the country, for the purpose of continuing there the instruction of youth. When therefore they had completely

cleared out their church at Neisse, they quitted the town altogether. Not one of them was left, when the commandant of the fortress gave express orders that this church should be turned into a magazine of provisions; but at the same time he directed that care should be taken to leave the high-altar unencumbered, and not to injure it, on account of the beauty of its construction.

A rumour suddenly spread through the town that a bright light, which illuminated the whole church, was seen at night upon this altar. People thronged from all quarters to witness

this wonder, and curiosity induced me likewise to go to see the light. For two successive nights I endeavoured to reach the place from which it might be perceived, but in vain the concourse was too great, and I felt no particular call to elbow my way into the midst of the crowd.

On the third evening, when the commandant himself repaired thither, I was lucky enough to arrive in his suite at the envied spot where the miraculous light was to be viewed. I must confess that it threw me into no small astonishment to find every thing tally so exactly with the accounts which I had heard. The whole church was so light that every object within it might be distinguished through the windows. It looked as if the light proceeded from the high-altar. The commandant immediately ordered the key to be brought, and the church opened. I, with many others, accompanied him to the door, and our astonishment was infinitely increased when, on opening it, we found the whole church in profound darkness, and could not discover in it the least trace of light.

The commandant was therefore necessitated to send for lanterns, that the church might be examined. Nothing whatever was found that tended in the slightest degree to elucidate the mysterious affair. Neither could the people in the street perceive any light while we were in the church; according to their assurance, it disappeared the moment the door was opened.

It seemed therefore that for this time nothing more could be done, and we accompanied the commandant back to his residence. To this end we were obliged to pass the

above-mentioned place. Judge then of our surprise, when we again saw the church as brilliantly illuminated as before, so that every object, and especially the altar, appeared perfectly distinct through the window!

It may easily be supposed, that even among the reflecting portion of the spectators opinions differed widely on the subject of this extraordinary sight. The multitude considered it as an omen that peace would be speedily restored, and that the king would then permit the Jesuits again to perform their devotions in this church as they had formerly done.

To make an end of the matter, the commandant ordered sentinels to be placed the following night in the church. This was done, but no discovery ensued. That night the church remained in darkness, and no light was perceived either from within or without: but no sooner was the precaution of posting sentries omitted, than the light was again discovered on the altar, and the whole interior of the edifice appeared illuminated.

The commandant then issued a proclamation, offering a considerable reward to any person who should discover and satisfactorily explain the nature of the mystery. Two days passed, and no clue was obtained; but on the third a private belonging to the garrison desired to speak with the commandant, and promised in the most positive manner to solve the mystery to his entire satisfaction.

The same evening the general, accompanied by a numerous party of inquisitive persons, repaired at the usual time to the place near the

church. The soldier was already there, and the wondrous light was again visible.

The concourse of people was, as may easily be imagined, immense on this occasion. The general actually found it necessary to post a guard at the church-door before it was opened. As soon as we entered the church, we found ourselves surrounded by a magic light, the rays of which seemed to be thrown from exactly that part of the high-altar where the pyx is usually kept: nay, what was still more wonderful, it was of a circular form, and precisely of the dimensions of the host. This phenomenon could not fail to produce many extraordinary and absurd inferences in the minds of the yet very superstitious spectators.

The soldier then conducted us to the altar, and directed our attention to that part of the church-window from which the rays of light, concentrated into a focus, were thrown upon the altar. He next begged the commandant to take the trouble to go with him to his quarters, where he would shew him how he contrived to make the concentrated rays of light fall upon the window, and precisely upon the high-altar. The general, and as many of his suite as the place would admit, followed the soldier to the garret of a high house exactly opposite to the church. Here we found a mechanic who, with a concave mirror, had, agreeably to the known rules of optics, but quite accidentally and undesignedly, produced the phenomenon which appeared so wonderful, and had given rise to so much conjecture.

"I am employed," said the soldier, "by this optician, who sometimes gives me work to take home with me to

my quarters. Some time ago I had a tolerably large concave mirror or burning-glass to frame. This glass chanced one evening, while I was at work, to be placed in such a position as to throw a light through my window upon one of the windows of the church. I was suddenly roused from my occupation by a noise in the street, which proceeded from a number of people collected there. Curiosity induced me to open the window, and I heard them talking of a wonderful light in the Jesuit's church over the way. I was myself not a little astonished, on looking at the church, to observe that it was completely illuminated. It was not long, however, before I guessed the real cause of this phenomenon. I changed the position of my mirror, and the light in the church instantaneously vanished.

"Soon afterwards, when the gaping spectators had dispersed, I made repeated experiments, and always with the same success as before. Not a soul besides my comrade, who lodged in the same room with me, knew what had happened with the mirror; I charged him to keep the matter a profound secret, and he did not betray it. When I had finished the mirror, I ought to have delivered it, and yet I wished to keep it a little longer for this purpose. I therefore disclosed the matter to this optician, and begged him to allow me to retain the mirror for a short time for this use. He not only complied with my request, but also assisted me by his skill to render the illusion more complete. He also raised an objection at the outset to my room; 'for,' said he, 'if we do not procure another, people will perceive whence the light proceeds.'

"We therefore consulted the landlord of the house, and initiated him into our secret. He offered us this little garret, the window of which is not visible from the street. Here it is that, till the present moment, our operations have been carried on. Whenever they were going forward, my comrade was sent out into the street to notice what was passing there, and to bring me word. Accordingly I made the light disappear when your excellency caused the church to be opened; but no sooner did I hear that it was shut up again, than the light again became visible. In like manner, I was cautious enough not to produce any illumination on the night when the sentries were stationed in the church, as they might

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory to the general, and to every other person of ordinary intelligence. He therefore paid the soldier the promised reward of ten dollars, but with a strict injunction not to play any more tricks of the sort. The general was, nevertheless, prevailed upon the following day by the solicitations of many curious persons, to permit a few more repetitions of the spectacle for the benefit of the actors, who obtained a considerable sum by the exhibition. After curiosity had been gratified, and ignorance duly enlightened, there was an end to the wonder.

ACCOUNT OF THE HARMONY SOCIETY, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN this colonizing age, I have no doubt that the following account of a community of Europeans settled in the wilds of America, whose constitution and regulations are not perhaps to be paralleled on the face of the globe, will prove acceptable to your readers. This community was originally composed of natives of Wirtemberg; and though much has been published in Germany on the subject of their establishment, yet I believe its existence is scarcely known in this country. The foreign accounts, however, founded chiefly on hearsay, abounded to such a degree with prejudice, error, and falsehood, that two members of the society in question, who were sent to their native country to transact a variety of business in behalf of their brethren in America, deemed it right, on their return last

spring, to leave behind them a written statement, tending to correct the misrepresentations of ignorance and malignity. The report of these persons, who have belonged to the Society ever since its first institution, is as follows:

The Harmony Society, now settled on the river Wabash, in the North American state of Indiana, chiefly consists of Wirtemberg emigrants, most of whom quitted their country in the year 1804.

After their arrival in Philadelphia, they performed a journey by land of about 400 miles; and at the distance of about 35 miles from the town of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, they purchased 6000 acres of uncultivated land, at the rate of three dollars per acre. As there were among them many families who possessed no pro-

poor, whatever, rich and poor, actuated by powerful religious feelings, associated together, and voluntarily deposited all they had in one common stock, for the purpose of jointly cultivating the land; and it was agreed that in case any of the members should in process of time chuse to secede from the Society, they should have a right to demand back only the amount of their original contribution.

There were about fifty families who, on the 15th February, 1805, entered into this agreement; the number has since increased to one hundred and fifty families.

As no community or society can long subsist without certain officers; so in this case it was evident that order and propriety could not be duly maintained without something of this sort. The Society therefore had recourse to the expedient of a public election, and chose, almost unanimously, John George Rapp of Ipptingen, a man of sound religion, understanding, experience, and firmness, to be the first Warden, and seven other persons to be Elders of the community. These were charged with the superintendence of every thing connected with the well-being of the Society, both in spirituals and temporals, and with the execution of the rules and ordinances which the members had themselves framed and adopted. As therefore the executive power is intrusted by the general consent to the Warden and Elders; namely, for the purpose of suppressing all irregularities and vices which are contrary to the word of God and the Christian religion; for watching that extravagance and luxury, either in dress or any other particular, may not exceed the limits appointed by the rules

drawn up by the members themselves, and permitted by circumstances—many a prejudiced observer, who is ignorant of the basis of our constitution, has erroneously considered the authority of the Warden as self-assumed and unlimited; nay even insinuated, that a despotism is gradually forming among us. But those who are capable of judging impartially, and appreciating the ties which bind this community together, need not be told that such a system cannot subsist in the United States, where the voice of the people alone governs, and where the presiding officers are always elected by the majority of votes. No person can hold any office among us without the will and approbation of the members of the Society, and whoever should strive to force himself into one would be the least likely to succeed.

After these points had been arranged, a fit site for a town was sought, and houses built; the forest was transformed into corn-fields and meadows; and mills and manufactories, and other necessary edifices, were successively erected.

It was not long before some families manifested a desire to separate from us, because social life did not at the first moment come up to their expectations; for every beginning is difficult, and so was ours. After the Society had existed about half a year, the above-mentioned families actually seceded, and demanded the immediate repayment of their respective contributions. But, as nearly the whole of the money had with their consent been expended on land, cattle, and other stock, and the Society had yet no returns, and was consequently incapable of refunding the

whole amount at once, the magistrates of our district appointed the term within which it should be paid. This circumstance has afforded occasion to some to assert, most erroneously, that no one can leave us without sacrificing all he possessed. The fact is, that we have no compulsory members; for every one is at liberty to go when and whither soever he pleases. It would be a melancholy thing if, in a free country, a person were tied against his will to any particular spot. Now that the circumstances of the Society are improved, every one who wishes to leave us is instantly dismissed with his property, but without any addition or interest, which cannot be divided, unless a majority of the members vote for the dissolution of the community.

In the course of a few years, when we had made considerable progress in agriculture, in the breeding of cattle, and even in planting vineyards and orchards, the natives of the country thronged from all quarters to see and to admire what Wirtemberg industry and united efforts had accomplished in so short a period. The fame of the Society was consequently spread far and wide.

Finding, however, by experience, that the climate was extremely unfavourable for the production of fruit and wine, and that we should never have much to expect from our vineyards, on account of the late spring frosts; as also that the soil was poorer than we could have wished, and that all our surplus produce was to be conveyed a considerable distance to market by land-carriage; we were induced, in the spring of 1814, to select three of our number, and to send them to the state of Indiana, which has a warmer climate, to seek

a spot more suitable for our settlement. When these deputies returned, and made their report respecting Indiana, the Society resolved, after mature consideration, to sell the first establishment, called Harmony, and to remove to that state. The place was accordingly sold, with the 6000 acres of land, to two Americans for 100,000 Spanish dollars, payable in ten years. The settlement had therefore increased in value four hundred per cent. in ten years.

The removal, which was effected upon the Ohio, commenced in June 1814, and continued in parties till May 1815, when the whole Society was again assembled on land purchased of the government at the rate of two dollars and a half per acre. It is situated on the east side of the river Wabash, in 38° 30' north latitude, and about 90° west longitude from London.

The tract contains 25,000 acres of the best and richest land that is to be found. It has spacious woods, consisting of oak, beech, ash, three different sorts of wild walnut-trees, which grow to the thickness of 3 or 4 feet, and to the height of from 50 to 60 in the trunk, and are admirably adapted to all kinds of cabinet-makers' work; also gum-trees, wild figs, a species of service-tree, wild cherry, apple and plum-trees, besides wild vines of immense height and thickness, all of which produce fruit. The maple too, from the juice of which large quantities of brown sugar are made every spring, is very common; so is the sassafras-tree, from two to three feet thick; and there are several other sorts, as for instance, a kind of white poplar, which has a very compact wood, and is commonly used for boards and wains-

coting. In the low grounds there are very large cypress-trees, which are useful for coopers' work and shingles.

In the woods are found stags, deer, bears, wolves, badgers, hares, wild cats, serpents, wild turkeys, the cock of which frequently weighs twenty-five pounds, and many other birds.

On a fine plain, not far from the river Wabash, and so situated as to leave an intervening valley of pasture-ground, stands our new town, Harmony. The streets are broad, and all run at right angles, direct from south to north, and from east to west. To each house is attached a garden, in such a manner that the house adjoins to the next garden, so as to be out of danger in case of fire.

The land now under cultivation, comprehending 3000 acres, is well adapted to wheat, rye, barley, maize, oats, hemp, flax, and rape. About 15 acres have been planted with vines, which for some years past have yielded considerable quantities of wine. In quality it nearly resembles the wine of Wirtemberg.

About one half of the inhabitants are engaged in agricultural occupations; the other half consists of all sorts of mechanics.

The produce of the land is stored in public barns. The corn and pulse are threshed by a machine, by which 75 Wirtemberg bushels of clean wheat have been obtained in a day; it is then conveyed to a granary, whence it is delivered out to the miller, who grinds it as it is wanted, and supplies each family with a certain quantity, according to its number.

The corn-mill, a fulling-mill, a mill to grind edge tools, four carding machines for wool and two for cotton, together with two large spinning-machines for cotton, are all worked by

a steam-engine, which is situated at the south-east corner of the town, and cost about 25,000 dollars.

We raise a considerable quantity of wool ourselves, and the rest we obtain from the Americans in barter for cloth. The cotton-plant also thrives tolerably with us, but not near so well as in the province of Tennessee or Louisiana.

We have spinners, weavers, dyers, and, in general, persons of all those trades which are requisite for the manufacture of coarse and fine cloth; and all the artisans necessary for the supply of the ordinary wants of life.

Whoever needs a pair of shoes or boots, applies to the shoemaker, and is furnished with them gratuitously. In like manner, hats, coats, and other habiliments, as well as all sorts of necessities, are delivered without pay. On the other hand, neither the husbandman nor the mechanic receives any wages; but they serve one another with the gift bestowed upon them by God, as members of one body or as children of one father. To each trade, however, there is appointed a foreman, to whom all applications are made, who is enjoined by the Society to be watchful at his post, and not to do more or less in his line than circumstances and the regulations of the community authorize, that no member may, through mismanagement, be straitened or suffer want; but that, on the other hand, those who manifest any disposition to luxury or extravagance may be timely checked, and every thing be conducted with order and regularity.

All the surplus products of our land, as well as those of our manufactures, for instance, shoes, leather, hats, also cattle and other articles, are sold for the benefit of the whole,

and the receipts expended on articles which we neither have nor make; such as iron, steel, salt, glass, paper, dye-stuffs, or other raw materials. Considerable sums are also now laid out on all sorts of improvements in the buildings, mills, roads, and for other public purposes.

The funds of the Society are under the management of a person who renders an account at stated times, and who, with some assistants, transacts the business of the Society.

For travellers there is a spacious and convenient inn, where they find good and reasonable accommodations, and have five persons to wait upon them.

An extensive shop has also been erected, to which the Americans bring their surplus products for sale or exchange; and likewise purchase manufactures, shoes, hats, and even foreign goods; which is of course profitable to ourselves and to our neighbours.

An excellent water-mill with three pair of stones, but room for six pair, has been built on a branch of the river Wabash, about two miles below the town, in which is a pair of French millstones, that cost 400 dollars, and make a great quantity of extremely fine flour for the market of New-Orleans. A good deal of corn is also ground for American customers.

In matters of importance, which are not within the competence of the Warden and Elders, the majority of the votes of the members of the Society decide; and most transgressions of individuals are taken cognizance of by a sort of jury of their comrades. But, as we have among us no such things as fines, the offenders are, by way of punishment, ex-

cluded from the public meeting for a certain time, during which none of the congregation will associate with such individuals, either till the term of exclusion is over, or till, upon expressing their contrition for the past and giving a promise of amendment for the future, they are re-admitted. Were any one to commit a heinous offence, a case which has never yet happened, he would be consigned to the officers of justice of the canton to which we belong. In fact, it is impossible for any hardened sinner or hypocrite to remain long among us; for they find none like themselves, and soon leave a place where they are quite out of their element.

We regard peace and unity as more precious than jewels, and in order to preserve them, we scruple not to sacrifice our own will, and to subject it at all times to that of the Society; and in so doing we find that our aim is best attained.

Thus far the written statement of the two deputies. From their verbal communications we learn, that the whole system of the Harmony Society is founded on the bases of morality and religion; and that it is designed, by the utmost simplicity, by absolute equality, by incessant industry without any motive of private interest, and by solicitude for the general welfare, to bridle all passions, and to produce and preserve perfect harmony, in the strictest sense of the term, among all its members.

The foundation of their religious creed is the Bible, which they follow according to their own conviction, without concerning themselves about dogmatic points. Their worship has the nearest resemblance to the Evangelical.

They have their amusements and diversions, but these seem to be governed by the spirit of the whole. The manner of celebrating Sunday they described as follows: "The morning service is attended by the whole congregation. We afterwards assemble in the Great Square, to listen to the music of such members as are fond of that science. Their number is about seventy; and whoever manifests talents and inclination for it may receive instruction, but is not allowed to make music an exclusive profession. At these public performances, not only the greater compositions of eminent masters, overtures by Mozart and others, but also smaller pieces, good waltzes, and the like, are executed. When the music is over, the Society divides into parties, either to take walks before dinner, or to arrange longer excursions for the afternoon to the neighbouring hills, or into the magnificent woods. In the latter case, one of them takes with him a volume of Klopstock's works, or those of some other classic writer, out of which he reads, and then they converse on what they have heard. In the evening, all assemble again to public worship, after which, if they do not chuse to go home, they again walk about."

The unexpected word *waltz* naturally led to the question: "Is dancing allowed among you?" It produced this short answer: "Dancing is not prohibited; but none of us ever yet took it into his head to dance."

The intercourse of the youth of both sexes is not obstructed; but when it is observed that a young couple manifest a particular fondness for each other's company, the parents and relatives on both sides seek rather to promote the match, if it be

otherwise unobjectionable; than to prevent it. The choice of the parties is wholly left to their own inclinations.

No where can marriage be attended with fewer cares than here, where the community provides for all present and future wants. A new-married couple are set up in housekeeping at the public expense, and they are afterwards supplied, like the other members, with whatever themselves and their families need, out of the common stock.

In order to be an active member of this Society, a person must follow some trade, no matter what, so it be but useful. The occupation gives no pre-eminence; and the husbandman is considered as on a perfect equality with the artisan or the shopkeeper. The only difference arises from the general respect acquired by personal ability and exemplary conduct, but which is liable to be forfeited by the slightest misbehaviour.

When a person proves awkward in the employment which he has chosen, or which has been allotted to him, he is removed from it, and put to another which seems better adapted to the faculties of his mind or body.

Of the Warden of the Society, John George Rapp, the two deputies spoke with high respect, and they seemed to be much pained by the statements that have appeared in Europe to his disadvantage. They repeatedly declared, that he was elevated to the office which he holds by the free choice of his brethren; and that owing to his advancing age—being now 65 years old—he has frequently solicited, but in vain, to be relieved from its arduous duties. According to this account he must have

been between 45 and 46 when he quitted his former abode at Ippingen, a village in the canton of Vaihingen, in Wirtemberg, where he had been chiefly engaged in agriculture, and followed the trade of a weaver. The testimony of these men, given at such a distance, and in unreserved confidence, appears to be above all suspicion, especially since they regard themselves not as subordinate to Rapp, but as paying voluntary obedience to the general regulations. Their respect therefore rests on particular grounds, and these cannot but lie in the merits of the individual. His character certainly deserves a closer examination. Adverse accounts have described him sometimes as an ambitious despot and oppressor, and at others as a downright fanatic; while the reports from his own flock represent him as an intelligent and energetic, but at the same time disinterested, humane, and benevolent pastor.

It is not denied that in his native country Rapp was considered as an enthusiast, and as the head of a sect of schismatics, which, according to the general notion, begins with renouncing the discipline of the established church, and finally bids defiance to the temporal power. Such a sect cannot be viewed with indifference in a well-regulated European government, because it tends to introduce confusion and disorder into the existing institutions; and besides, its principles easily make converts among the lower classes of the people, because they are most prone to innovation.

Admitting that Rapp quitted his native land under such circumstances, and took with him many adherents of the sort just mentioned, still it

does not follow that he, and perhaps many others, acted without due consideration. From the very limited nature of his circumstances, indeed, he could not clearly anticipate what he has since achieved; he was actuated by a spirit which was developed only by subsequent events. The history of the Old World records the names of those who have, in a similar manner, upon a large scale, exalted themselves into leaders and sovereigns, or operating in a narrower sphere, have made themselves and their families for ages the lords over others; but it seems to be reserved for the history of the New World to name those peaceful conductors who, like William Penn, led forth freemen to a wild land, and sacrificing themselves for the general weal, directed all their thoughts and efforts to its promotion.

The soil of the new settlement is chiefly dry, fertile, and slightly sandy. The Society, which at first consisted of about 200 souls, numbered, in the middle of the year 1822, 747 persons, and is gradually increasing. The state of Indiana is so far from being unhealthy, as it has been represented in Europe, that its population has augmented during the short period since its foundation to 150,000 souls.

From the success of this experiment, are we not authorized to infer, that the plans which Mr. Owen of Lanark has been for some years past zealously endeavouring to carry into execution, are not quite so chimerical as they have been generally considered?

I am, &c.

PHILANTHROPOS.

LONDON,
Dec. 1, 1823.

REMARKS ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE POPULAR TRADITIONS OF THE GAEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM one of many readers who have been delighted by your Gaelic Relics. Every lover of nature, and every admirer of heroic sentiments, must be charmed with strains, whose modulations come from the nerve, the pith and sinews of exalted character; and to convince you, that not only the sons of the mountains, but also their southern neighbours, are desirous of preserving those precious remains of ancient genius, those portraitures of mind and manners in times of yore, I send you an extract from the *New Edinburgh Review*, No. viii. for April 1823, which contains an able critique on Colonel Stewart of Garth's second edition of *Sketches of the Highland Character*.

"We think, in the first place, that the superstitions of the Highlanders, we mean of course their ancient creeds, are exceedingly interesting, and ought to be collected before it is too late. Martin has given us just enough to make us wish for more. To deride the superstitions of

any people is to deride the history of the human mind. It can never be unimportant to know what man has believed or feared. Dr. Smith has given us the tale of the fair Mego; Pennant, that of the aged Brera; Mrs. Murray, the Highland Cinderilla: what we desire is, the whole of this store; for, aught we know, it may be now perhaps too late: we are very sure it will be so in half a century. Had Macpherson not blazed out as he did, the fragments of Ossian would not be known as they are, and it is possible they might be forgotten by this time."

The preceding extracts are but detached portions of this liberal-minded article. The whole deserves an attentive perusal; and it is to be hoped, that, before these lines have met the public eye, the writer, who so earnestly recommends to Colonel Stewart to make a collection of the traditions of the Gael, may be apprised that several have appeared, and are in progress to be preserved, in the *Repository of Arts*.

ANTIQUARIANUS.

THE EXPLOITS AT SAVENDROOG.

ON the 8th December, 1791, three horsemen galloped to the base of the rock named Savendroog, or, in the Mysore dialect, the Rock of Death. One threw himself from the saddle, and by severe exertion climbed the steep ascent; while the others, with unabated celerity, returned towards Seringapatam.

From the advantages of its situation, the fortress of Savendroog was deemed impregnable: during the sovereignty of Hyder Ally and his son Tippoo Saib, the defences were strengthened by able French engineers; and the noxious atmosphere was known to be so fatal to European constitutions, that the garrison de-

spised and derided the temerity of the British commander, who was said to menace a siege of their inaccessible heights. The rock towered more than half a mile in perpendicular elevation above its base, in two cliffs almost perpendicular; and on the summits, all the resources of art had been employed in continuing the lines of fortification which commenced at the base, a circumference of eight miles, encompassed by morasses and forests nearly impervious, except where a road to the capital had been conducted with laborious ingenuity under shelter of the trees by windings and passes, rendering an approach to the rock extremely difficult without a guide.

The three horsemen we may suppose to have been well acquainted with this route, as they advanced, and two returned, with such expedition: the third, by arduous effort, reached the first out-post of the lower fortifications, called for the officer commanding that guard, spoke a few words to him, and sunk down exhausted, to rise no more. All was now in motion along the ascending line of posts; messengers were seen to strain every nerve in hastening to the highest peaks of the rock; and squadrons of infantry marched at quick pace to the redoubts that terminated the road from Seringapatam. They had hardly time to draw up *en bataillon*, when twenty-five horsemen dismounted in front of the array, and after a hasty refreshment, were borne in palanquins to the upper stations of the fortress. By the earliest dawn, the troops had a confirmation of the rumour, that Tippoo Sultan, attended by French officers, had come to inspect the works and the discipline of the garrison, having

received intelligence that a British army, by forced marches, would bear upon Savendroog in a few days.

Tippoo Saib minutely surveyed the fortifications and reviewed his troops; then commanding them to wheel into a circle in files, twelve men deep, around a temporary platform covered with embroidered silk, he ascended the steps of this stage, followed by the French officers in full uniform, and with their unsheathed swords in warlike attitude. Silence deep and awful prevailed, and after a pause of some minutes, the sultan dropped a dark cloak, and stood before his soldiery on a gilded pedestal, seven feet in height, blazing in all the insignia of royalty and military command. Drawing his jewelled scimitar, he flourished the weapon as he spoke:

“Unconquered soldiers of Mysore! the pale-faced men of Europe are marching to their graves at the base of our Rock of Death. Every leaf on the lofty and numberless trees of our far-extending forests is armed for their destruction! Every stagnant pool in our morasses sends forth vapours more fatal than the fire and smoke which impel our cannon-balls to sweep away their ranks! Yet, officers and soldiers of the mightiest empire on the face of the earth, be it your glory, by valorous vigilance, discipline, subordination, and intrepidity, to prepare for them a discomfiture from your own arms! The sultan will distinguish and reward the brave. The sultan will also punish every neglect or deficiency in the discharge of duty. Return to your respective stations, and when the climate and your prowess have annihilated the pale-faced Britons, and the wild ravagers of the forest

have devoured their carcases, the sultan will distribute abundant rewards to all that are found to deserve his favour."

Tippoo retired amidst the acclamations of his soldiery, and assuming a new disguise, took the road to Seringapatam, attended by the trusty cavalcade he led to Savendroog. His spirit-stirring harangue had full effect upon the garrison; the vigilance of the officers and men had no remission; and on the 10th of December, their scouts gave notice, that a British army, preceded by indefatigable bands of pioneers, were making terrible progress in cutting their way through a part of the forest which hitherto had been considered impenetrable, as the enormous trunks of the sylvan giants were closely interwoven by prickly climbing plants. Next morning, before sunrise, Colonel Stewart and his undaunted brigades had scaled the rock, and carried by assault all the compartments of the fortress, without the loss of a single man.

The attack was so unexpected, that the Mysoreans, who looked only for a regular siege, were occupied in preparations to resist to the last; and they exulted in the certainty, that the climate would prove an auxiliary, before whose empoisoned shafts the Britons must fall, long ere the stores of ammunition and food in the fortress of Savendroog could be expended. Colonel Stewart was aware that the climate would operate as the only unconquerable foe; and he accordingly abridged the process of his warfare. When he summoned the garrison to surrender, they were panic-struck by finding they had to cope with an enemy capable of achiev-

ing supposed impossibilities; but they attempted to accomplish by treachery the destruction of the victors, though they also must be involved in the same fate. A British soldier observed a Mysorean skulking towards the powder-magazine of the grand parade, with a concealed bulk under his cloak. The soldier rushed forward, and tearing open the envelope, found two lighted matches, which he extinguished under his feet. In a moment he was furiously assaulted by several of Tippoo's soldiers, and must have been killed, if his wife, who never separated from him, had not called for help. The soldier defended himself till a sufficient force disarmed the Mysoreans. Their officers denied any participation in this enterprize, and gave them up to punishment for violating the terms of capitulation.

We leave them in the hands of British justice and clemency, and return to the soldier, whose conduct and bravery prevented the tremendous explosion. A sentiment of deep interest in his recovery pervaded the British army. He was the only man who had been wounded; his blood was shed to avert the loss of many lives; on former occasions his courage and presence of mind were conspicuous, and all his behaviour merited not only approbation but respect. He was lodged in a lofty apartment, detached from the noise of military movements, and every accommodation was provided for him and his wife.

They had arrived with recruits for the — regiment of foot, a short time previous to the opening of the campaign: the commanding officer of these new levies, who alone knew any

thing of them, died on his passage to India, and they were strictly reserved concerning their own private history. Henry Rutledge was, however, soon distinguished for the most exact performance of duty, and in more than one engagement had displayed the most admirable qualities of a soldier. He was offered a halbert; but with expressions of due acknowledgment he declined that promotion, requesting leave to remain as a volunteer, until he should earn by his services the honour of being ranked with commissioned officers. He and his wife had all the appearance of habits acquired and confirmed in a superior station: yet, when persons of that description come among strangers, without vouchers for their character, they are liable to unfavourable conjectures, and time only can acquit them of suspicion.

With the most civil and obliging deportment to the soldiers and their wives, Henry Rutledge and his spouse scrupulously avoided all tendency to familiar intercourse. Mrs. Rutledge worked with her needle, or wove bobbin lace; and in every interval between the calls of duty, her husband sketched patterns or wound thread for her elegant manufacture, or amused her by reading aloud, and playing on the flute or clarionet. They conversed in a foreign language, which some of the soldiers who had served abroad imagined to have the German accent; and in the camp or the field of danger, Mrs. Rutledge endeavoured to keep sight of her better self.

When the regiment was first ordered on service, Rutledge entreated his wife to remain at Madras, and the only favour he ever asked of his captain was, that he would vouchsafe

his advice on this head. The worthy veteran accompanied him to Mrs. Rutledge's lodging, and represented to her the untried evils she must encounter if she attended the march of the regiment. She implored him not to oppose her humble but fixed resolution. She would give no trouble, and might be useful. Hardship or peril she was prepared to meet, and could endure any suffering, except being torn from her husband. Rutledge assured her, that to carry away with him the certainty of her comfort and health being secure would give him spirits to act with greater energy. She turned upon him a look of affectionate reproof, saying, "Henry Rutledge! when I became yours, you swore never to insist that I would separate from you even in the field of battle. I claim the performance of that solemn engagement. If you leave me, I shall lose my reason or my life. I can but die if I go with you, but I shall die happy; and, O Captain Baygrove, if you hope, by the blessing of God, to be restored to your lady and daughters, have pity on a friendless stranger, and let me live or die undivided from my only protector, my husband!"

This appeal to his conjugal and paternal tenderness could not be resisted. Captain Baygrove nominated Mrs. Rutledge among the soldiers' wives who were to follow his company; and this ladylike adventuress was seen on foot, shading herself from the sun with a parasol, or on a baggage-waggon, screened by an umbrella; but always when the division to which Rutledge belonged made a halt, she was by his side. She kept pace with him in ascending the rock of Savendroog, and, as she had

prognosticated, *was useful* for her cries brought succours to her husband in time to intercept the Mysoreans who ran to kindle other matches; when Rutledge extinguished those first intended to explode the powder-magazine.

Thus every circumstance that related to the heroic pair became a subject of discussion at the mess-tables; and the surgeons never visited Rutledge unaccompanied by officers of the different regiments, who were desirous of seeing him and his wife. They always found Mrs. Rutledge in attendance. She courtesied to them with involuntary grace, and her countenance, the index of sorrowful anxiety, evinced a total abstraction from self—a disregard to every consideration except the danger and distress of her husband. When he was declared to be convalescent, the gen-

tlemen wished to draw his wife into conversation, but she answered only in monosyllables, and without any breach of respect, shewed them she was determined to maintain a strict reserve. The patient was informed that his services being represented to the commander-in-chief of the army by Colonel Stewart, he was immediately appointed ensign, and a few days afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant. Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge expressed their grateful feelings in terms that proved how highly they were qualified to support the place in society to which they were deservedly raised. The officers retired, leaving the happy pair to indulge in mutual gratulations; but in the evening it appeared that joyful emotion had caused some access of fever to the patient.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE DINNER.

"CAPTAIN VON PFITTERSHAUSEN, as I'm alive!" exclaimed, with goggle eyes and nut-cracker jaws, my old acquaintance, Mr. Walter Waffle, the ship-broker, as I turned the corner of the Post-Office archway in Lombard-street, whither I had sped my steps from Panton-square in the Haymarket, to insure the safe conveyance of three pages of foolscap to my dear Frederika at Wolfenbittel, circumstantially detailing the wound at the battle of Toulouse, and the consequent amputation above the knee-joint; but consoling her grief by the news of the liberal pension which, with half-pay and Spanish prize-money, would in six weeks' time enable me to fly to her arms, to be for ever united to the most graceful

of her sex. It was at a ball at the Casino my eyes first beheld her beautiful form, and received from *her* looks the silent assurance of favour. Like Luna and her terrestrial companion in the firmament, we whirled swiftly and gracefully in amatory loveliness round the splendid saloon, the admiration of strangers and envy of friends. Frederika was the *beau idéal* of waltzing. Would she had been less partial to that bewitching pastime!!

Alas! my three pages of foolscap, for the safe conveyance of which to Wolfenbittel I had sped my steps from Panton-square in the Haymarket to Lombard-street, remained a dead letter, until Schwartz, the invalid corporal of von Dethölm's com-

pany, shewed some bowels for my corporal and mental anguish, by informing me, with corporal-like *navette*, that I must give up all thoughts of Miss Frederika, by reason of my incapacitation from future participation in the sports of saltation: "for," said he unanswerably "your honour will allow that waltzing on three legs is inconvenient and unsightly; and so Miss Frederika, understand, has determined to waltz to the temple of Hymns in as perfect away as Counsellor Ninihoffer's healthy pedestals will let her."

O woman! woman!!

Fortunately for me, these deadly tidings were yet hidden under the veil of futurity, when at the corner of the archway in Lombard-street my old acquaintance, Mr. Walter Waffle, the ship-broker, exclaimed, with goggle eyes and nut-cracker jaws, "Captain von Pfittershausen, as I am alive! Dear me, a leg the worse for valour! Well, well, better a leg than a head; great saving in stockings and shoes, washing, and Day and Martin's. One ball goes as far as two."

O the broker-feeling! What a sympathizing soul!

Nay, peace to the manes of the broker! Mrs. Waffle's iron rule, after breaking his head once or twice a week during a term of years, I am sure broke the heart of invoices and charterparties; for Mr. Walter Waffle has freighted his last cargo in the church-yard of St. Leonard's, Shore-ditch, where the bill of lading of pure marble, endorsed by his disconsolate spouse, enumerates all the parcels of virtues and mental endowments that are to be entered free of duty on t'other side the Styx.

"Mrs. Waffle," said the good man,

"will be delighted to see an old friend of mine; you must come and dine."

"What, married?"

"Aye, and to the best of women, a young widow of forty-five or so; six thousand down, an annuity of two hundred, three children well provided for, and two of our own for the present. We have got a little *in urby*, at Bethnal Green, with a spare sofy-bed; you must come and see us. By the by, where do you spend your Christmas-day, captain?" — "At home." — "Nonsense! We

shall expect you to dinner, four o'clock; don't make it later, that we may have time for a little music and a rubber: we always have cards on Christmas-day. Perhaps there may be a little of the footing it too—(dear me, I did not think of your casualty! I ask a thousand pardons): never mind, we shall kill the time, I warrant you. You German gentlemen like cards, and Mrs. W. knows how to entertain her friends: her first husband, the sugar-baker, kept the best of company. Excuse me, I must run upon Change: so then, Christmas-day at four o'clock, or as much sooner as you like. Here's my card, though every body knows Walter Waffle's in Wilmott Grove, Bethnal Green. God bless you, captain! *A propos*, if you like to come in your richmentals, so much the better. Mrs. W. delights in the military. Good bye, don't forget, four's the hour!"

It was not till after inquiries and laborious turnings and oaths innumerable, that the soaked charioteer of hacks discovered the domicile of Mr. W. Waffle, "whom every body knows," by a brass plate indicating name, surname, and profession, peeping from under the shade of a portal

of lattice-work, of enlivening and rural verditer, of the size of a sentry-box. The front court of the "rum in urby" had lost some of its best charms at this inclement season of the year: yet a cypress in the middle of an elliptical well-boxed *parterre*, surrounded by a curious mosaic of oyster-shells, washed clean by the incessant rain, and a neat privet-hedge within the rails, proclaimed the taste of the possessor.

No sooner had the coach halted, than the clangor of the steps enabled me to make some preparatory acquaintance with a great part of the family and of the neighbours: some *prim faces* in the first floor kept eyeing the settlement of the fare; and the windows in the second were lined with the three darlings "well provided for and the two of our own." The exterior attractions, indeed, seemed to have made them forget the better opportunity of *internal* inspection: two successive knocks produced no other effect than bustle and confusion within, until a matron voice, from the stairs, sent forth a seasonable admonition to the careless crew below; adding, with becoming indignation, "Sally, why don't you take them pattens down in the kitchen? Would you have the captain break his other leg too?"

The peremptory tone in which these orders were conveyed, rendered it quite natural that "them pattens" should be taken down before the "*French*" gentleman was taken into the house. After a little further compliment of the season therefore under the pervious porch, to the great detriment of my single silk hose and pump, admittance into the interior of Mr. Waffle's domain was granted; the asperient party running

before me, to announce the murdered name of my ancestors under the guise of Captain *Bickerstaff*.

This *erratum* being forthwith amended through the kindness of my old acquaintance, the broker of tonnage and primage, introductions showered upon me more plentifully, but less tangibly, than the previous rain under the verandah. All was a mumble-jumble of nouns proper of the masculine and feminine gender, in which they had greatly the advantage, inasmuch as "Captain Pfittershausen" was told over and over seven times, but the names of the seven reciprocities most unbecomingly slurred over to me; so that, excepting those of Mr. Jones and of Mr. and Mrs. Smith—which sounds had met my ears before—the rest of the company remained non-descripts to my intellects till the festivities had considerably "progressed."

Mrs. Biffin, a short inangular and vastly inquisitive lady from Mile-End Green, whose neighbour, in the expecting circle, chance had destined me to be, asked many questions about the battles and skirmishes on the Spanish "*main*," protesting that she should not mind seeing Mr. Biffin return with a leg the less from such glorious deeds as must have been achieved by the gallant Captain von Pfittershausen; and inquiring, by the way, whether I were any relation to the famous Baron Munchausen, whose travels she had had from the library, but believed to be for the most part a pack of—

From these importunities I was happily released by the seasonable interposition of the lady of the house, the widow of "forty-five or so," a comely anthropophagan countenance of male aspect and dark complexion,

yet over-rubicund withal—(alas! I then foreboded Mr. Waffle's fate!) That a *teint* thus favoured by nature should resort to the saucer to exhibit a complete *rouge et noir*, could only be accounted for by the "*plus habet, plus optat*." The reverse, however, was probably the case with the auburn ringlets which hung, in profusion, but dry and ochry, from the Brussels cap adorned with poppies and passion-flowers of Italian artifice. Mrs. Waffle, in a delicate manner, consoled with me on the loss I had experienced, hoping that in the end my constitution would be *wastly* benefited by the "catistroph." "I suppose, captain," she added, "you are of the Protestant persuasion?—I thought as much!—Now if I may ask a foolish question, when a misfortune like yours occurs in the army, do they give the limb a Christian burial?"

"Dinner's on the table" was a welcome relief; for Mrs. Biffin had joined the chatechization by asking whether in case of computation the king found the wooden leg, which it were a shame if he did not.

Every gentleman now took the hand of a lady in a very becoming and solemn manner, to hand her down to the parlour, but owing to the narrowness of the staircase, the advance took place *en échelons*; parallel motion being out of the question. It was somewhat ludicrous to see the shifts and squeezes to conform to this piece of etiquette; and the parlour of Mr. Waffle's "rum in urby" being of too snug dimensions to hold *multum in parvo*, a sort of a pit-door crowd accumulated in the passage, until the clever dispositions of the lady within afforded a gradual vent to the stoppage.

Whether it was by an unlucky fatality, or from a desire of doing me honour, the seat assigned to me was within half a yard of half a bushel of Hepburn's main, crowned by a blazing "Christmas log," on which occasion, Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, flatteringly remarked, that he felt sure this was the first time that the baron turned his back to fire.

Although the table seemed to groan under a butcher's shop of enormous joints, Mrs. Waffle politely apologized for the scantiness of the fare, and more especially for the absence of a Norfolk turkey, which the brother of her late husband had promised, and she was sure had actually expedited, but which had not arrived this morning so late as eleven at the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-street, unless Mr. Vaffle, whom she had sent three times about it, had made one of his usual blunders; for one, he confessed, had been offered him there, with the direction three parts torn off, and he was too conscientious forsooth to take him home.

"The name, my dear, began with a V, as I told you," rejoined Mr. W. in his own defence; "and would you have me commit a robbery knowingly? May the bit——"

Mrs. W. did not suffer the defence to proceed, she had not patience with such finical quahms.—"Allow me to help you to a spoonful of war-mysell soup, Captain Bitterhouse; 'tis of my own making, and I hope you will find it good. I never trust them nicer things to the servant. You will find it warm you."

Warm me! What with the fire at my back, and the essence of pepper I swallowed within, not to appear uncivil, my *frantic* began to burn with

fever. In this state, a general invitation to the ladies to take a glass of wine operated as a welcome relief to my parched gutturals. Here the respective parties, having first eyed each other with affectionate solemnity, cut a most demure face, and nodded their heads with slow gravity, a manoeuvre which I imitated with tolerable success in favour of the lady of the house.

"How d'y'e like this wine, captain?" exclaimed the self-complacent Mr. Waffle.—"Very pleasant drink;" and so it was, indeed, in my situation, for all its India-rubber twang.—"I think it is: a better glass of cape you will not find in London; I had it out of the Docks and bottled it myself; 'tis equal to any sherry."

Among the immense store of animal food which graced the festive board, and which at a moderate computation would have fed twice our number for a week, nothing gained more admiration than a colossal mound of roasted beef. The praises lavished on this mass of flesh were expressed with a sympathy and inward feeling, which a person, ignorant of the object, would certainly have taken for commendations bestowed on a friend or a near relation. Mr. Philpotts, one of the quorum, triumphantly asked, "I say, captain, have you ever seen such a bit a beef at Wolfenbuttel?"—The usual stale puns were called forth by a pickled tongue served as a relish to four boiled fowls, so mature in years, that Mrs. Waffle herself candidly vowed, they should be the last Mother Shephard sold at her house. It was therefore no wonder that Mr. Basil Jones should anticipate some indemnity from the sight of three or four pair of pigeons' claws projecting

out of a crusted dish in the centre. On his expressing his heart's desire, Mrs. Waffle kindly asked, if any other lady or gentleman chose to taste the pigeon-pie; and no affirmative answer being received, Mr. Basil Jones was politely informed, that if he *particularly* wished it, the pie should be cut, although strictly speaking it was rather intended for supper. Mr. Jones, of course, was too much of a gentleman to press his request.

At this time, the maid whispered a confidential communication in her mistress's ear, which, from the appalling effect it produced, seemed to import a sudden calamity in the family. "There now, Mr. W." exclaimed the disconsolate spouse, "the mince-pies are not come! You would not let me make them; you must forsooth order things in town, which I could have made better, and for a quarter of the money. *Have* you ordered them or not, Mr. Waffle?"—"Ordered them, my love, at half-past four precisely, and paid for them too."—"Paid for them!" ejaculated Mrs. W. in an agony of distress. Here a note of preparation for the benefit of Mr. W.'s future guidance appeared to be fairly on its way; but whatever its intended import may have been, her overpowered feelings stifled every kind of utterance, except a deep sob or two, accompanied by a gentle tear, furrowing its way over the crayon carnation.

A female's tears, even on mince-pies, could not fail to awaken all our sympathies; we spoke comfort all of us; we protested that after *such* a dinner, the delicacy in question must have remained untouched; and we succeeded by soothing words to recover in some degree Mrs. W.'s spirits, and restore the general harmoni-

ny of the festive board.—“ Thank heaven,” exclaimed Mrs. W. “ I have not trusted the pudding to his management too! It has a little crack, owing to the cloth bursting, but you will not find it the worse for that.”— Here the ladies entered upon a minute inquiry as to the quantum of ingredients employed to produce so vast and yet so perfect a specimen of culinary art, and I ventured to beg the favour of being furnished with the written prescription for its confection, in order to transfer the mystery to my countrymen at Wolfenbuttel. My request not only was most obligingly promised to be attended to, but contributed wonderfully towards exhilarating the ruffled spirits of our hostess, which resumed their buoyancy to such a degree, that she promised to cut me a slice to take home to Pantons-square, to eat at my leisure, cold or broiled.

In removing the cloth, Sally, in her zeal to whirl with expedition through the narrow space left for her evolutions, had the misfortune, for I pitied her more than myself, to drop a tumbler with brown stout right on my back, the thorough saturation of which, with caloric from Hepburn’s main and the Christmas log, was such that it preserved me totally from taking cold, and moreover gave rise to an interesting physical phenomenon; for in less than half a minute, the vapours ascended as visibly as from a Greenwich stage-courser on a frosty morning, and induced Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, to observe facetiously how “ smoking hot” the baron’s birth must be!

With the dessert were introduced the junior branches of the family, the “ three of her own” being accommodated near the widow of “ forty-

five or so,” and the two little Wafflings taking their station near their papa. The channels from which the several dainties proceeded were minutely and faithfully enumerated by Mr. Waffle, inasmuch as he had purveyed them *in propria persona*—the oranges from Levy Lyons in Upper Thames-street; the apples from Leadenhall-market; and the almonds and raisins were samples presented him by his friend a fruit-broker. Whencesoever all these delicacies came, they seemed to be provided for the benefit of the junior branches, who fell upon them with unceremonious appetite, while the senior members regaled themselves over currant, raisin, and orange wines in healths innumerable, a solitary decanter of port in the middle of the table being unaccountably neglected by the master of the house.

Not being accustomed to these home-brewed delicacies, the appearance of a bottle of champagne promised some consolation; but when asked how I liked it, sincerity compelled me to hint, that Mr. Waffle’s wine-merchant had not altogether done him justice; upon which he cast a tender glance at his better half, and said, with arch significance, “ *My* wine-merchant, captain, has never yet done me injustice: the champagne you are drinking is of her own making, and I defy any man to distinguish her gooseberry-wine from real champagne: indeed, it’s better than most of what we drink in this country as such. Take another glass, my good friend, it will do you good!”

During this time, the zealous competition of the little innocents for the good things had fairly waxed into a scramble, and little Jessy, in her eagerness to outdo her elder brother,

unluckily disturbed the centre of gravity of my full glass of British Epernay. The liquid stream, with national antipathy, instantly made its way to the mazarine blue of Mrs. Philpotts' French silk dress, and the sudden leap she was mechanically induced to perform on the occasion, only lengthened the streaky current. Some half phrases obscurely muttered, of which the words "brats" and "done for" were all I could distinctly gather, evidently shewed that this lady did not meekly bear her misfortune. To do Mrs. Waffle's brewing justice, I doubt whether real champagne would have been equally powerful in its effects, inasmuch as before the ladies withdrew, which was but a few minutes later, the seric garment distinctly exhibited the factious colours of blue and orange in great perfection.

This untoward accident, no doubt,

hastened the departure of all our fair companions: a general rising, bowing, and squeezing ensued; after which our host, asserting a degree of authority which in the presence of his better half he had generously waved, marshalled his friends in new groups, and exhorting all present to a free and easy joviality, gave toasts and bumpers in rapid succession; Mr. Jones's nostrils had for some time pantomimed a sense of smelling, which although equally palpable to my olfactory nerves, I had the good-breeding to suppress, until our friend informed us, that it was proceeding from Mrs. Waffle's smoking a ladies' cegar, which her *delicate* health had obliged her to resort to for a length of time, and which he had no doubt was the means of preserving her alive.

(*Tea and Cards in our next.*)

THE SHOPS OF PARIS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT took the trouble to conquer the world merely to make the Athenians talk of him. To make the Parisians talk for a day, that would be a world too much, but for a year together, a world too little. To accomplish this, it would be absolutely necessary to lose the world after conquering it. For a person to make himself conspicuous in this gigantic capital, where, as in a vast ocean, wave is incessantly urging wave, no little practice is required—but in that particular not a single native is deficient.

In other countries *charlatanerie* is the crutch of lame merit; here it is the necessary chasing, without which the most brilliant diamond

would not attract the most superficial glance. To the praise of the Parisians it must be admitted, that they know how to appreciate every good gift, and even virtue, but then it must make a noise: modesty itself wins their applause, if it understands the art of speaking without moving its lips. The artifices employed by each in his sphere to set off his person and properties to the best advantage, would fill a large volume. I shall here only take some notice of the means used by shopkeepers to attract customers.

In those parts of the town where the theatres, the promenades, and other places of public resort are situated, where in consequence most

foreigners reside, there is scarcely any house without a shop. The powers of attraction must be played off to a minute, to a step; for a minute too late, or a step further, and the passenger is before another shop, in which he finds the articles which he is seeking. Your eyes are, as it were, forcibly taken captive; you must look up, and stop till they return. The name of the shopkeeper and his trade is written ten times over above the doors and windows; the exterior of the shop looks like a schoolboy's copy-book, in which the few words of the copy are incessantly repeated. It is not sufficient to exhibit patterns of stuffs, large rolls of them are hung before the door and windows. In many instances they are fastened high up the second floor, and descend twisted in all sorts of forms to the very pavement.

The shoemaker has the outside of his whole house painted with shoes of all colours, drawn up *en bataillon*. The locksmith's sign is a gilt key six feet high; the mighty gates of heaven would not need a larger. On the hosiers' shops are painted white stockings four yards long, which in the dusk are enough to frighten people, when they may easily be mistaken for gigantic spectres flitting by. Thus has every one a prodigious hook even for the smallest fish that he intends to catch.

But feet and eyes are arrested in a more agreeable manner by the paintings which are hung up in front of many shops, and in general furnish representations allusive to the trades carried on in them. These paintings are not rarely real works of art, and if they were exhibited in the gallery of the Louvre, connoisseurs would pause before them, if not with admiration, at least with pleasure.

They are at the same time characteristic sketches of Parisian life, and the study of them is therefore equally instructive and entertaining. I will briefly describe a few that have struck me.

The shop of a dealer in shawls is graced by a picture containing seven figures of the size of life: it bears the superscription—*AU SERMENT*. Three men are reaching several shawls to three ladies, and at the same time making with their hands motions of solemn asseveration. They *swear* that these are genuine French shawls, and may well add, that good Frenchmen abhor English commodities, for an Englishman in the back-ground casts angry glances at the patriotic-mercantile triumvirate. Such is the *obvious* meaning of the picture, which, however, had formerly a *secret* signification. Till within these two years the shawls offered to the ladies were white, red, and blue, and the gentlemen of the shop swore that these were the genuine colours cherished by every Frenchman; but by command of the hypochondriac police, which is afraid of every breath that blows, the shopkeeper was obliged to have one of the colours erased.

Before the house of a wig-maker, not far from the preceding, is a painting, which, though ill executed, conveys a curious idea. Absalom, the prince royal, is seen hanging by the hair from a tree, in which situation he is run through the body by an enemy's spear. Underneath are these lines:

Contemplez d'Absolon le déplorable sort!
S'il eut porté perruque, il évitait la mort;

which may be thus Englished:

Beware the fate of Absalom,
Who ran a dangerous risk
For certes, he had saved his life
Had he but worn a wig.

Another very well painted picture, representing a girl who has won the prize at a rose-feast, receiving the crown on her knees from the hands of a gentleman, decorates the shop-door of a *marchande des modes*. The girl looks so innocent and devout, that young persons without experience, of whom, however, there are none in Paris, might be deterred by it, and induced to pass on and buy their gloves at another shop.

A dealer in birds draws attention by a painting representing Noah's ark. The whole prologue of the deluge is comprised in it. The ark lies quite comfortably on dry ground, waiting till the water shall come to set it afloat. Father Noah is playing with an ape, and looks very cunning: he alone knows what is about to happen. The four-footed animals are coming in endless procession to save themselves in the ark. They walk two and two, but without any regard to rank, as is usual in cases of emergency: the lion follows the horse, the fox precedes the ass, and the hare trots after the dog.

I have been particularly amused by a picture which a professor of the German language, and to judge by his name, a native of Germany, exhibits before his residence in the Palais Royal. A man in the prime of life, no doubt Mr. Professor himself, is sitting in an arm-chair, with a book in his hand, hearing a boy who stands before him say his lesson. A little farther back sits a young female of extraordinary beauty, and behind her, bending over her chair, stands an officer of the Red Hussars, who, according to all mimic probability, is making a declaration of love. The girl is pointing with her finger at a place in the book, and the French hussar, with his hand on his heart,

seems to be pronouncing after her: *Ich liebe* (*Ich liebe*, I love). The professor himself seems to have profited by his residence in Paris, for in his own country he would never have acquired the assurance to make known by a show-board that he kept a school for mutual instruction between young females and officers of the Red Hussars.

I must not omit the shop of M. Franchet, jeweller, in the Rue Vivienne. The workmen were employed six months upon this shop, and the happy mortals who had the good fortune to get a peep behind the curtains that were hung before it, could not sufficiently extol the wonderful sight. At length, about three weeks before the birthday of the little Duke of Bordeaux, the shop was opened. I should have observed that M. Franchet is jeweller to the Duchess of Berry. This shop, a room of at the utmost 20 feet in length, cost 40,000 francs; such is the magnificence with which it is fitted up. Over the entrance from the street there are two coats of arms, painted with great care, encompassed in gold circles. One of these coats emblazons the united arms of the houses of France and Naples; those in the other are of a rather mystic nature. They are the points of crystallization of future glories, embryos of kingdoms, crowns in the egg-shell—in short, something more is meant than meets the eye; but it has all some reference to the Duke of Bordeaux. The political representatives of other powers, who understand their business, will certainly not have failed to send forth their spies to discover whether something edifying and instructive may not here be decyphered.

PICTURE OF A NORWEGIAN BISHOP.

THE *Journal of a Tour through Norway in the year 1817*, by Mr. F. Bøe, gives the following curious picture of a Norwegian bishop, whom the author chanced to meet with in the island of Tiøtoe.

The wind increased in violence, it began to rain, the sea ran very high, and we were compelled to land at Tiøtoe. Wet through with rain and the spray of the waves, and chilled by the wind, we here felt with double force the comfort of the patriarchal custom of not shutting up the house even at night, but giving a hospitable reception to the stranger without so much as inquiring his name or his errand. The island considered as the finest property north of Numedalen: indeed, few houses in Drontheim can compare with the magnificent mansion of M. Brodtkorb; and you may imagine how surprising such a phenomenon must appear in these parts. We requested the servants not to awake the master of the house; and though unknown and wet, were conducted into the handsomely furnished apartments appropriated to strangers, where we passed the rest of the night in an ill-humour at this new delay. I was, indeed, apprehensive of being obliged to remain longer here, recollecting an anecdote which was related to us concerning the late owner of Forviig, who, on the arrival of strangers, caused the rudder to be taken from their boat, that he might detain them at least so long as it would require to make another.

Previously to breakfast we were introduced to the family, the proprietor of the island and his son, who is likewise married. About noon a

portly man, whose whole person had at the first glance something uncommonly imposing, entered the house. He wore a short jacket, and we should scarcely have guessed whom we had before us, had we not been apprized that it was Mr. Krogh von Belsvaag of Alstenoe, the right chivalrous Bishop of Nordland, to say nothing of his Danish and Swedish orders of knighthood. He had on a hat, jacket, and breeches of goat-skin, the genuine Norwegian maritime dress; and a bold and almost enthusiastic seaman, he had just come up from the Fierring, attended by only one young fellow. He is a handsome man of seventy, though apparently much younger, and who can still make so free with his constitution, that being too warm when in company at Christiana, he rubbed his face and breast with snow. He has lately been to that city, where he sat as a member of the Storting.

He speaks French and English fluently, and during the war with England, he once endeavoured to profit by the latter in order to make prize of a hostile ship off Drontheim. A vessel namely was discovered, that was manifestly unacquainted with the channel, and which it was of course considered could be no other than an enemy. General consternation ensued: Krogh quickly formed a plan for running the ship ashore; disguised himself, and rowed in a boat on board the supposed privateer, pretending, in order to gain confidence, that he was an English sailor who had escaped from a wreck. His plan succeeded according to his wishes; but it presently turned out that the ship was not an enemy, but a native

vessel, and the affair terminated in a hearty laugh.

On another occasion, the bishop thought to surprise some visitors whom he expected. Perceiving their sailing-boat at a distance, he swam towards her, and concealed himself among the sea-grass on a jutting cliff; a joke for which, however, he had well nigh paid dearly, for one of the company, mistaking him for a seal, was just going to point his gun, when the bishop deemed it advisable to make himself known.

We heard many more such-like anecdotes of this prelate, whenever

he became the subject of conversation. His blunt jovial manner, which in the capital produced a general prepossession in his favour, cannot derogate in the least from his episcopal character in his diocese: it would be extremely difficult to find a person better suited to the post. Here example alone can operate powerfully; and how could the Norwegian feel such enthusiastic affection and respect for a bishop, who neither knew how to brave the sea, the peculiar element of the people, nor to accommodate himself to the manners of the country?

ROYAL OCCUPATIONS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN your last Number you have introduced a brief description of an entertainment given to our Charles I. followed by a just animadversion on the puerile taste of the age which could relish such frivolities. What sentence, then, ought to be passed on the amusements which were the delight of a French monarch only half a century earlier?

The favourite occupations of Henry III. consisted in dressing his own and the queen's hair, and in starching and plaiting his own ruff and that of his consort. These employments took up so much of his time on the day of his coronation, and afterwards on that of his nuptials, that the procession could not repair to the church before six o'clock, and the lateness of the mass caused the *Te Deum* to be forgotten to be sung. At balls and other diversions, he appeared habited as an Amazon, in female attire, with his bosom uncovered,

ed, and a collar of pearls hanging down upon his breast. He wore besides, like the ladies of his court, a small *toque*, over which he himself frizzed his hair, and three bands of fine linen, two of which were plaited into ruffs, and the other inverted. These bands occasioned the remark, that his head looked like that of John the Baptist presented to King Herod upon a charger. When Sully was admitted to an interview with him in 1586, he had a *toque* on his head, a tippet on his shoulders, and a broad ribbon round his neck, from which was suspended a basket full of puppies.

As Henry assumed the female attire, so he enjoined the ladies of his court to adopt the dress of men. They were obliged to obey, and attended at a grand entertainment in male apparel made of damask of two different colours.

Notwithstanding these follies, Henry III. introduced into the etiquette

of the court many regulations, which continued for a considerable time after his death. He made the dress worn on extraordinary occasions by members of the Parliament much more splendid than it had ever been before. He set the first example of mourning in black on the death of his brother; the Kings of France having previously been accustomed to wear violet-coloured clothes for mourning. The ladies mourned for husbands and lovers in brown apparel, with death's heads or floods of tears painted or wrought in gold on

their collars or bracelets. By way of second mourning, they exchanged the death's heads and bones for miniatures of the deceased, which they wore at their breasts, but which were still surrounded with representations of showers of tears.

Had Henry's character betrayed no worse propensities than these puérilities bespeak, it would have excited pity, instead of being devoted, as it is, to universal abhorrence and execration. I am, &c.

HISTORICUS.

LISBON AND THE PORTUGUESE.

(Extracted from Letters written in 1821 and 1822.)

Nov. 1821.

THE Portuguese apply to their capital the well-known saying, "Whoever has not seen Lisbon has not seen any thing beautiful." Many of them are even perfectly well disposed to believe the assertions of their historians, that Lisbon was founded by Ulysses, and Setuval, a port not far from it, by Tubal, the son of Noah. Be this as it may, we must do Ulysses the justice to admit, that he shewed great judgment in his selection of a site for the capital of the Lusitanian monarchy.

Situated in the 38th degree of north latitude, Lisbon enjoys a healthy climate, neither too hot nor too cold, a fertile soil, delightful environs, and a favourable position for the commerce of the old and new world. The majestic Tagus, on the shore of which the city stands, about twelve miles from its mouth, is capable of admitting the largest fleets, and ships of war of all demensions can lie at a short distance from the quays. In some parts the river is

rather narrow, but towards the east end of the city it forms a spacious bay, which, however, is not very safe for vessels in the winter season.

The city, built upon hills, extends, with the suburbs, nearly nine miles along the river; and that portion of it which is on the left bank presents a view that is highly picturesque. In general, it is irregularly built, with the exception of that part which was destroyed by the earthquake of 1755, and succeeded by handsome regular streets. To this quarter belongs a fine square, composed entirely of public edifices, which are not yet quite finished. To these belong the Exchange, the Custom-House, the India-House, the offices of the six ministers, the Junta of Commerce, the Town-House, and several courts of justice; and in the centre of the square is an equestrian statue in bronze of King Joseph I. The south side of the square is bounded by a fine quay; on the west begins the great arsenal; and from the north run three regular, broad, and pretty long streets to

the Rocio-square, which has recently acquired some political celebrity from the assemblage of the troops who complied with the call of their comrades at Oporto. Here too stood the structures in which the Inquisition and the Regency had fixed their respective seats. The dungeons of the former are demolished, and with their ruins the Rocio-square has been levelled; even the statue representing Faith has been taken down from the building, after long preparations. A few days before its removal, I was looking at these preliminary operations, when a person behind me remarked to another, "Christian Charity is already gone, Faith is going; so that we shall have nothing left us but Hope." In the middle of the square, the foundation has been laid for a monument commemorative of the regeneration of Portugal*; but unluckily the subscriptions have not come in so freely as to allow the work to be carried on with activity; neither have I yet seen the plan for this monument, but as a national concern, it will of course be the work of a native artist. A member of the Cortes even proposed that the iron railing, by which it is to be surrounded, should be brought from San Paolo, in Brasil.

Near these two squares there are several other regular streets; but the old town presents a spectacle equally irregular and disgusting. The nastiness of the streets of Lisbon is known all the world over, and there is no

sort of filth but is allowed by the police regulations to be thrown out of the windows after ten o'clock at night. How often this operation is performed without the three warnings required by law, or how frequently it may take place at an earlier hour than it ought, may be conceived by those who are acquainted with the supineness of the police. Dead dogs, cats, and even asses and horses, may be seen lying in the streets for days together. Some of the streets have sewers, and others none. Troops of dogs without owners rove about in quest of food; and when they meet with a scanty supply, you are disturbed the whole night by the howling of the hungry creatures. The French killed thousands of these beasts; but in the present filthy state of the streets, the Portuguese consider them as necessary animals; so that at every open shop you see a bucket of water placed for these destitute creatures, lest they should perish with thirst.

About ten o'clock the streets of Lisbon become quite dull, and in this particular it forms an exception to all the large cities of the south of Europe. All the shops without distinction, all the taverns and coffee-houses must then be shut up, agreeably to the regulations of the police; universal silence pervades the streets at the hour of ten, and during the rest of the night, it is only here and there that you meet persons returning from the theatre or from private parties.

Robbery and murder are not rare, especially in winter. The town is tolerably well lighted. The pavement is throughout wretched, and the public squares are not paved at all: in some of them, previously to the entry of the French, there were

* As these letters were written previously to the last political revolution in Portugal, there can be no doubt that the monument in question, if completed at all, will be devoted to a purpose the very reverse of its original destination.—Editor.

mountains of dirt. To their credit be it observed, that out of the contribution of two hundred millions of crusadoes which they imposed, they expended two hundred thousand on cleansing the city.

The dwelling-houses are commodious; but as for specimens of beautiful architecture, Lisbon has nothing of the kind to produce. Whoever has seen the churches and convents in Italy, can derive little gratification from those of this capital. In number indeed it may equal any city of Italy; but for architecture, sculpture, paintings, and works of art in general, the Portuguese edifices are far inferior. One of the most spacious convents in the heart of the city is S. Francisco de Cidade, or as we might justly transpose the name, Cidade de S. Francisco, because it is almost large enough for a city. The poor mendicant monks have collected by begging money for building a church, that is to equal, as they say, St. Peter's at Rome; but which, with the exception of the bare walls and the façade, will probably remain for ever unfinished; for the monks have lost all their influence under the new system, and few persons will now lend money in expectation of receiving it back with interest in the next world.

The largest of the churches is that of St. Domingo, but besides its magnitude I have not been able to find in it any thing worthy of notice. The newest church and convent is that of Estrella, erected by the late queen, Donna Maria I. and dedicated to the Heart of Christ; because all the saints were supplied with churches, and a more worthy object could not be found for a patron to so pious a foundation. The good queen ex-

pended millions in obtaining from his holiness the consecration of a festival to the "Heart of Christ;" and she expended millions more upon a church and convent, which are still unfinished, and not worth the sums lavished upon them.

Upon the whole, there are very few public buildings in Lisbon which are completed; and it is a trait in the character of the Portuguese, to begin every thing on a grand scale, and to leave it unfinished. Thus in Pombal's time a building was begun with magnificent subterraneous vaults, and carried up a few feet above the surface of the ground: it was intended for the public Treasury, and a large sum was spent upon it; but the whole is now covered with rubbish, and its completion is never thought of. It is to be sure much wiser to leave it as it is; for no such magnificent exterior is required for an exchequer so empty as that of Portugal now is.

The new royal palace of Ayuda—out of Lisbon—is begun upon a very large scale, but not more than about a third of it is yet finished. They have been working at it God knows how many years; and 400,000 crusadoes are allotted annually to the works, not for the purpose of providing the king with a magnificent residence, but that thousands of persons may not be destitute of bread. Situated on an eminence above the castle of Belem, this palace commands a noble view; but it has evident faults in the architecture, which cannot fail to strike the spectator who has seen any edifices of the kind. In the entrance and fore-court, situated on the east side, Portugal purposed to display the talents of her sons in sculpture; but unluckily these

artists engraved their names on the pedestals of the statues, in order to render themselves immortal together with their works. In my opinion, it would have been much more judicious, if, instead of their own names, they had favoured the public with those of the deities whom they designed to represent, for some of them absolutely require this sort of explanation.

At the foot of the palace is situated the old Gothic tower of Belem, at a place where the Tagus is narrowest, and where of course it may the more easily command ships with its cannon. Here the age of barbarism established dungeons, which are an everlasting disgrace to humanity. Some of them are not only under

ground, but constantly under water; and here state-prisoners languished out their lives, and died a lingering death.

In the city there is nothing further worthy of notice, but out of it, the beautiful aqueduct of Alcantara, which conveys water to Lisbon from the distance of some leagues, must not be omitted. Over the last two hills arches of free-stone, the middlemost of which is, I believe, 350 feet high, conduct the water to a spacious reservoir, which is adequate to the supply of the city for several months. This aqueduct is built with such solidity, that not a stone of it was displaced by the earthquake of 1755.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL REVIEW.

PIANO-FORTE.

EFFUSIO MUSICA, ou Grande Fantaisie pour le Piano-forte, dédiée à M. Catel, Professeur au Conservatoire à Paris, par Fred. Kalkbrenner. Op. 68.—(Clementi and Co. and Chappell and Co.)

MR. KALKBRENNER, we believe, is a pupil of Monsieur Catel, as far as relates to the science of music at least, and he has here brought an offering to his master, which is highly honourable to both parties. If we were to give an opinion in general terms upon this fantasia, we should say, that it exemplifies in a striking manner the wonderful degree of perfection to which execution on the piano-forte has been carried by the present generation, and by Mr. K. individually; it also exhibits a pretty complete epitome of most of the

higher harmonic combinations which we are accustomed to expect in the productions of the masters of the art, Mr. Kalkbrenner having concentrated here the essence of the best of the kind from the purest sources, and infused over it the charm of his own manner of treatment. In these gleanings and recollections and imitations (of harmonic combinations of the first order) we have recognised several old friends, Mozart in particular: the plaintive accents in Donna Anna's great recitativo are occasionally distinguished in the first movement; the awful notes of the spectre resound more decidedly p. 13; and Rossini's vivacious style has probably had some influence on the presto, p. 22.

In a fantasia an author does as he pleases, and if a critic asks a ques-

tion, he has a right to answer, "I have done the thing so, *car tel est notre plaisir*." In the present case, therefore, if we sought for a greater quantum of melody than Mr. K.'s fantasia exhibits, he might with justice say, that his object was to write a fantasia of deep and varied modulation, and of scientific texture; and that if now and then a cantable line or two is given, such as in p. 8 (which did our heart good after so much serious and complicated harmony), the critic has no reason to complain. Mr. K. besides, might fairly refer us to the fine adagio, p. 14, and justly ask whether that was not melody the most attractive, the most delicate, and sensitive? This it certainly is for a little while; but then the fantasification soon comes over it, and, with the most consummate artifice, renders it highly seasoned for our plain palate.

We had better be contented with Mr. K.'s labour, such as it is; for in its kind it is excellent, nay, wonderful: it would quite suffice, had he written nothing else, to establish his fame in every musical country, and it will, vigorous as his days yet are, outlive the author, we are sure.

That a fantasia of this description will put the greatest executive powers to the test, may easily be imagined. It is one of those pieces concerning which Woelfl observed to us, "Let dem learn it; I have been obliged to learn it myself after I wrote it." As a work for practice and study, the fantasia deserves the notice and unwearied diligence of the higher proficient. They will find double parts for one hand, fugues, counterpoints, and innumerable digital niceties in abundance. A work of this description ought to be carefully

read, and considered by portions, before a finger is put to the instrument. *A new Divertimento for the Piano-forte*, by Mayseder. Pr. 2s. 6d. — (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

A seasonable relaxation to us from the intense study which the consideration of the preceding work required. Mr. Mayseder is more of a violin player than a "pianiste." So much the better, plenty of melody and less intricacy; for a composer seldom is found to write any thing more difficult than what he can master himself. This divertimento indeed is all melody, clear as daylight, graceful and unaffected, and of easy execution. It consists of an adagio and an allegretto in D major; the former full of tender expression, and the latter in a playful polacca style, with abundance of pretty attractive ideas. Mr. M. however, has evidently drawn freely upon Rossini, at least as to manner. The "minorizing" his cadences for instance, and the whole plan of the gradual accumulation of bustle (from "*piu mosso*," p. 7), are obvious Rossinisms. *Manus manum lavat*. The *gran maestra* is not over scrupulous either in these matters.

Cramer's favourite Serenata, originally composed for the Harp, Piano-forte, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. John Austin, by G. Kjalmark. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

This being merely a compressed adaptation of a serenata sufficiently known, all that can be required of us is, to say that Mr. K.'s arrangement appears to be satisfactory and effective. As the composition ingratiates itself with the ear, and the extract by Mr. K. is not difficult, his labour no doubt will meet with a favorable reception.

"The Lisle," a French March, adapted for the Piano-forte, with a Coda and Rondo, composed by J. M. Murdie, Mus. Bacc. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

The march in E b, and trio in A b, are fairly brought forth, except that their bass is a little stiff and unvariedly monotonous. In the coda, two or three well-chosen chords produce effect. The rondo is but a variation (with some digressive portions) of the march itself, and hardly that; for time and melody very nearly are the same. In the form of rondo, however, the air tells well. The rondo has also a part in A b, into which it slips rather by a licence. In the 7th page the modulations do not possess sufficient clearness of plan and diction. The portions in C minor, and A b, p. 8, and the winding up, p. 9, are quite satisfactory.

PIANO-FORTE VARIATIONS.

Of the compositions of this class, numerous in the extreme as usual, the following claim our notice:

Brilliant Variations for the Piano-forte to the favourite Air "Ma Fanchette est charmante," dedicated to her Serene Highness Mademoiselle d'Orléans, by Henry Herz. Op. 10. Pr. 6s.—(Boosey and Co.)

If our critical labours were to be directed to none but variations of this stamp, our dislike to this class of compositions would soon be subdued: indeed we then should probably be but seldom called upon to review variations at all; for such as these do not present themselves every month.

Mr. Herz, we understand, is a German professor, at present residing at Paris: this is the first work of

his Muse that has come under our cognizance, and it is quite sufficient to enable us to know our man. He belongs to the few of the great school. Without fatiguing our readers with any analysis of excellencies, we content ourselves with assuring them, that those whose skill is adequate to the task—for there are difficulties to be overcome—will find these variations equal probably to the best in their collection. They abound in every feature which we expect to meet with in works of classic pretension: more we need not say.

Mr. Herz, we observe, has interposed a *Tutti* between each variation; a practice which, in some few instances, has recently been adopted by other composers of his rank, and which is attended with excellent effect, even if the piano-forte alone should be compelled to execute that which, properly speaking, is intended for a full band. These *Tutti* afford a fine relief, and have the further advantage of presenting us with an additional portion of the composer's own invention. They should, of course, be all of varied import, yet possess some features of general resemblance, akin in some measure to the theme—unity and variety. Mr. Herz's *Tutti* are of this description: they are beautiful; and, like those of Mr. Moscheles, may be looked upon as models.

No. XXIV. *"Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled;" a celebrated Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, Flute, and Violoncello; composed, and inscribed to her Grace Caroline Duchess of Richmond, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

The accompaniments are *ad libitum*. The variations, ten in number,

possess that fanciful ease and fluency which the great experience and good taste of Mr. M. lead us to expect as a matter of course in any thing that proceeds from his pen. The execution, also, is far from requiring extraordinary exertions.

The much-admired Scottish Air, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," introduced in the Opera of "Guy Mannering," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May, Holborn Bars.)
Caraffa's celebrated Cavatina "Aure Felice," from "La Cenerentola," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May.)

The variations upon both these themes are written in an easy familiar style, and yet with a selectness in point of ideas and treatment, which will distinguish them from the routine productions of this class, so plentifully dispensed to the public.

We should prefer the variations upon the Scotch air, as exhibiting more ease and fluency, perhaps even gracefulness of diction, than those upon Caraffa's cavatina. The cause of this difference, we doubt not, lies in the nature of the themes, and more particularly of their harmonic structure. Caraffa's, with all its fascinating originality, exhibits some heterodox progressions, such as C, 3, 5; D, 3, 5, &c. which, when we first heard the air sung by Signor Torri, proved rather indigestible to our delicate scholastic organs, and which indeed, as we observed in a former Number, some conscientious variationer disdained following, substituting at once the more current C, 3, 5; G, 7, &c. But one gets used

to these things in time, and at last thinks them extremely neat. It is these questionable harmonies which, when they come to be amplified by variation, prove troublesome and awkward in the management. This difficulty appears to us to have been felt in some of the variations, No. 2. for instance; and where the authentic harmony is less adhered to, as in No. 4. less inconvenience is experienced, and the variation comes out more round and satisfactory. The waltz, No. 5. is in good style; and in the march which follows, as well as in the coda, Mr. N. has been very successful.

Having already encroached upon our limits, we must be brief in our notice of the Scotch theme. Most of the variations, eight in number, are of decided interest. The style of No. 3. is fresh and select: the demisemiquaver passages in No. 4. are melodized with uncommon ease and fluency: the waltz, No. 5. proceeds pleasingly, at least the first part; the second is less smooth: the little *morceau* of march, No. 6. is quite as it should be: the triplets (No. 7.) well picked and assorted; and the eighth variation terminates the whole with effective energy.

What enhances the value of these variations, is the ease with which they may be executed. They are quite within the reach of a good pupil of a twelvemonth's standing.

VOCAL COMPOSITIONS.

Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song. Part VII. Pr. 6s.—(Gale, Bruton-street.)

The contents of this number are, a celebrated Madrigal by Orlando Gibbons; two Scottish Melodies; Rossini's "Oh mattutini Albion;" a

beautiful Motett ("Rorate Coeli") by the Abbé Vogler (to the biographical notice of whom we have to add, that he died at Darmstadt in 1814); Haydn's well-known Canzonet, "She never told her love" (a perfect musical cabinet picture); a Song by Reichardt; another by Carl Maria von Weber, the author of the celebrated opera "Der Freyschütz" (the magnus Apollo of modern German music); and an original French Song by Mr. Cather, of decided merit, tolerably, but not throughout, correct in point of French prosody.

"*Ah qual concerto*," *Romance from the Opera "Tebaldo e Isolina," composed by Morlacchi.* Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)

A new musical acquaintance, and an important one, as far as the name goes. Morlacchi, born at Perugia in 1784, and now, we believe, *Maestro di Capella* at Dresden, has numerous partisans in Italy, who prefer him to Rossini. It would be preposterous in us to form our estimate of his merits from the first song that has met our eye. Rossini has written many which are worse, and many greatly superior. Thus much we can aver for the present, that this romance presents great freshness, delicacy, and elegance of musical diction, without absolute novelty of thought. The idea of allotting to the voice a series of interrupted sentences in recitative, while the instruments proceed with a regular and continued subject, and eventually only to assign that subject to the singer too, is of the happiest effect. Some reminiscences from *Weigel's* "Schweitzer familie" (Swiss family) are not to be mistaken. But the composition as a whole is fascinating. It has vocal passages of difficult execution; a circumstance which

should always induce publishers to add, above the stave, an easier version, so as to render the song more generally accessible.

"*In quel modesto Asilo*," *Duetto Notturmo per Soprano e Tenore, composto, e dedicato a Mlla. A. Berenford, da Val^{te}. Castelli.* Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)

A vein of sympathizing tenderness distinguishes this duet favourably. The first strain proceeds in select melodic combinations, not without some originality. In the 7th bar (p. 1.) we should have preferred contrary motion in the accompaniment; and if there is to be G b in the second crotchet, we should have minorized the first too, by substituting C b for C ♯. In the second page, some hard progressions present themselves in the two places where the soprano has "sospirerà." But the duet, as a whole, cannot fail to interest the amateur.

Selection of Songs, Duets, &c. from the most admired German Operas, with English Words by Thomas Campbell, Esq. No. III. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)

This number contains an air of Beethoven with an English text by Mr. McGregor Logan. Beethoven has composed some most charming songs, and some of very inferior merit. The present hardly belongs to the first class; indeed without the warranty of the respectable publishers, we should hesitate to ascribe it to so great a master. Have his "Herz mein Herz," his "Kennst du das Land," not to mention several others of first-rate beauty, been ever joined to an English text?

"*'Tis not the beam of a languishing eye*," *a Ballad, sung by Mr. Brabant at the Theatre Royal Drury-*

Lane, composed by N. C. Bochsa.
—Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

A pretty little song, of graceful melody and simple yet effective accompaniment. Every thing is in good taste and keeping.

"*The Sea-Boy's Call*," Canzonet, composed for, and dedicated to, Miss Ann Shuttleworth, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

"*Send round the rosy cup*," a favourite Song sung by Mr. Coulten at the London Concerts, &c.; written by Mr. J. E. Gifford; composed by J. Monro.—(Monro and May, High-Holborn Bars.)

"*Can I forget*," the admired Ballad written by D. O'Meara, Esq. sung by Mr. Pyne at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, &c. composed by J. Davy. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May.)

Without entering upon any comparison, which would greatly depend upon particular taste, we briefly notice the above three songs as possessing claims, nearly equal, to the amateur's favour.

In Mr. Kiallmark's, the Siciliana is peculiarly attractive, and the expression at "Spring up, good breeze," extremely happy.

Mr. Monro's anacreontic effusion has an agreeable, lively, and symmetrical melody; all is devised with taste and propriety.

"Can I forget," by Mr. Davy, is rather high for common voices. The motivo, and the whole of the first vocal page, are tastefully devised, but we should not have given to the *whole* of the four commencing bars the tonic harmony. From "That loves to soften others' woe," our opinion is less favourable. The musical diction is not sufficiently clear,

select, and impressive. Much more might have been made of that part of the text.

HARP.

"*La Chasse au Renard*," a characteristic Fantasia for the Harp, composed for, and dedicated to, Miss H. E. Warneford, by N. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The Fox-Chase of Mr. B. is a highly characteristic and so very entertaining a composition, that, we make sure, it would have great success under an adaptation for the piano-forte, which would require little substantial alteration. The whole of the incidents of the sporting expedition from "Daybreak" to the "Death" (which latter, by the way, is left to conjecture, but easily recognised), are appropriately and very intelligibly depicted; and the composition, independently of its descriptive interest, possesses decided musical merit.

"*Cruda Sorte*," the celebrated Terzetto in "Ricciardo e Zoraide," by Rossini, arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, expressly for the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Bentinck, by Cipriani Potter. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Mr. P. no doubt had his reasons for allotting the brunt of action to the piano-forte, and indulging the harp with a very reduced portion of execution. The latter instrument in fact is here but one of accompaniment. With this reserve (perhaps a welcome one to many harpists), we are warranted in bestowing unqualified encomiums upon the arrangement; it is most rich and effective.

"*Grand Russian March*" for the Harp, composed, and dedicated



LONDON FASHIONS.

to *Miss Barnett*, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

The march in E b, and its trio in A b, are of regular construction, clear and good in melody, without rising what we should call above the par in good music.

The same remark applies to the second piece, the "*Mazurka*," a Russian dance movement, resembling the waltz in its musical character.

The favourite Air, "*We're a nod-din*," with an *Introduction and Variations for the Harp* by S. Dussek. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Second French Air arranged for the Harp by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

Miss Dussek, we presume. The name of Dussek, so dear to us, is not disgraced in its representative. Both the publications are themes with variations, and both are susceptible of the same remarks. They are not, and affect not to be, compositions of the higher order; but they are throughout conceived in good style,

correct, and certainly highly agreeable. The introduction to the first is particularly meritorious.

GUITAR.

Forty easy Pieces and Eight short Preludes for the Guitar, composed for the Use of Beginners by Ferdinand Carulli. Op. 1. (of Works composed in London.) Pr. 5s.—(Boosey and Co.)

As the guitar is not our instrument, our notice of this publication must necessarily be confined to its musical merit. The pieces are strictly progressive, pleasing in point of melody, and correct as to harmony.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have published two well-executed lithographic prints, by Gauci, of *Rossini* and *Moscheles*. The latter we know to be a good likeness. Of the resemblance of Rossini we cannot yet judge. Although the *maestro* is in London, we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing him.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

TWILLED sarsnet or levantine high dress, of a deep green colour, called by the French *eau de Nil*: the *corsage* fastens behind with hooks and eyes; is made to fit the shape, and ornamented with perpendicular wadded satin rouleaus of the same colour and equidistant: broad satin *ceinture*, with a uniform rosette behind. Long tight sleeve, edged with satin at the wrist, and fastened with a satin band, the outer part formed into a diamond, with a wadded knot

in the centre. Short full upper sleeve, confined by satin rouleaus placed longitudinally, and supported with satin knots. The bottom of the dress has six wadded satin rouleaus, each headed with a narrow piping formed into waves or festoons, and supported with wadded satin knots; beneath is a broad satin hem: richly worked *collerette* and ruffles. *Bonnet de jolie femme* of British Mechlin lace; long strings of the same, trimmed with lace like the borders, which are drawn very full at the sides, where

a bow of pink gauze ribbon is introduced beneath the cap, being of one piece of lace. The head-piece is formed by two drawings, and ties behind with pink satin ribbon: three separate bows or puffings of broad shaded pink gauze ribbon are placed in front. Embossed gold ear-rings, chain, and cross. Buff-colour Morocco shoes, tied with ribbon of the same colour.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Pelisse of levantine silk, or Terry velvet, of a rich brown colour (*couleur d'oreille d'ours*), made plain and high to fasten in front, with a neat standing collar, edged with satin of the same colour. The velvet (*velours épingle*), which promises to be very fashionable this winter, has not been worn for many years: it looks like very narrow cords, and forms elegant trimmings for silk pelisses: the *ceinture*, which fastens with a gold buckle in front, and the leaves and knots of the trimming, are made of it. The trimming is scalloped, and edged with satin, having a pair of leaflets introduced at each point through a slit, which is bound with satin, and reunited with a velvet knot behind the leaves. The *corsage* is ornamented from the shoulder to the waist, where the trimming approximates, and widens again in descending, till it reaches the ermine which goes round the bottom of the pelisse, and is a quarter of a yard in depth. The long sleeve has a full epaulette, ornamented with leaves, and the wrist is trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of the same material as the pelisse, lined with the same, and the inside edged with shaded velvet, rather more than an inch broad: the front *à la Marie Stuart*; the crown round, and rather low, ornamented with velvet flowers

and bows of shaded velvet. Bonnet cap of Honiton, with very full borders fastening under the chin. Full lace ruff and ruffles. Terry velvet boots, the colour of the pelisse. Pale yellow gloves, and a shell reticule, with silver chain.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our readers will have seen that our anticipations last month respecting promenade and carriage dress have been completely realized. We have nothing new to say respecting the former, but we have some novelties to describe in the latter, which we consider worthy of the attention of our fair readers. The first is a pelisse of sea-green velvet, fastened up the front with Brandenburghs: the trimming consists of a row of shells formed of corded *gros de Naples*, of the same colour, placed between oblong satin puffs: this trimming goes round the bottom and up the fronts. The collar is low, and ornamented with a single wreath of shells, and a small round pelerine is trimmed to correspond with the collar. The long sleeves are of an easy width, and are finished with shells at the hand. The *mancherons* are small; they consist of two shells, which are partially crossed on the shoulder.

The trimming of a high dress of deep blue *gros de Naples* is singularly novel: it resembles serpents twisted together: the bust of this dress is ornamented with straps, which form a stomacher of the demi-lozenge form. Full *mancheron*, the fulness confined by straps, so as to form a demi-lozenge in front of the arm. The *corsage* of another high dress was made *en cœur*, the shape of the heart being formed by very narrow rouleaus of satin, with



rich silk buttons intermixed. The trimming of the skirt consists of gauze *houllonnée*, interspersed, with disposed in crescents.

We observe that high dresses begin to be as much, if not more, worn in carriage costume than pelisses. The envelopes worn with them are either cachemira shawls or large tippets, and in many instances our *élégantes* adopt both. Tippets are worn extremely large, and long ones are more in favour than round.

Bonnets now begin to be worn larger, and black ones, both in velvet and satin, are very prevalent. There are two distinct styles which prevail in this kind of *coiffure*, and both equally fashionable. One is remarkable for its extreme plainness, the bonnet being altogether black; that is to say, it is lined with the material of which it is made, and adorned with superb plumes of black feathers. The other style is as showy as possible; the bonnet and lining are black, but the edge of the brim is corded with crimson, or some other striking coloured satin; a full black knot placed at the bottom of the crown is adorned in a similar manner, and the feathers correspond with the colour of the cords. We have seen also a good many black bonnets with coloured strings, coloured bands at the edge of the brim, and adorned with garlands of winter flowers. Rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, *velours simulé*, and *pluche de soie*, decorated with white feathers, are also much in favour for carriage hats and bonnets. One of the most novel of the last has a remarkably low crown, which is entirely covered by a quantity of *Marabouts*, that surround and droop over it.

Vols. III. No. XIII.

A new material, called *Camelia*, is in favour in morning dress, but it is not so generally adopted as poplin, *camail*, or *gros de Naples*. The newest forms for morning dress are those which we have just described in speaking of carriage costume.

Coloured satin begins to be much in favour both in dinner and evening dress, one of the prettiest gowns we have seen in the former is of crimson satin, trimmed with *crêpe* *lisse* of the same colour, mixed with velvet. The trimming consists of *bouquets*, which are formed at regular distances by velvet ornaments in the shape of lions' paws. The *corsage* of this dress is finished round the top by a row of blond let in full, drawn to the shape of the neck, and finished by a row of very narrow velvet points. Coloured tulle over coloured satin is still much in favour for evening dress. White tulle, or white *crêpe lisse*, is more in request for ball dresses. Some of the newest trimmings for these latter consist of *bouquets* of lilies formed of the down of the Marabout, and interspersed with branches of laurel-leaves in velvet. Another pretty style of trimming is a chain of various flowers of the smallest size, which are fancifully unwreathed in drapery folds of gauze or *crêpe lisse*. Waists are still worn very long, and the *corsage* in evening dress is cut extremely low round the bust; sleeves rather short, and in general very full. *Toques* and turbans are, as we predicted, much in favour with all but very youthful *belles*, who adorn their tresses with flowers or pearls. Coloured gems are much in favour with elegant matrons. The most novel ear-rings in gold have the pendant in the shape of a

heart, exquisitely wrought. Brooches of rather a large size set in gold, forming a flower surrounded by foliage, are also much in favour.

Fashionable colours are, maroon, bright crimson, damask-rose colour, dark chesnut, lavender, and fawn colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, DEC. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade costume this month is nearly what it was when I wrote last, except that furs have become more general; that is to say, fur tippets and trimmings for dresses: for muffs are not at all used by the French, but are generally adopted by all the stylish English *belles*, of whom there are at present a great number in Paris.

Bonnets are of velvet, *gros de Naples*, and some new inventions in silk plush. The latter have always the same kind of ground, but it is differently figured in quadrilles, lozenges, or wolves' teeth. Black velvet or satin bonnets are in favour; they are in general trimmed with ribbons, shaded in strikingly contrasted colours, and of a rich dark tint: there are generally three colours in the feathers of the bonnet, to correspond with the ribbon.

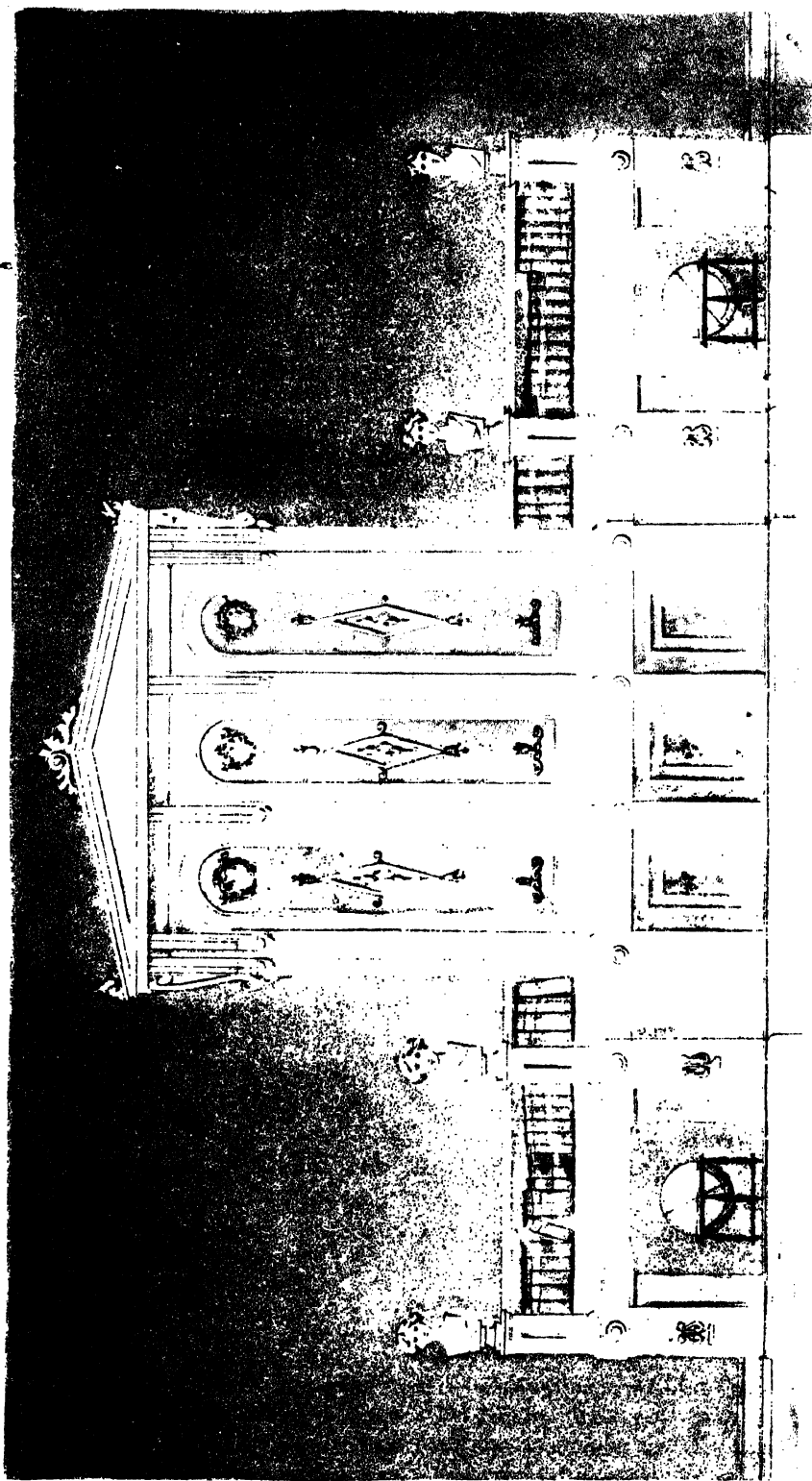
It is this year the fashion to go very much dressed to the *spectacle*: *rédingotes habillées* are much used for this purpose; they are composed of *gros de Naples* or velvet, but the latter is most fashionable. The trimming is satin, with sometimes a mixture of *gros de Naples*; it is arranged either in rouleaus, *coques*, or folds. If the *rédingote* is of *gros de Naples*, it is always of a very dark colour, but trimmed with satin some shades lighter. In some instances the satin is of a different colour.

Shawls and mantles are in nearly

equal favour for the *spectacle*: the most fashionable among the former have a bright crimson or black ground, with a high palm border, or one *en rosaces*. A new material has just been introduced for mantles, which promises to become very fashionable: it is composed of wool; is extremely fine, light, and soft; is printed so as to imitate embroidery very successfully, and is of sufficient width to form a mantle without a seam.

The alterations which have taken place since my last in full dress are mostly in head-dresses, some of the most novel of which I will try to describe to you. The latest is the *coëffure à la neige*: in this head-dress the hair, disposed in a great number of small curls, which nearly cover the temples, and dressed very high behind, has seldom any other ornament than a pearl or diamond comb. In order to form a perfect idea of this *coëffure*, you need only recall to your mind the portraits of Marie de Medicis, mother of Louis XIII. from which this antique fashion has lately been copied on the stage, and is now generally adopted in the first circles.

Coëffures à l'Espagnol are also in favour: the front hair is disposed in soft curls; the hind hair, knotted at the ends with bows of black and rose ribbon, is fastened up in a very large knot on the crown of the head: three large *coques* of rose and black ribbon placed behind this knot are partially covered by a black blond veil,



which, falling on the shoulders, shades the back of the neck.

It is now so much the fashion to wear the figures of birds and animals in jewellery, that a wit, in speaking of a *merveilleuse* the other day, observed, that when she appeared full dressed, her jewels offered a good representation of a little menagerie. Her bracelets and neck-lace

serpents, her ear-rings doves, a mouse upon her ring, a dog at her watch, her girdle clasped by a butterfly, and upon her head a bird of Paradise.

Fashionable colours are, cocoa, bear's-ear, mantle of Socrates, *ponceau*, violet, deep blue, gold, and rose colours. Adieu, *chère Sophie!*
Always your EUDOCIA. •

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A STUDY BOOKCASE AND MEDAL CABINET.

It is proposed to introduce to our readers, through the present year, a Series of new Examples of Furniture, that may not only be useful as single articles, but may benefit the general manufacture, as they will be designed on correct principles, and frequently in combination with the proper decoration of the apartments to which they are suited, and in connection with useful accompaniments.

When due regard is paid to the proportions of the relative parts in such an article of furniture as is exhibited in the annexed plate, it cannot fail to please; and when executed in suitable materials, and decorated with propriety, it becomes an ornamental appendage, not inferior to the demands of the most finished library, and for which purpose it was made; but more expressly intended for the reception of gems, medals, and minerals, than for books merely; and also for portfolios of drawings, prints, and such objects of study which are not usually provid-

ed for in bookcases; and it is so arranged as to form a complete piece of furniture for the end of a room, or, on the side, become a central object between bookcases.

The manufacturer will immediately perceive that the parts are capable of separation, and that he may form from them several handsome pieces of furniture, according as an apartment may need variety of form and quantity.

Glass doors may be substituted for those of the design, where book-bindings are to be displayed; but in general, curtains of cloth or silk, or of other coloured materials, are more ornamental, and more readily made to harmonize with the wood-work.

The manufacture of British woods, such as the pollard oak and elm, cut transversely near the roots, is now so well understood, and so beautiful when thus applied, that they need no other recommendation to the admirers of superior furniture.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE first part of the *Ceremonial of the Coronation of King George IV.* printed by Mr. Whittaker, is just ready for publication. This work, designed for a spe-

cimen of typographical elegance not to be surpassed, will be printed in gold letters, and accompanied with portraits of the distinguished persons who composed

the splendid procession, in their respective dresses, richly coloured as drawings. It will not only form the most splendid specimen of the art ever produced, but it will be of great importance to all who were engaged in the magnificent ceremony, as a perpetual record of the honours which they enjoyed, their names being given in the order of the procession. The names of the subscribers, at the head of whom stand those of the royal family, will also be printed in gold letters.

A Narrative of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the year 1821-2; including a Description of the Rhine Voyage in the middle of Autumn, and the stupendous Scenery of the Alps in the depth of Winter; by Charles Tennant, Esq. is just ready for publication, in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Bowring and Mr. Van Dyk are about to publish a volume of translated *Specimens of the Dutch Poets*; with Remarks on the Poetical History and Literature of the Netherlands.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by Robert Dale Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

In the press, a translation of the *Memoirs of Madame d'Epinau*, written by herself; comprising interesting details of her acquaintance with Duclos, J. J. Rousseau, Baron Grimm, Diderot, Baron d'Holbach, Saint Lambert, Madame d'Houdetot, and other distinguished persons of the 18th century, in two vols. 8vo.

The Highlanders, a tale, by the author of "The Hermit in London," will shortly appear in 3 vols. foolscap 8vo.

Dr. Antomarchi, the physician appointed to attend Buonaparte after the departure of Mr. O'Meara from St. Helena, has in the press, his *Journal of the last Moments of Napoleon*, in an 8vo. volume.

Mr. Farr, surgeon, and author of a *Treatise on Cancer*, has in the press a se-

cond edition of a *Treatise on Scrofula*, explanatory of a method for its complete eradication, with remarks on the frequent failure of this mode of treatment in the hands of other practitioners, and other important additions.

Mr. Washington Irving is reported to have collected materials for an interesting work during his recent Tour in Germany.

The Deserted City; Era, a tale in two cantos; and *Electricity*, poems by J. Bounden, will shortly be published in one vol. 12mo.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 10th December, being the Anniversary of the Institution of the Royal Academy, a General Meeting of the Academicians took place, when Sir Thomas Lawrence presented the following Premiums to the successful Candidates in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture:

IN PAINTING.—The Gold Medal, with the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and West, for the best Historical Composition: the subject—"The contention between the Archangel Michael and Satan for the body of Moses," to Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone.

DITTO IN SCULPTURE.—For the best Composition, to Mr. R. B. Hughes.

IN ARCHITECTURE.—The subject, the design for a Hospital for Invalided Sailors, to Mr. T. Bradbury.

IN THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING.—The first Silver Medal for the best copy, to Mr. Cobbett; the second, to Mr. Marks.

The Silver Medal, for the best Drawing in the Life, to Mr. Cahusac; the second, to Mr. Hous. The Silver Medal, for the best Model in the same, to Mr. R. Williams; the second, to Mr. Collingwood. The Silver Medal, for the best Drawing from the Antique, to Mr. G. R. Ward; the second, to Mr. F. Ross; the third, to Mr. Cicale. The Silver Medal, for the best Model from the Antique, to Mr. Dear; the second, to Mr. Stothard; the third, to Mr. Belnes. The Silver Medal, for the best Die, to Mr. Stothard. The Silver Medal, for the best Architectural Drawing, to Mr. Rickley; the second, to Mr. Jenkins.

The President concluded the ceremony with an eloquent discourse.

Poetry:

From "TIME'S TELESCOPE" (*an interesting Annual Work*) for 1824.

LINES ADDRESSED TO BERNARD BARTON.

WALK on a little longer in thy path
Of sorrow and of toil: TIME hath its bound,
Nor shoreless is the sea of human life.
Walk on a little longer in the faith
Of thy pure heart, poet and friend: thy path
Points to thee onward. What's the world to thee,
And such as thou? Cold, icy cold they be
Who look upon thee; and their hearts as those
Whom in her lonely solitude of snow
Young Laila saw, and wept. Yet bear thou on,
Meek child of song! Are they not thine—the earth,
Green in its living beauty; the lone sky,
The flow of waters, and the spirit that heaves
Beneath the ocean's depth? Look up! look up!
And on the gates of adamant, that close
The portals of thy life, look up, and read
What there is written—FAITH and HOPE. Hope then,
Hope that upholds the arch of Heaven, and Faith
As strong, be thine; and thy reward shall be
The sabbath of a pure submitted mind.
Such be thy lot!—Or does thy gentle heart,
That ever seeks communion with itself
Of all that's good and lovely—does it yearn
With thoughts of human kindness? would it lay
Its sorrows on the pitying breast, and press
The faithful hand of TRUTH?—Oh! there be those
Who look upon thy path with eyes of love,
And watch thee, journeying by thy side, unseen.
Say, hast thou him forgotten, who of thee
Amid his lonely musings, by the depth
Of shadowy woods, or where his wakeful lamp
Gleams star-like through the midnight hour, has thought
With feelings that despondence cannot touch,
Though dark the shades of life that fall on him,
And pale his cheek with care?—

Enough, enough;
The very bread we eat is steeped in tears:
All has been offered by us at the shrine
Of Sorrow, yea the heart's best gifts, and still
The cup we drink is full.—

He too is thine
Who cross'd in early youth the ocean streams,
And oft, as round his tent the hot monsoon
Blew stifling the loose desert sands, his heart
Sighed, when his pleasant home by Bealings* groves,
Amid each shelving bank and flowery coomb,
In dream or nightly vision to his eyes
Came like the voice of bliss. Each well-known spot,
The fir-grove, and the linnet-haunted copse,
Again he saw. The wild wood-lane, that wound

* The residence of Major Moor (author of "The Hindoo Pantheon"), a friend of Mr. Barton's.

By many a garden-plot and rustic fence,
 They all were his; and clearer now he sees
 Yon ruined tower;—the church-spire shines! he knows
 His own sweet linden-shade!

—And are there not,
 By Deben's gentle stream and Orwell's shore,
 Hearts of thine own, and tender as the thoughts
 Of love itself, wishes, and hopes, and fears,
 That flow to thee from breasts as pure as truth,
 And in that truth made strong? E'en now of thee,
 Amid her evening walk or morning meal,
 Remembrance speaks, and voices from afar
 Come to thee from the turf where COLLINS lies,
 And where, through peaceful valleys as she glides,
 Too early lost, her poet Lavant mourns.

BENHALL, June 22, 1823.

JOHN MITFORD.

EXPOSTULATION: *Addressed to BERNARD BARTON.*

A silent dwelling, hid from vulgar eye,
 Amid its bowers of cedar mantled round,
 Just hears, above, the gale of evening sigh,
 Or Ocean breathe from out his depths profound.

And welcome was the hour, when to those glades
 The gentle minstrel bent his willing feet;
 When, like the pensive genius of the shades,
 He spread, beneath their boughs, his noonday seat.

There manhood met him with the hand of truth,
 And greetings too from softer lips were there;
 And e'en the frolic innocence of youth
 Would half beguile him of his weight of care.

Then wherefore should the purple summer come,
 And fill the bosom of the vale with flowers,
 If neither song of birds, nor bees' wild hum,
 Can win the bard to his forsaken bowers?

For him unrolled each treasured volume lies,
 Her evening-lute for him has beauty strung;
 And haste, oh! haste, the voice of friendship cries,
 That oft in rapture on those lips has hung.

The *primrose-tufts* shall breathe along the plain;
 Her *violet-showers* shall soften'd APRIL bring;
 But shall these groves be *vocal* once again?
 And will the *Nightingale* return with Spring?

BENHALL, SUFFOLK.

ACKERMANN'S CATALOGUE.

A List of new and interesting Works, recently published, or now in course of Publication, by R. ACKERMANN, 101, Strand, London.

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

On the 1st of January was published, **THE NETHERLANDS**, containing a description of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Diversions, &c. &c. of the Inhabitants of the Netherlands, with 18 col. plates, price 8s. This Volume forms the Tenth Division of **THE WORLD IN MINIATURE**,—Of which have already appeared,

- 1st. Division, **ILLYRIA AND DALMATIA**, 2 vols. coloured Plates, 12s.
- 2nd. Ditto—**WESTERN AFRICA**, 4 vols. 47 coloured plates, 21s.
- 3rd. Ditto—**TURKEY**, 6 vols. 73 coloured plates, 42s.
- 4th. Ditto—**HINDOOSTAN**, 6 vols. 103 coloured plates, 48s.
- 5th. Ditto—**PERSIA**, 3 vols. 30 coloured plates, 16s. 6d.
- 6th. Ditto—**RUSSIA**, 4 vols. 72 coloured plates, 32s.
- 7th. Ditto—**AUSTRIA**, 2 vols. 30 coloured plates, 12s.
- 8th. Ditto—**CHINA**, 2 vols. 30 coloured plates, 12s.
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- 10th. Ditto—**THE NETHERLANDS**, 1 vol. 18 coloured plates, 8s.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN BODY, particularly designed for the use of **PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, and ARTISTS** in general. Translated from the German of **JOHN HENRY LAVATER**, and illustrated by 27 *Lithographic Plates*. Price 12s. half-bound, published 1st Jan. 1824.

PARABLES in a neat Pocket Volume, particularly suitable for a present to both Sexes. Parables, Instructive, Moral and Religious, translated from the German of **Dr. F. A. KRUMMACHER**. Price 6s. half-bound and lettered, pub. 1st Jan. 1824.

FORGET ME NOT—A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1823 and 1824, price 12s. each. *This elegant little Work will be continued Annually, and will always be ready on the 1st of November; early application for the same will be desirable to prevent disappointment, the whole impression of that for 1824 having been disposed of before the 1st of January.*

GHOST STORIES: collected with a particular View to counteract the vulgar belief in **GHOSTS and APPARITIONS**, and to promote a rational Estimate of the Nature of Phenomena commonly considered as supernatural. Illustrated with six coloured Engravings. 12mo. pp. 300, price 8s.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY 1, 1824.

N^o. XIV.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

T.'s promised favour has not reached our hands.

Had P. S. considered for what class of readers our work is more particularly destined, he might have saved trouble to himself and us.

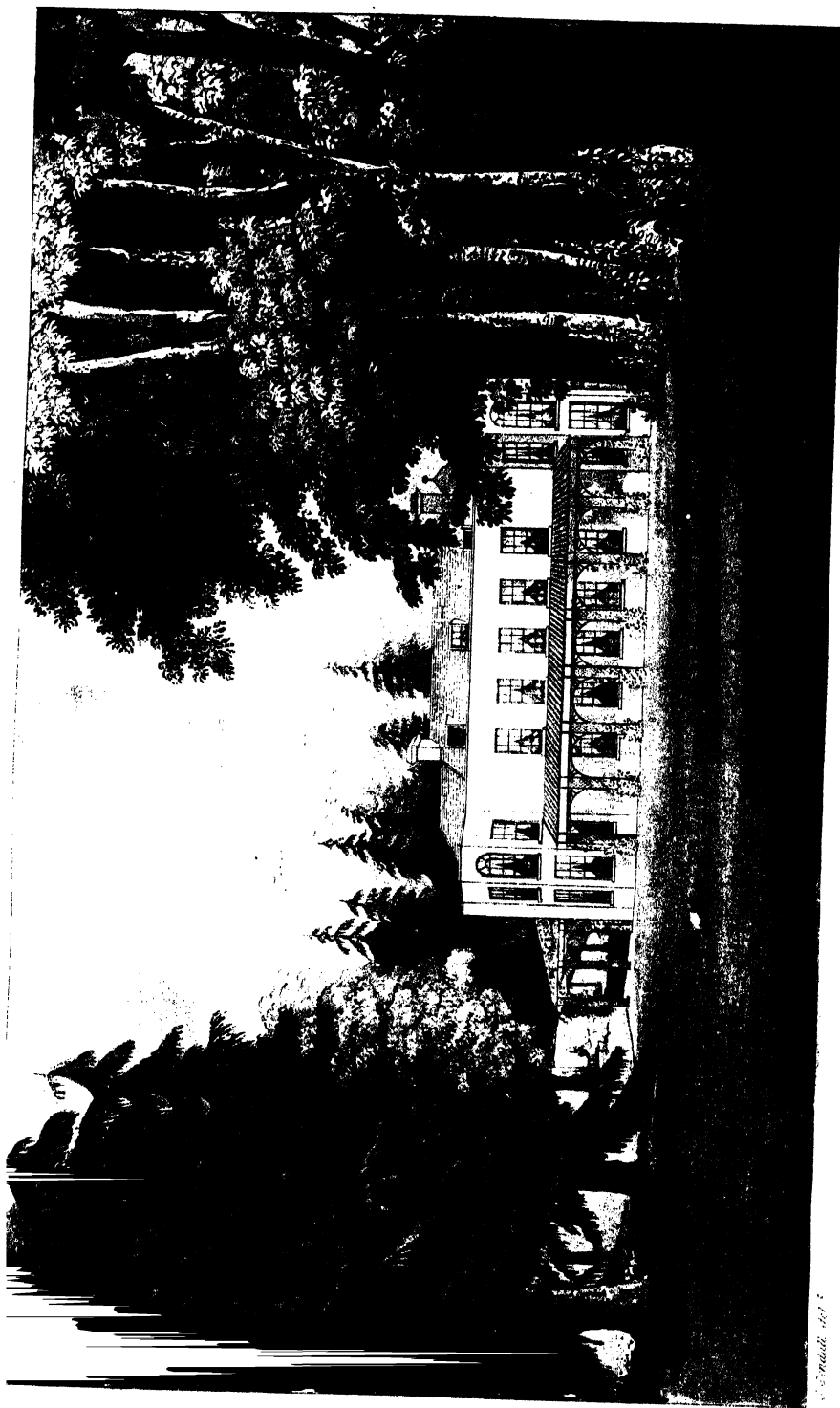
Q. has our thanks; but the Selections in question are not sufficiently select for our pages.

No such paper as that alluded to by H. has ever been received by the Publisher.

Several articles of Literary Intelligence arrived too late for insertion this month.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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its fanciful walls, its Wedgwood ware, and shells. Its situation is truly romantic, surrounded with rich overhanging woods, through which the walk continues to a fine terrace on the brow of the hill.

In the centre of this terrace is an octagonal building, partly surrounded by wood, ornamental seats, and ivy: it forms a tower of two stories, with out-buildings, consisting of a grotto, tea-room, and billiard-room. The base of the tower is the grotto, curiously ornamented with shell-work. The entrance is an iron gate of fanciful open-work. The tea-room commands some superb views, embracing the fine old castle of Windsor, the Thames, and all its charms of woods, elegant villas, and villages.

In crossing the grounds a descent leads through a fine line of firs to the Hermitage, a building so natural and so apposite, that the spectator fancies the hermit will actually make his appearance. It is situated in a cell at the verge of the ground, and is formed of roots and moss. The little garden, book and bell, rosary, cross, and sun-dial, all seem to confirm the idea that this retreat is actually inhabited: an oratory is attached; the whole being in a rude Gothic form, well according with its sequestered situation. The entrance to his cell is through a pretty porch: the cell itself contains a globe, hour-glass, lamp, and books, with a mug, trencher, and fruits. Connected with this by a door made of moss is an inner cell, matted: here in a rustic seat appears the sage, a venerable personification of some of our finest descriptions of the hermits of old. He is seemingly poring over his book and crucifix, surrounded by a lamp, scull, beads, staff, a rude inkstand, folio, and a glass of rosemary water.

Safe from the dancing sunbeam's mid-day heat,

Here may the modern hermit fix his seat;
Nor, though no busy cares his mind annoy,
Ere one generous wish, one active joy,
Still let him be of social thoughts profuse—
Serena, not secure retired, not reclusive.

If his rapt heart would range religion's scope,

The power that guides his eye will raise his hope;

While all around conspires to raise his love,
The world about him, and the heaven above.

These lines meet the eye above the entrance of the cell. Over the oratory are the following:

Come, gentle wanderer, sit and rest,
No more the winding maze pursue;
And those of solitude in quest,
Pause here and take the solemn view.

The mossy couch, the Gothic gate,
The hermit's sad and silent cell,
Warn thee of thy approaching fate—
Oh! fear to die, not living well!

On a tablet surmounted with a cross, in the depths of the cell, lighted dimly through a small portion of stained glass, are the following lines:

The ev'ning sun was burning red,
The twilight veil spread slowly,
While the hermit near the wood,
Where long a little cross had stood,
Was singing vespers holy.

Then slowly he turned his head,
And watch'd the narrow wicket,
And shudder'd while the wintry blast,
In shrilly cadence, swiftly past
Along the neighbouring thicket.

From the Hermitage, the walks extend to the flower-garden, aviaries, and fish-pond, to the Front of the House, shewn in our Second View of this interesting place. There is a pleasing novelty and snugness about this front. The garden and lawn, with their flowers and stately firs, form almost a part of the dwelling, so intimately are they connected by the verandahs and arched treillage, which extend to the principal entrance.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. V.

BEHOLD me in a new world, landed in Baltimore, and an inmate of an American hotel. It was on the 26th of August that we arrived thus far on our destination, and Mrs. Fitzherbert having dispatched letters to Mr. Mortimer, who resided at Alexandria, I agreed to remain with her till he arrived. This, in fact, was settled before we landed; for five weeks' sojourning together within the "cribb'd confine" of a ship's cabin had made us better friends, than perhaps five years' intercourse would have done on shore. The remainder of our companions were scattered about in different directions. The Scotchman "could na think of being at an hotel when his mother's third cousin, Johnny M'Alister, honest mon, would be right glad to see him;" so off posted Randall M'Pherson to his cousin's, to see whether the thrifty Scot would "gie him houseroom for a day or twa, till he had finished the business he was anent." What became of our two politicians I never learned; I left them on the quarter-deck, as I handed the ladies into the boat which took us ashore, disputing most vehemently on some political question, which they had mooted at least one hundred and fifty times before. The lover was on the wing for New-York; the Cockney went to his father's agent; and Harry Bertram was the only one who remained with us. We took up our abode at "Smith's Hotel," to which we were recommended by the captain; and highly rejoiced were the ladies at being once more on *terra firma*, the dangers of the sea got over, and the prospect of a happy meeting before

them. For me, I had no doubt of finding plenty of subjects to interest and attract, and so indeed it proved.

We were now to see the first specimen of American society. A Black porter took some of our light luggage, and piloted us to the hotel, which stood in one of the principal streets of the town. As we paced along we could have almost thought ourselves in England, if it had not been for the number of Blacks whom we saw driving about in all directions; and for a certain air of slovenliness in the people who were evidently of rather a superior order, which you never see about persons of that class in England.

Arrived at the hotel, we were shewn into a room, in which a number of persons of both sexes were at dinner; the landlord sat at the top of his table, and took not the slightest notice whatever of the new-comers: his Black servants placed chairs for us, and when I inquired if we could not have a private room, and said the ladies were just landed, and too fatigued to sit down to a public table, one of them, grinning at us, said, "Ees, ees, massa, we shew you to room by and by;" and off he went to attend to some one at the table, who was calling for a glass of "apple toddy." I replied, if we could not be attended to, we must go somewhere else. This threat apparently alarmed "Mr. Smith," for he called to one of the females, "Bess, shew the ladies to the room up stairs;" and a young girl rose from table, and immediately conducted us to a tolerably neat apartment, and saying she would send a woman to us directly,

left us to ourselves. We were not much impressed with American politeness, but, as we knew it would not be for long, and expected the captain soon to join us, we resolved to be content.

Here we remained nearly a week, and before we departed, we became better reconciled to American manners. We found our host a talkative, good-humoured man in the main, but with a sufficient sense of self-importance, which all Americans have. His wife was an Englishwoman, and she had given her daughters (they had three and one son) as much of an English education as she could. They were agreeable girls, and by the judicious application of a little flattery, and the gift of a few London trinkets, I induced them to be more attentive to Mrs. Fitzherbert and her daughters than I found they were wont to be; for they thought it a degradation to assist in the business of the house, leaving *that* to be attended to by the male and female slaves, of whom their father had several. We soon found there was no having things comfortable in our own room, as we should have had in England; we therefore made a merit of necessity, and thinking it best "when at Rome to do as the people of Rome do," we conformed ourselves to their manners as much as we could. In the morning we breakfasted with the "family," which consisted of our host, his wife and daughters, and several gentlemen, who were boarding in the house. One of the best things connected with America is the breakfasts. They are luxurious, yet substantial; the city *gourmand* and the refined *petit-maitre* might enjoy them. Only imagine a table covered with fine buck-wheat cakes, Johnny cakes,

wheaten bread, fowls, ham, eggs, and often fruits, and every thing in profusion, whilst the fragrant coffee or the foaming chocolate smokes upon the board. No wonder that, after being kept on "ship's allowance" for five or six weeks, we duly appreciated all the *agréments* of these social and excellent meals. Neither was the feast altogether corporeal; there were several men of rather superior abilities at that time inmates of "Smith's," and the conversation was always agreeable, frequently animated, and sometimes learned. I frankly confess, that before we left, much of my prejudices against the Americans were worn off; but then we had happily fallen in with some of the most liberal-minded amongst them, who could allow that there were countries equal, if not superior, to their own, and who did not feel that wonted enmity to England which, at that period, too many of the Americans not only entertained themselves, but endeavoured to enforce upon the young and ductile minds of infancy. A most pernicious practice: man is at all times too prone to imbibe the baser and more ignoble feelings, without having them infused with his mother's milk, and afterwards fed and nourished by the force of prejudice and animosity, so as to "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength."

Before I dismiss the subject of our associates, I must relate an incident connected with one of them, which I witnessed the second day of our sojourn. He was a Quaker; a tall, muscular, powerful man, but blessed with great placidity of temper and the most thorough good-humour. A man with whom he had had some mercantile transactions, and who

thought he had been hardly dealt with by our Quaker (and that he had not, I cannot take upon myself to determine, for the Americans think it no sin to cheat in the way of business), annoyed him a great deal, applying to him many opprobrious epithets. As he was a small insignificant figure when compared with the Quaker, and evidently no match for him in point of prowess, I concluded, what indeed was the fact, that he relied upon the known forbearance of the Friends generally, and also upon the peculiar good-humour and urbanity of Friend Simons in particular. The latter made many amusing repartees to the invectives of his irascible opponent, whilst he defended himself from the charge of having imposed upon him; and the dialogue, harsh and angry and vituperative on the one side, and witty, good-humoured, and playful on the other, had lasted perhaps for the best part of an hour, when the Quaker at length lost his patience, though he kept his temper. Provoked at something peculiarly irritating, which the other had uttered in the most taunting manner, he got up, and approaching the fellow, who evidently began to quake for fear, he said, "I will not strike thee, but I will hold thee very uncomfortably." He took the poor little man by his neckerchief, and lifting him upright against the wall, he did in truth hold him *so* uncomfortably, that the tears gushed from his eyes, and his face began to turn completely black. There were several gentlemen in the room, who laughed heartily at the ludicrous figure which the angry merchant cut: in fact, the whole was done with such apparent good-humour, that at first I joined in the laugh myself. How-

ever, I soon began to fear the joke would go too far, and as no one offered to interfere, I went up, and requested the Quaker to release his victim. He complied; and the latter, as soon as he recovered his breath, hurried out of the room, execrating Friend Simons, and vowing that he would never trust himself within the reach of his iron grasp again.

But to return to our mode of spending the day. After breakfast we usually walked out, and one or other of the Miss Smiths honoured us with her company. I soon found this was done as much for the sake of Harry Bertram's society as from a sense of politeness or attention to the strangers, for he had actually inspired *two* of these lasses with a *penchant* for his person, which was the source of much ill-blood and jealousy between them. Harry too was not slow in discovering the impression he had made, and as I had determined to accept Mrs. Fitzherbert's invitation to spend some time with the family at Alexandria, he resolved to leave us, and proceed to New-York, which was his destination. He accordingly departed the fourth day after our arrival. It was several years before we met again, and then under very different circumstances: but I must not anticipate.

In these walks we had plenty of food for observation, and we were upon the whole a good deal pleased with Baltimore, which is a fine cheerful-looking town, built on an eminence, upon which it rises in the form of a crescent in front of a noble and rapid river, the Patuxent, that forms a safe and spacious harbour below the town. This was filled with ships of all nations, though chiefly English; and the bustle upon

the piers and in the streets reminded us of one of our second-rate seaports in England. The public buildings struck us as mean, being all of brick; but generally the houses are good and commodious, and the *tout-ensemble* was certainly rather pleasing than otherwise. We had little intercourse with the inhabitants, but those with whom we associated were calculated to inspire us with rather favourable sentiments; and we were not annoyed with any of that troublesome inquisitiveness which we had been led to apprehend, and which we experienced subsequently in other places.

Walking till we were tired, we then returned to dine, which meal was in general taken about three o'clock. Our dinners were as plentiful as our breakfasts; there was no niggardliness displayed in the provision made for the guests, and these meals were equally cheerful and agreeable. In the afternoon the ladies usually retired, and took some repose; the gentlemen amused themselves with playing fives, billiards, &c.; and at six another social meal

assembled us for the last time during the day around the festive board.

The evening was spent amongst the gentlemen too frequently in gaming; with our party walking or music generally occupied us till the hour of retirement, when we sought our pillows, and though terribly annoyed with some very disagreeable insects, we still contrived to sleep tolerably comfortably till the hour of breakfast next morning.

This was the routine of each day during the time we remained at "Smith's:" we frequently saw our worthy captain, who enlivened us with his constitutional good-humour whenever he appeared. On the fifth day Mr. Mortimer arrived, and the meeting was one of that description which can better be imagined than described. He immediately removed us to the house of a friend, and as our residence there gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the domestic circle of the Americans, I shall reserve what I have to say on that subject for another Number.

A RAMBLER.

EXPLOITS AT SAVENDROOG.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

EARLY next morning the surgeon came to see Mr. Rutledge, along with Captain Maynard of the E. I. C. service. Captain Maynard had been on guard the preceding day at a remote station, and now hastened to congratulate Mr. Rutledge on his promotion. He was asleep, in consequence of passing a restless night; and Mrs. Rutledge, seated beside him on a low camp-stool, had slumbered with her head on the edge of his mattress. On a small table close beside her lay

a few books. A Common Prayer-Book with gold clasps attracted the notice of Captain Maynard: he examined it. His own initials and those of his sister were engraven on the clasps, and on opening the book, he saw, in his own hand-writing, "A parting token of affection from Philip C. Maynard to his dear sister, Sophia Maynard." Extremely agitated, he sat down on a bench, and made a sign to the doctor that he would rest there. The doctor left him. Captain May-

nard tore a slip of paper from a letter he had in his pocket, and wrote, "If Mrs. Rutledge was Sophia Maynard, daughter to the once affluent Benjamin Maynard of London, she will acknowledge a fondly attached brother in Philip Charles Maynard, captain in the — regiment native infantry."

What language could express the joyful feelings with which Mrs. Rutledge ran over the contents of this note! She gradually imparted to her husband this new blessing from the hand of Divine Providence, and with a trembling hand, begged to see her beloved brother. He came instantly, and the brother and sister were clasped in embraces of mute but delightful recognition; till Captain Maynard, recollecting the third party in their happiness, took Rutledge by the hand, assuring him he was overjoyed and proud to call him brother. Rutledge warmly returned the expressions of kindness; and Mrs. Rutledge said, "My dear, dear brother, though your generous delicacy forbears to inquire, I am all impatient to explain how you see thus reduced your sister, and the son of our father's partner in business, the high-born and accomplished Mr. Frederick Rutledge. Are you at leisure to hear our story?"

"Yes, my dear Sophia, and nothing can be so interesting to me as your concerns; fully convinced, from all I heard of you and Mr. Rutledge before I knew our affinity, that no misconduct on your part has occasioned the circumstances to which you allude. I beg you will proceed in your narrative."

"Even in this height of felicity, it is grievous that I cannot do justice to my husband and myself without

blaming our unhappy father. His irregularities were little known to you, and perhaps he kept you at school, even during the vacations, to prevent opportunity for observing his errors. Our excellent mother acquiesced in this separation, though she doted on her endearing Philip Charles; but she believed it safest to exempt you from pernicious example in the habits of a parent, and you left us almost a stranger to our domestic circle: however, you must remember Mr. Frederick Rutledge, our best, I may even say our only friend.

"My father was of humble parentage in the north of England. The kindness of a gentleman in the neighbourhood afforded him education, and procured him respectable employment in a mercantile house, where his good conduct and abilities recommended him to advancement. He was highly esteemed, when Mr. Rutledge, son to a nobleman of Mecklenburg, came to England with the wreck of his hereditary fortune. The estates were ravaged and the peasantry carried away by Frederick of Prussia; and my father being accidentally introduced to Mr. Rutledge, had the inclination and the power of befriending him. Mr. Rutledge had money, my father had experience in business, and they entered upon a mercantile concern. Mr. Rutledge was engaged to a lady of his own country; my father had been for some time attached to an Irish lady, and as soon as the prosperity of their speculations enabled them to fulfil their engagements, both the young men were married.

"My dear mother gave me these particulars in her last lingering illness, and said, that for several years

she was truly blest in a husband. Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge were exemplary in every relation, and though wealth flowed upon them, they did not plunge into the perilous vortex of dissipation. Our poor father had less steadiness. By degrees he absented himself from home, and went to the counting-house rather as a loungee than an active partner. Mr. Rutledge, in the most friendly manner, expostulated with him on his neglect of their common interests. He acknowledged his faults with the reckless good-humour which in his disposition was almost a foible; but, alas! he did not amend, and Mr. Rutledge would have withdrawn from the firm, but that he saw his secession must bring ruin on my mother and her family. His great exertions in some measure compensated for our father's inattention.

"About this time Mrs. Rutledge died, bequeathing her son to my mother's special care. He was then about ten years of age. It was in the spring after you embarked for India, and I was in my fifth year. I was very early boarded at Hampstead, and Henry was sent to Eton, for the same reasons that you were seldom allowed to visit home during the vacations. Henry was afterwards regularly bred to business at Altona, where his father had large concerns. We were almost continually together, and fondly regarded each other in childhood. We always met for a few days during the vacations, and parted with regret. From the time he went abroad till I was about nineteen, I had not beheld him; but we did not forget early predilections. I was verging on seventeen, when my dear mother's declining health, and Mr. Rutledge's visual defect, made my assist-

ance necessary, and with his directions I was of some use in writing confidential letters. He became quite blind; his speech was impaired by nervous affections, and my mother wrote to Henry that his presence was indispensable. The ferment of democratical principles overspread the Continent, and Henry had been for some time winding up the concern at Altona. He finished his business, withdrew his father's name from the firm, and returned to London. In three months after his arrival, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the best of fathers, and my mother and I were bereft of our truest friend.

"Henry of course succeeded to his father's place in the mercantile house of which my father was nominally a partner. On examining the books, he found that since his father's incapacity for business all had gone into confusion. He spoke to my father relative to the unprosperous state of their affairs; and how shall I bring my tongue to utter it? Our parent not only proposed, but urged, that they should put matters in a train for bankruptcy, by converting their property into cash, which should be withheld from the creditors. Henry, in the most deferential but steadfast manner, objected; and when my father repeated the proposal, he told him he would beg from door to door, or perish in want, rather than take such means to avert poverty. He told my father he could command a sum that would answer present calls; he would resort to those funds supplied from his late father's concern at Altona, and he would give incessant attention to bring their affairs into some better arrangement. My father, easy and thoughtless, was satisfied; but, in the

fulness of his heart, he came home half intoxicated, and told my dear mother all Henry Rutledge had said and done. Henry wished to spare her the cruel shock and alarm; he was vexed to find, when he came to see us late in the evening, that my father had so needlessly disquieted the feeble invalid; and in a few days he saw that the generous aid he gave to the London concern would be frustrated by my father's extravagance; or, rather, by the profusion of a young woman, who lived in a superb style at his expense.

"As soon as decency permitted a mourner for his father to speak of marriage, Henry made proposals to me, and obtained my mother's consent to our union. My father half agreed; but my dear mother's rival had never forgiven Henry for refusing to defraud the creditors, and she persuaded my father to say I was too young to take the cares of the world upon my head. My mother besought him to consider the state of his affairs, and that as Henry was willing to take me portionless, he should thankfully close with the noble-minded offer. Her pleadings were of no avail, and she was soon unable to speak, nor could I think of any thing but her complicated ailments and my father's negligence in the last stage of her sufferings. Henry was her consoler, and but for him I must have sunk under a load of anxiety and affliction. Years had elapsed since we heard of or from you, my dear brother. I am certain your letters and ours were intercepted."

"They certainly were at first intercepted, and I was so little aware of our secret history, that I blamed every member of the family, and

ceased to write. I shall ever lament that pride of heart. But, dearest Sophia, bring your sad recital to a conclusion. I burn with impatience to hear it."

"My beloved mother expired with your name on her pale lips. I once believed it impossible to survive her; but I lived, and lived to increasing wretchedness. She was not five weeks in the peaceful grave, when our infatuated father gave her rights to the woman whose artifices embittered her dying moments. Soon after this degrading marriage, he was arrested for the debts of his new wife to a large amount. All his creditors were alarmed; claims poured upon the mercantile house; insolvency could be no longer retarded. Yet, ruined as he was by my father's imprudence, Henry did not forsake me. He renewed his offers of marriage, was rejected, and forbidden the house. Oh! how gladly would I have left that scene of vicious merriment for servitude in a reputable family! But I had no relation, nor even a female friend, to take pity upon me. My poor father was seldom sober, and no woman of character could visit his wife. Our house was advertised for sale; we removed to a lodging, which became the haunt of sharpers and profligate characters: yet the law still subjected me to a father's authority, and without his consent no marriage was valid.

"One only resource was left. Rutledge was acquainted with an officer going to India with recruits for his regiment. He made that gentleman the confidant of our perplexity, and was advised to enlist, as a line from the officer commanding the party would obtain marriage for him. I

contrived to escape from the abode of infamy, and gave my vows where my fondest affections and esteem were long fixed. The officer with whom Rutledge enlisted pledged his honour to give him his discharge, taking a substitute in his place. He was killed in a duel the day after our marriage. The officer who succeeded to the command of the party was a frequent visitor of my father's wife, and by her was influenced to disregard every application in behalf of my husband. We were obliged to embark for India; and though as a soldier's wife I have known some hardship, I was happier with my dear Henry in that lowly sphere, than I could have been in ease and affluence with a step-mother excluded from virtuous society. I have experienced the truth of Henry's remark when he proposed the only alternative for our union—that misfortune may reduce and depress, but it is misconduct only that can degrade an individual."

Captain Maynard did not interrupt his sister's simple, but affecting story, though his expressive features shewed how profoundly he sympathized in each event; and at the conclusion he said to Mr. Rutledge, "How can I express my thanks for all you have done for our family! I believe you are the first gentleman of high character and elegant acquirements who, in the generous excess of passionate tenderness, made a double sacrifice of liberty, by enlisting as a soldier and submitting to the matrimonial yoke. Your own merit has restored you to the rank you are eminently fitted to adorn, and I must gild the hymeneal fetters for you with some of my late uncle's pagodas."

In a few days, Captain Maynard presented his sister with bills for twenty thousand pounds, which he considered but small atonement for his epistolary deficiencies.

B. G.

HISTORY OF A COQUETTE.

MR. EDITOR,

WITH all that has appeared in your *Repository* for and against old maids, it seems to me that your correspondents have completely overlooked one class, and that not the least prominent, of our venerable body; I mean coquettes. I must suppose therefore either that they were ignorant of this class, or have forgotten to mention it; though I seriously believe, that if all superannuated virgins were as candid as I am about to be, you would find that our class would out-muster most of the others.

I was born a coquette, Mr. Editor; at least I have every reason to believe, from all that I can recollect of my

childhood, that such was actually the case. When other girls were making clothes for their dolls, I was employed in adjusting mine so as to ape the appearance of womanhood. If I was summoned to the drawing-room, I always put my maid out of temper by the time I took to arrange my ringlets; and I never went out without tying and untying my bonnet twenty times at least before I could hit upon the most becoming way of placing it.

As I grew up, the love of admiration became every day stronger, and before I was fifteen, I already in idea soared above the homage of the ordinary part of mankind. In fact, the

hearts of common-place men of fashion seemed to me to be scarcely worth breaking; and I sighed for the opportunity of throwing my chains round those unbending spirits who are generally considered proof to all the artillery of Cupid. How have I exulted in the thought of seeing the astronomer consult my eyes instead of the stars;—the mathematician leave the solution of his darling problem, to solve that more difficult problem, my character;—the antiquary prefer gazing on me, to deciphering illegible manuscripts;—and the poet abandon the Muses, to draw inspiration from my smiles! In these delicious visions of future triumphs the time stole on, till at seventeen I made my *debut* on the great stage of the world with an *éclat* which promised to fulfil my most sanguine expectations. Wherever I went I was flattered, followed, and adored; youth and age, the commoner and the peer, the man of wit and the beau, alike did homage to my charms: but I have already told you, easy conquests were not to my taste, and I looked around for some time in vain in search of nobler game. At last I fixed on Mr. Classic, a young student, who had recently quitted Cambridge, and who publicly boasted of his intention to have no other mistress than Learning. Nothing daunted by this declaration, I laid siege to his heart in firm. I commenced my attack by begging an explanation of a difficult passage in Theocritus; and I took care to listen to this explanation, which he very readily gave, with an air of the utmost deference and attention. I saw that the awe which he flattered himself he had inspired pleased his vanity, and I took care that our in-

tercourse should not end there. I affected to be quite enamoured of classic lore; and as it really was his passion, he readily believed I was smitten with it. When once I had succeeded in drawing his attention, the rest became easy. Luckily my personal attractions were to his taste: my face was Grecian, I had something of the Roman dignity in my figure and air, and my hair was of the true classical colour. I arranged it after an approved antique model, threw over it a veil of the identical form of that in which Helen conquered Paris, discarded the stiff stays that were then in fashion, and suffered my gown to fall in the graceful folds of an antique drapery. The bait took, my scholar surrendered at discretion, and I enjoyed the triumph of holding a man in my chains whose heart had been pronounced invulnerable by the whole town.

The first intoxication of my success had hardly subsided when I became acquainted with Squire Chase, a rough fox-hunter, upon whom I should never have deigned to think of casting an eye, had he not piqued my pride by declaring publicly, that he wondered what people could see in me to admire; that I was a puny thing, who looked as if I had neither strength nor spirit to follow the hounds or the fiddle. In order to obviate the last part of the charge, I refused in his hearing to dance a minuet, protesting that I could not bear such still-life doings, and had no taste for any thing but Scotch reels or country-dances. This declaration had the effect I foresaw: he asked me to dance reels, and when he found that I pretty nearly tired him out, he began to hold me in more respect. My next step was to

commence horse-woman, and at the repeated risk of my neck I became a bold and fearless rider. As I was determined to give my squire an agreeable surprise, I said nothing of what I was about, till I thought myself capable of joining him in a hunting party. Never shall I forget the boisterous joy with which he hailed my approach on horseback. From that moment his attentions became more pointed, but he still hung back from a formal declaration. In the mean time, however, the world gave us so decidedly to each other, that my Cantab became alarmed, and finding it impossible to draw me into any decided declaration, he abruptly bade me farewell. His departure seemed to give the squire fresh spirits; he became still more assiduous, and one day when we were in a hunting party, where I was first in at the death, he swore he could no longer refrain from telling me his mind. I was the tightest best-going thing of my inches in all England; he should be heartily glad to be yoked with me for life, and the sooner the better. This last hint was by no means agreeable to me: however, I managed to keep him in my train for a little while, without coming to any explanation, but calling one day, and finding me *tête-à-tête* with Lord Trinket, he outstaid his lordship, and then seizing my hand, he burst into the following harangue: "Look ye, miss, I've been all my life a quick hand at a bargain: I've told you my mind, now tell me yours, for I promise you I won't be made a fool of any longer: so, will you marry me? Aye or no?" What could one do, Mr. Editor, with such a plain-speaking animal as this was? I was forced to utter a decided No; though, to say the truth, I pronounced it with fear and trembling, for I was actually afraid the man would beat me: however, he contented himself with a few execrations on the jade's trick I had played him in leading him such a wild-goose chase, and then flounced out without the ceremony of an adieu.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATED COMPOSER ROSSINI.

ROSSINI was born in the little town of Pesaro, in Italy, on the 29th February, 1792. His father was an itinerant musician, and his mother a second-rate actress; they performed in different strolling companies, the husband in the orchestra, and the wife on the stage. Young Rossini accompanied his parents from Pesaro to Bologna in 1799, but he did not begin to study music till he was twelve years of age. The first fruits of his talents were a few *paoli*, which he received for singing in the churches. In 1806, he was sufficiently ad-

vanced to sing even the most difficult music at sight. He composed in the same year his first work in vocal music: it is the cantata, *Il pianto d'armonia*.

In 1812, the *Inganno Felice* was played at Venice during the Carnival. This piece may be compared to the first pictures of Raphael on his leaving the school of Perrugino: we find in it all the faults which have their source in the timidity of early youth. Rossini, then only twenty, dared not venture to please himself alone. Nevertheless, in this opera; in

one act, the experienced eye of a professor will find the germ of those brilliant and original ideas which afterwards gained for fifteen or twenty compositions of Rossini the reputation of master-pieces.

From 1810 till 1816, he visited successively all the towns of Italy, and passed two or three months in each. He always gave the first two or three weeks to convivial parties; he then studied the voices of the different singers, and afterwards employed himself in composing.

Before the age of thirty-two, Rossini has composed forty-five operas or cantatas. His numerous works have not, however, enriched him; but this is easily accounted for, when we consider that the greater part of these compositions have been badly paid, and that Rossini generally sent, on the day of the first representation,

two-thirds of what he received to his parents.

In 1821, he acquired by his marriage with the celebrated singer, Mademoiselle Colbrand, an income of about eight hundred pounds a year. This lady was the original *Elisabetta* in his opera of that name. In getting up the piece, particular attention was paid to the dresses, especially to that of *Elisabetta*. In fact, a drawing of the costume of the royal virgin had been sent for from London, in order that nothing might be wanting to the illusion of the scene. This fact was known to the audience, and it heightened the interest which the beauty and the majestic demeanour of Mademoiselle Colbrand gave to the part.

A lithographic portrait of this eminent composer has just appeared at the Repository of Arts.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LEGAL INGENUITY.

IN the year 1758, a man who was committed to Newgate on a charge of highway robbery, sent for Mr. Brecknock*, the solicitor, and requested that he would undertake his defence. When he came to him, his first question was, whether he had really committed the robbery. "It is no matter whether you have or not," said Brecknock, "you shall not be hanged; but it is necessary that I should know the truth, that I may frame the defence accordingly."—"Why indeed," replied the culprit, "I did commit the robbery."—"Very well," answered the solicitor: "now tell me, first, have you any money? How much can you com-

* Mr. Timothy Brecknock, who was executed at Castlebar, in Ireland, with G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq.

mand?"—"I have somewhat above 100*l.* in cash and valuables."—"Very well, let me have 80*l.*: it is not for myself; I leave my reward to your own generosity when you are cleared; but I want that money for a particular purpose, and will account with you for every farthing of it. It is still five weeks to your trial, so I have time enough, and with time and money every thing can be done." The sum was instantly paid in Bank-notes, which the culprit had artfully concealed, and Mr. Brecknock proceeded to desire the criminal to give him a particular account of every circumstance of the robbery; which he did, to the following purport: That five weeks before that time he met a gentleman in a chariot, with a footman behind, near the ninth mile-

stone on the Barnet road, at half-past eleven o'clock at night: that he stopped the carriage, and robbed him of 137 guineas and some silver, but refused his watch, as he did not choose to deal in discoverable articles: that presently after he found himself pursued by the coachman on one of the coach-horses, and rode down a lane out of the high-road; but finding the lane close at the bottom, he leaped his horse over some pales, and quitted him, took to his heels across the fields, and reached town in safety: that the coach-horse not being able to leap, his own horse escaped, and came home of itself next morning. Thus he thought himself quite secure as to this affair; but shortly after, the coachman met him on the same horse in Whitechapel, had him seized and carried before a justice, where his person was identified by the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman, who knew him by the bright moonlight; and on this evidence he was fully committed for trial. "This is rather an ugly affair," said Brecknock: "however, don't fear, I'll bring you off. I shall not attempt to prove you elsewhere at the precise time of the robbery, for an *alibi* is a very dangerous defence, unless it can be well supported; and I don't care to trust your life to a set of rascally witnesses, who may be sifted by a close cross-examination, or have their characters inquired into: no, no, I shall act otherwise; you have only to make your heart easy, and plead '*Not guilty*.'"

At the next sessions the trial came on, and the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman deposed to every circumstance of the robbery as above related; adding, that they

were positive in regard both to the horse and to the man, whose face they had closely seen by the light of the moon, as his crape had fallen off when he first stopped the chariot, and the coachman had picked it up when he unharnessed one of the coach-horses to pursue the robber, by his master's permission. The prisoner was called upon to make his defence, when Mr. Brecknock addressed the Court in these words:

My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I have not the least doubt of the innocence of the unhappy person at the bar, though he stands here under very disagreeable circumstances, inasmuch as, although he was in bed in his own lodgings at the very time the robbery is said to have been committed, yet he can prove that fact by no other testimony than that of his wife (and I know how little regard is usually paid to a wife witnessing for her husband), and of a child five years old, who is too young to be admitted to an oath. I do not seek to impeach the veracity of the gentleman who is the prosecutor, his character is too well established: I have not the least doubt he was robbed in the manner he has sworn. Neither would I deny that the coachman pursued the robber as he has declared: yet I am confident that the prisoner at the bar was not the person. In respect to the identity of the horse, I put that entirely out of the question, and will say, that a horse seen in the dark cannot be easily known in the light, at a distance of five weeks. There is scarcely a horse so singularly marked that there should not be others similarly marked; and as a proof, there are now four horses in the courtyard standing together with the prisoner's horse, which Mr. Sheriff has been so kind as to suffer to be brought hither; and if the three witnesses agree in selecting, separately, the prisoner's horse, of which they are so very certain, from

the rest, I will acquiesce in the prisoner's guilt. But, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, I have still more to urge in respect to the alleged identity of the horse. The prosecutor is doubtless impelled by a love of justice, but that love sometimes carries a man to an extreme of zeal. The coachman may have a love of justice; but when it is remembered that the conviction of the prisoner will entitle him to a reward of 40*l*. the Court may be inclined to think him interested in the verdict which you, gentlemen of the jury, may bring in. The footman, having heard some particulars sworn by his master and his fellow-servant, may believe them true, as being the same story. The three witnesses have all declared that they recollected the prisoner's face, from having seen it clearly at the time of the robbery by the strong light of the moon. Now I have one witness that will undoubtedly set aside this concurrence of evidence. It is indeed an uninterested witness, a silent witness, yet one that can speak home to the conviction of the whole Court. It is *Ryder's Almanac*; and if your lordships and the gentlemen of the jury will take the trouble to look into it, you will find it utterly impossible that the witnesses could have seen the prisoner's face by the light of the moon: for you see, on the night of the robbery, that the moon did not rise till sixteen minutes after three in the morning; consequently it could not give any light at half-past eleven o'clock, near three hours before it rose; and if the witnesses are thus proved to be mistaken in the capital

point of their evidence, no part of it can affect the prisoner.

Having said this, he handed an almanac up to the Bench, in which it appeared plainly that the moon rose on that particular night as Brecknock had said. The Court and jury being satisfied as to that point, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, and discharged out of court on paying his fees.

Mr. Brecknock prided himself on his ingenuity in deceiving the Court, which, as he afterwards boasted, he effected in this manner: He employed the money he had received from the highwayman in getting printed a new edition of *Ryder's Almanac*, exactly similar to the genuine edition, except that the lunations for the whole year had been changed, so as to make it appear that on the night of the robbery there was no moon. He had only half-a-dozen copies struck off, one of which he presented to the Bench, and lodged the other five in different hands in the court, to be produced in case any doubts had arisen, and another almanac had been called for. The Recorder discovered the fraud some days afterwards, but it was then too late, as the prisoner had been acquitted, and the solicitor was not responsible for the error in the almanac which he produced, and which could not then be identified.

LISBON AND THE PORTUGUESE.

Extracted from Letters written in 1821 and 1822.

(Continued from p. 49.)

Dec. 1821.

In my last letter I touched upon all the public buildings of this capital which deserve to be mentioned:

I must now give you some idea of the population. The number of the inhabitants is computed at from two hundred to two hundred and fifty

thousand. It may surprise you that this point cannot be determined with greater precision, but such matters here are exceedingly neglected. It is true, that by the division of the country into elective districts, a more accurate notion of the number of inhabitants in Portugal has been obtained. The total amount is stated at about three millions. Lisbon and its district are set down at 270,000 inhabitants, and as entitled to send nine deputies to the Cortes.

There is not perhaps a city in Europe that contains, in proportion to its size, a greater number of strangers from all quarters: here indeed may be seen a mixture of all the nations of the globe. The majority of them consists of Gallicians of the lower class, who may safely be estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand. These perform almost exclusively all sorts of menial offices, acting as porters, water-carriers, domestic servants, &c. In the most busy part of the city they may be seen standing at the corner of every street, ready to engage at the first summons in any capacity. The Portuguese are too proud to hire themselves for these offices: it was not till lately that they enrolled themselves in regularly organized companies, which occasioned the Gallician war, as it is termed, because the Portuguese attempted to drive away the Gallicians by force. This war, however, was excited by persons of higher consequence, and eighty of the ring-leaders are still in confinement. The term *Gallego* (Gallician) is synonymous with porter, for which class of labourers they have no other name.

Next to the Gallicians, the Genoese compose a more numerous body than any other foreigners: these

too are mostly of the lower class, and chiefly engaged in horticulture. There is no scarcity of English, French, and Germans, the latter principally from the Hanse towns and Bohemia. From other quarters of the world you meet with Negroes, Mulattoes, and natives of Morocco; and the Portuguese Indianmen frequently bring with them Chinese or individuals belonging to other Oriental nations. The Jews are again beginning to settle at Lisbon; but in consequence of the prohibition of the importation of corn, the Greeks and Turks have almost wholly disappeared.

Of the Portuguese themselves, a considerable and indeed the more opulent part come from the provinces. Natives of Lisbon are held upon the whole in little estimation, and not without reason; for if a provincial, through commerce and industry, acquires wealth in the capital, it is very rarely that his son is seen to tread in his father's steps. The former is ashamed of the profession which enriched the latter; he prefers indulging in the delicious *far niente*, and squanders away his fortune. Upon the whole, this shame of, and aversion to, business are prominent traits in Lisbon: persons of every class wish to be thought a few steps higher than they really are, and therefore would not mind starving at home in order to cut a figure abroad.

The numerous beggars in the streets present a disgusting spectacle. There exists not, I believe, as yet, any police regulation against mendicity: hence it is impossible to enter any coffee-house or tavern, or to pass through any frequented street, without being pestered by cripples, blind and lame, and people making a pa-

trade of real or feigned infirmities. To-day it is in the name of San Antonio, to-morrow in that of the Blessed Virgin, that they bespeak the pity of passengers, frequently with the most ludicrous expressions. Some sit in the streets with their whole families, father, mother, and half a dozen naked children of their own or hired for the purpose, and sing forth their claims upon your charity in most harmonious strains. Others, by means of a certain herb, produce swellings and sores upon their bodies and limbs, which they exhibit, and which are so disgusting, that you are glad to throw them a trifle to get rid of them. But there are also among them speculative beggars, who solicit alms in a mantle composed of a hundred patches, which they strip off at night, to enjoy themselves in taverns, and who are enabled to save sufficient to give handsome portions to their children. There is no want of hospitals and poor-houses in Lisbon, but the police is supine, and mendicants like begging better than work.

Notwithstanding the impudence with which beggars annoy passengers, send trained children after them for a whole street's length, and even abuse such as are not to be moved by their pitiful tales, as I know myself from experience, still the Portuguese shews them a politeness which can only be attributed to the false notions he has imbibed from infancy, that a sort of religious character is attached to the mendicant profession. If a beggar appears before a shop in which half a dozen loungers are gaping about them, they involuntarily move their hats, and one of them dismisses him with the words, "*Perdoa irmao,*"

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(Pardon, brother!); for it is not very common to bestow charity in the streets, and I cannot conceive how persons of this class subsist, and much less how they can save any thing.

It is curious to see the cripples, and the blind in particular, who cry newspapers, pamphlets, fugitive pieces, and proclamations for sale. Early one morning, I was passing a shop for novelties of this kind, and saw a dozen blind men, to each of whom was counted out a certain number of copies: it was the account of General Madeira's victory over the Brazilians at Bahia—and he was told what to cry. One cannot frequently forbear laughing at the titles which they give to their papers; and sometimes they disfigure them in such a manner, that it is impossible to guess what they have to sell. On one occasion all foreigners were required to give in their names to the police, and this order was cried by a blind man by the title of *Hostilities against Foreigners!* When the patriots from Oporto disseminated their proclamation, another was issued by the Regency here, for the purpose of keeping the nation faithful to the king. These proclamations were also sold by blind men: a wag desired to have one of the latter, pretended to take it out from among the rest, and meanwhile exchanged the whole lot for the Oporto proclamation. The hawker, without knowing the reason, soon disposed of all his copies.

As in all the cities of the south of Europe, so here many things are done in the street, which in the north are done only within doors: to say nothing of cooking, you here see romantic groups lovingly hunting the

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vermin in one another's hair. It is rather remarkable that there are yet no hackney-coaches in Lisbon, considering that the Portuguese are not fond of walking. Most of the private carriages and those let for hire are two-wheeled, and resemble a cabriolet; and on account of the wretched state of the pavement, mules are preferred to horses, and are also much dearer than the latter. There are very few elegant equipages: the nobility alone drive four horses or mules; but their carriages are old-fashioned, and the horses so emaciated as to afford undeniable evidence of their scanty fare. They are, nevertheless, sure to be attended by numerous servants in grotesque old-fashioned liveries. When a gentleman rides out on horseback, he is followed by a valet, whose horse is harnessed as for a carriage: the reason of this practice I am not acquainted with. The trappings of a Portuguese saddle-horse have still much of the Moorish character, and especially the stirrups, which form a wooden case for the foot.

Owing to the great number of strangers from all parts in Lisbon, the people of this city are very tolerant towards remarkable costumes and manners; though the foreigner himself is surprised at many of the national dresses which he observes. Thus the women of the lower classes wear, even in summer, a large woollen cloak, like that of the men, which completely covers the whole person, excepting the head, and that is enveloped in a white handkerchief. The artisans and others of the inferior classes also throw a mantle carelessly over their shoulders, and this is the mark of distinction between them and the higher ranks. A *ho-*

men de capote, "a man with a mantle," and *homen de gravata lavada*, "a man with a washed cravat," are, in the colloquial style, the appellations of a gentleman, and of one who has no claim to that character.

The shops are totally destitute of elegance; but in those of the jewelers, in the street called *del Oro*, stones and trinkets of great value are exhibited. The coffee-houses are set off with much greater taste, and in the better sort of them customers are served entirely off silver. Since the liberty of the press has occasioned the publication of a variety of newspapers, these houses are much frequented, and the politicians discuss the state of the country over their punch. Debates of this kind also take place in many of the shops; and a custom, unknown in the north, is for loungers to saunter from shop to shop, in the hope of meeting with acquaintances, and learning from them the news of the day. In other places, indeed, the shopkeepers deprecate such visits, which certainly tend to obstruct business; but no where in the world do you find less anxiety to sell, or less willingness to shew an article that is inquired for, than here. If you go away without purchasing, you must expect a sour look; if you ask for any thing that is not to be had in the shop, you are drily answered, "*Nao ha*," (I have it not); and if you inquire where it is to be met with, the usual reply is, "*Nao sei*," (I don't know). I mean not to assert that this is the case in every shop: in some you find more civility, but in the greater part there prevails a decided disinclination to take goods down from the shelves and to shew them, which forms an extraordinary contrast with the attention paid to

customers in the shops of London, and the politeness with which they are treated, even if they should not buy any thing.

From this description of the city you will scarcely be able to conceive how it can have any thing attractive for a stranger, setting social life for the present quite out of the question; but when I tell you, that I am writing this letter close to an open window, under the most serene sky and in the mildest temperature, you will easily imagine, that a person accustomed to a southern clime would prefer this to the dreary winter of the north, where nothing but colds and rheumatism await him. November and December are here considered as the rainy season; and yet I wish you could enjoy the many serene sun-

shiny days which intervene, even in those months, between the rainy ones. There are not more than perhaps two or three days on which you feel the want of artificial heat within doors; and hence there is scarcely a house in which you meet with the luxury of an English fireplace.

Having treated of the male part of the nation, I shall in my next direct my attention to the other sex, concerning which your fair readers in particular will be desirous of some information. I shall acquit myself of this task with all possible impartiality, though I cannot flatter myself that I shall give entire satisfaction, either to the southern fair whom I shall undertake to delineate, or to my own countrywomen.

THE LOITERER.

No. VI.

I do not know whether my readers will thank me for resuming my labours, when I tell them that I have been fairly piqued into doing so by a visit which an acquaintance has just paid me, for the charitable purpose of rendering me equally dissatisfied with my paper and myself. "So," cried he on entering, "you have given up that foolish paper, the Loiterer."—"What do you mean? I give up the Loiterer!"—"Yes, so I have been informed: it is a great pity you did not do it sooner, or rather that you ever began it. Between ourselves, people talked enough before about the many foolish projects that you had been engaged in, and this last was certainly the most ridiculous of all."

I shall not detail all the reasons he

gave to convince me, that I was certainly the most unfit person on earth for such an undertaking; suffice it to say, that after an harangue of an hour long he departed, very much dissatisfied that he had not succeeded in vexing me; and the moment he was gone, I sat down to my desk, with a determination not to stir from it till I had written a very clever paper, were it only to convince this snarler, that he was utterly mistaken when he told me I wrote like an old woman.

But, in spite of myself, the conversation that we had had ran so much in my head, that I could think of nothing else; at last my anger abated, and I could not help looking with pity on a man who, possessing all that ought to render him happy, is

miserable himself, and seems to have no other business in life than to render other people so.

However, if there be any thing in descent, my friend Grieveall may plead that this anti-social propensity runs in his blood; for I am credibly informed, that his family, so far back at least as his great-grandfather, evinced the same disposition. That worthy gentleman was long remembered in the neighbourhood in which he lived as the most indefatigable grumbler in the whole parish, and so great an enemy to cheerfulness, that he never suffered the sound of laughter in his house. His eldest daughter gave proof at a very early age that she was his genuine descendant; her practice was from her sex necessarily more restricted than that of her father, but she shewed her abilities in her own family. Her first husband, who was of a nervous habit, was actually worried into a state of melancholy madness by her incessant lamentations for the loss of a trifling lawsuit, which she continually prognosticated was only the beginning of a series of misfortunes that she was sure would happen to them; and she rendered the married life of her eldest daughter wretched, by perpetually predicting that her husband would certainly die of a decline. Her second daughter, the mother of my friend, was a match for her at her own weapons; nay, she was even, if possible, more ingenious at finding cause for sorrow at every thing that happened either to herself or any of her acquaintance. No matter whether it was good or ill fortune; the former, according to her idea, was always so sure a precursor of the latter, that she never pitied her friends more than when they imagin-

ed themselves at the summit of felicity.

I think I see the good lady now with her pale prim visage, compressed lips, and that sorrowful air which procured her, among her acquaintance, the appellation of the queen of grief. She is indelibly impressed upon my memory, from the circumstance of having once frightened my mother, who was very fond of me, into violent hysterics, by a positive assurance that a slight cut which I had given to my thumb would end in a locked jaw. The husband of this amiable being was naturally of a gloomy and sullen temper, which shewed itself in finding fault perpetually with every person that he had any thing to do with. Grieveall inherits the qualities of both his parents: like his mother, he sees cause for lamentation in whatever happens; and like his father, he is sure to find fault with whatever is done by others.

I have seen him pounce upon a friend whom he has met in high spirits with as much eagerness as a hawk would on his prey, and grasp him as hard as the latter would the former, till he had succeeded in chasing every ray of gladness from his countenance. I remember once being in company with him when we met an acquaintance, who had just unexpectedly come into possession of a very good estate. Grieveall had heard that the bequest of the property was clogged with a condition to reside constantly upon it: he immediately laid his claws upon the gentleman, whom he knew to be an imaginary invalid, and though the place is really one of the healthiest spots in England, he soon contrived to persuade the poor fellow that it would never agree with his constitution.

My endeavours to prove the contrary were quite unavailing, and he quitted us with a visage as doleful as it had been merry when we met him.

Another time I chanced to meet Grieveall at a house-warming given by the widow Hearty, upon whom he essayed his talents for a long time without success. It was in vain that he found every possible fault with the house; that he pitied her for having been so grossly imposed on as to give double what it was worth for it; nay, that he was even sure, from certain appearances which he alone could discern in the walls, that it might speedily be expected to tumble about her ears. The widow's good spirits were proof against all his observations, till unfortunately he noticed a winding-sheet in the candle opposite to her, and as he knew that she was a little superstitious, he harangued on the unluckiness of the omen, till he had the satisfaction to see the poor woman actually wretched.

My readers will readily believe that this singular habit of persuading people to be miserable, whether they have cause or not, renders Grieveall universally shunned and disliked; indeed, there is no one that will voluntarily endure his company for ten minutes together if they can avoid it. In fact, such is his skill in tormenting, that I scarcely ever knew any body converse with him without being rendered miserable for the moment, except Kit Kindheart, who has a natural cheerfulness that prompts him to see all that happens tinged with *coulour de rose*, and a warmth of benevolence, which makes him desirous of giving the same impression to others. There is no turn of fortune, however adverse, that

can happen to you, in which Kindheart will not find some lurking-hole for hope to creep in at, and no situation in which you can be placed whose hardships will not appear lighter from his manner of representing them. This does not proceed from a want of feeling; on the contrary, no one has more sensibility, but he has so long accustomed himself to see all that happens in the fairest point of view, that he looks as naturally to the bright as most people do to the dark side of things; and as it is evident that his gaiety is not the result of insensibility or levity, but the genuine offspring of a warm heart and well-regulated mind, so there is a happy contagion in his cheerfulness, which extends itself to all around him, and he may be regarded in some degree as a public benefactor, for it is scarcely possible to converse with him without becoming happier. Fortune has, however, been far less favourable to him than to Grieveall: but straitened circumstances and indifferent health have no power over that benevolent cheerfulness, which is its own reward, in gaining him the esteem and regard of all who know him; while Grieveall, possessed of a good fortune and an excellent constitution, having in short every means to render himself and others happy, is, solely from the indulgence of this detestable humour, miserable himself, and an object of dislike and avoidance to all who know him.

But I see that my sketch of these opposite characters has been drawn to too great a length to permit my giving my readers at present the very clever paper I promised them. *N'importe!* it is always good to have something to look to, and I do now

faithfully promise to make up for their present disappointment, by presenting them some day or other with

a Loiterer which shall be at least three times more witty than ordinary.
N. NEVERMOVE.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. IX.

PRÍOMCHIAL, OR THE MOST WISE,

Son of TOSCAR NA SLINNEAN LEUD, the broad-shouldered Chief of the Clan MACLEOD; and CAOIMHÍNA, or the bright-eyed, Daughter to FARBHALLA NA LAN, the Buttress and Sword, Chief of the Southern Clan MACFARLANE.

THE poems of Ossian, and the compositions of inferior bards soon after the heroic ages, have depicted a singular race, whose intense affections and romantic generosity ennobled the fiery intrepidity of their warlike spirit, and whose mental cultivation happily influenced their civil institutions. The Highland chiefs and their vassal kinsmen had easy access to the seminaries of learning at St. Columba and the more northern isles; and their proficiency in learning is still evinced by the classic allusions in the odes and *ouarshals* of the bards, who were generally men of family, or nearly related to the chiefs, and numbers acquired much dear-bought knowledge of the world by engaging in the Holy Wars. When Doctor Samuel Johnson expressed his profound veneration for the ruined piles of architecture, which, amidst the tremendous gloom of northern invasion and barbarism, had preserved the lights of religion, erudition, and science, it is much to be regretted that the traditional history of St. Columba, "the Isle of Holy Vigils," was not made known to him. The slightest outline of those poetic relics from his pen would have excited a lively interest. Indeed it is surprising that the names and deeds of the illustrious Knights of the Cross have found no perma-

nent record. We shall endeavour to save a few from oblivion; and it is to be hoped more able translators will add to the catalogue.

The roof of the church of St. Mary of Iona, or St. Columba, was shattered by the storms of last winter; but we are assured the noble proprietor will give orders for preserving the walls from utter dilapidation. This beautiful fabric was constructed in the form of a cathedral. The steeple is large and lofty; the cupola twenty-one feet square; the doors and windows curiously carved; and the altar is of the finest marble. The bodies of several Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings were there entombed, and some have inscriptions in the Gaelic language. There are, besides, many brief delineations of ancient customs and ceremonies in Latin and in the dialect of the country.

We have intimated that others of the Hebridian Isles exhibit fine architectural remains. About a quarter of a mile from the place where the small river Snizort joins the sea, its waters form an islet, where was erected the metropolitan church of the Isle of Skye. Besides the vestiges of this cathedral, the parish of Snizort contains many Druidical temples, tumuli, and cairns; but the most attractive object for amateurs of per-

spective grandeur is a natural obelisk, three hundred feet in circuit at the base, gradually tapering to a point. It is computed to rise above three hundred feet in altitude. Not far from the obelisk there is a cataract, descending about ninety feet perpendicularly; and near the centre nature has formed a bridge, or hollow arched path, where five or six persons may walk abreast in the most perfect security, and quite unmolested by the body of fluids which rolls over their heads.

Tradition has assigned to this remarkable spot the presence and influence of fairy powers. In the last century it was implicitly believed, that, just at a change of the moon, a silvery haze, tinged with rainbow colours, might be seen before "the break of day;" and after certain invocations, a countenance of superhuman loveliness appeared, and by inaudible movements of the lips conveyed to the initiated any information they required. The details of the following poem would fill many pages; but, according to our usual practice, we have omitted tedious particulars.

Spirits of the winds! lulled by the unaltered voice of mountain-waterfalls, how have ye slumbered along your dizzy cliffs! Come forth in all your breath of might to speed the rustling wings of war, returning to the Isle of Mist, triumphant over the howling tides of the north! Hail! thrice hail to the many-coloured banner of the skies! Pour abroad from your changing clouds, ye gales, to urge the prows of my friends! Impetuous surges, rush to the rocky hollows of our green-skirted shores! ~~Bed, broken, and foggy,~~ the beams of day have dipped low in the west-

ern main. Dingy vapours toss around the crescent moon; the stars shroud their bright eyes in a thick mantle of night; and the ghosts of the renowned in arms are watching for the far-streaming ensigns of Toscar na Slinnean Leud and his race of heroes. Their arms of strength are stretched over labouring oars to cleave the billows, and their manly voices peal the song of victory from coast to coast. They have drenched the lance and spear in the blood of the sons of rapine. Their arms are red as tusks of the wild dog of the desert ravaging a forest of deer. The warriors of the Isle of Mist have strode in dreadful might over the northern foe. The clang of their deathful steel and the war-cry of their valour resounded among a thousand caverned islets; their weapons have reeked in the gore of spoilers, and their fame is in every land. Seer of good and evil! a faint light from the decaying oak shewed the sadness of thy brow on the night when Toscar na Slinnean Leud and his stars of battle shaped their course to the Orcadian seas.

"The brow of the aged was sad," replied the seer, "when the chief of our clan of renown and his stars of battle steered their war-barks to crush the plunderers of our streamy vales. Formless and dark hung the load on his soul. Now he sees more clearly the vision of grief. He sees the right hands of victory baffling with firm heart the fierce rulers of the hidden deep. In rage for the shame of Faicilleach, leader of the northern rapine, the terrible genii are rising from their crystalline towers—their loud-echoing roar of currents, their dashing whirlpools have awoken the spirit of the storm. He

flaps his thundering wings, and gust on gust answers to the sound. As a gleam of lightning shews the dreary waste of a desert, I see in the fading glimpses of my secret soul the meteors of death in the flame of battle. I see them struggling through the tempestuous darkness. Through the low copse-wood my ear met the first whistling blast mingling with the hoarse torrent that clamours to lose itself in the heaving brine of the northern main. I hear at further distance the well-known voices of them that shook the lance and spear of might, and broke the closest rank of foes. Now they sink feebly, and more feebly, in the coldness of death. A pale but stately shade rides on the eddying gales of the troubled sky. By his bright-studded shield I know it for the ghost of Farbhalla na Lan, chief of the southern clans. Joy on joy to the Isle of Mist! Steeped in tears and wrapped in gloom, the joy follows bursts of grief. Toscar na Slinnean Leud, the blazing sun of warriors, and his elder race, are deep in the oozy beds of ocean; but Príomchial, the most wise, has gained an isle unknown. I see him, within a stony girdle, seated by a bud of loveliness, sprung from heroes of far-spreading name. Farbhalla, weightiest lance to hew down the foes of Iberia, retire in the smile of peace to thy cave of rest! Thy daughter lives, and shall shine a mother of heroes in the isle of the mighty. Her parent of three generations and the aged son of the church lie stiff for the narrow house, to be prepared by stranger hands. The bud of beauty and her speechless waiting-dame shall again mingle in the haunts of men. I see Príomchial and the vassal friends snatched from the waves

by his unfailing arm—the sun has risen and set upon their mournful thoughts of them that lie beneath the currents. They recline on a jutting headland in motionless woe; their eyes fixed on the tumbling surf, covered with the wreck of their fleet, till Príomchial arose and spoke to his comrades, arousing the manhood of their souls. They wander along the narrow coast in search of their friends, alive or dead; but no greeting hand, no kindling eye, no voice of gladness, no wave-tossed corse, appears. Spent with sorrow, and wasted by fatigue, the warriors cast themselves on the barren heath: no bird, no fly skims the air. A wreathing haze obscures the noontide sun; for a pillar of smoke shoots from a peak of the mountains, and then falls among the lower clouds. Night begins to drop her lengthening dusky shadows, and again the unconquered spirit of Príomchial awakes the courage of his vassals. They leave the stony-girdled shore. Nuts and berries reward their search, and sheltering trees protect them from the keen gale of evening. A path among thickets of hazel leads to a trembling ray of light: they follow; the light is streaming through tangled branches of the fairy-ruled aspen. Pale signs of awe are on the features of the brave. From elvish power they shrink with affright; but varying strains of soft music assure them no evil spell lurks around. Guided by the eye, and drawn by the ear, they enter a low-browed cave, a refuge from the false lights of Jan Jolamach*. Transfixed with wonder, they behold a blossom of loveliness

* John the Changeable, a name given by the Gael in Popish times to John Wickliffe, the Reformer.

chaunting a holy requiem for the souls of the dead, while an aged hand strews wild flowers over two lifeless forms of gathered years. The blossom of beauty hears no step; her soul dwells in grief for them that breathe no more; but sounds from a voice denied the power of words break upon her thoughts. Stately yet mild she arose from her bended knee

"Warriors!" she said, "the Holy Virgin hath sent you to my prayers, to lay in peaceful earth the mother of my grandsire. Long she awaited the slow release from pain; but the sainted son of the church, at the moment when he gave a last benediction to her parting spirit, fell in death at her feet. No further may I reveal; my vows of silence could be dissolved only by lips now closed for ever."

"Supported by the manly arm of Príomchial, the maid sings a hymn of devotion over the grave where rests a daughter of Treabhantas of the mighty seats, ancestor of Toscar na Slinnean Leud, the hero of heroes. The last hope of Skye and his followers raise the ancient son of the church for rites of sepulture: a roll of wisdom drops from his breast: Caoimína is freed from her vows, and her tale of early years unfolded. Farbhalla na Lan, the brightest lance of Iberia, is darkened by the false lights of Jan Jolamach, when the chief of southern clans had his fleet scattered and broken by storms on the coast of Albion. Farbhalla returns to Scotia, and spreads the wiles of Jan Jolamach through his people. His spouse has died under the ban of the church. Farbhalla is mixed in the revels of Scotia's king: he

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carouses, he joins in the midnight dance, and Caoimína is in the mist of heresy. But the hoary head of the daughter of Treabhantas*, long sheltered in the peaceful cloister, is again bared to wintry skies: she snatches the child of her grandson from the horrors of eternal condemnation, and flees to an islet of the north, with no human associate except her youthful descendant, her ghostly father, and a speechless waiting-dame. As a dove of the rock, Caoimína grew in beauty; her lovely pinions shall soar in joy for the isle of the mighty. The chief shall cherish her in his bosom; the vassals shall find gladness in her presence. Bard of the songs of war and peace, be it thine to tell to future generations this vision of my soul, when the event has proved my truth. Grief and joy contend in my bosom. I mourn the dead, and rejoice in Príomchial, that shall return to exalt the fame of his fathers."

"In the light of my soul I go to seek the last son of Toscar na Slinnean Leud," answered the bard. "My ship of strength rides in our nearest haven. I manned the oars and bent the sails to meet my chieftain kinsman, the friend of my youth and age, whose sleep beneath the waves has filled the inward eye of our seer of good and evil. But where shall we seek the hope of our clan? Seer of events and places distant or near, say, where may we find the stay of our people?"

"The stony-girdled islet is nameless to my soul," returned the seer. "But this night of a changing moon, I invoke the fair face of the rock-

* Ancestor of the Marchioness of Hastings.

sheltered waterfall. In the misty blending of light and darkness, the voiceless moving lips shall answer to my secret thoughts. I fear not to approach the secret haunt of the spirit of beauty and wisdom, though no foot of man may follow my steps."

The seer invoked the fair face of the waterfall, and with the bard sought Priomchial and Caoimhina in the stony-girdled islet. They have shone lights of a mighty clan, and their fame shall never fail.

B. G.

POINTS OF HONOUR.

It is a great relief to the mind when it turns with disgust from the numerous misdeeds that are falsely called honourable, to consider how much genuine honour is, notwithstanding, to be met with in the unobtrusive intercourse of private life. The mask of false honour is almost sure to fall off sooner or later, leaving the rogue who wore it exposed, in all the deformity of vice, to public indignation; but true honour, which, in peaceable times, can shew itself only in acts of probity and generosity, is happily too common to obtain particular mention.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

I flatter myself there are very few English families that cannot boast of at least one member who has performed some act of honour or beneficence, which, could it have been celebrated by any of the famous poets or historians of antiquity, would have received universal approbation, and have been held up to the emulation of succeeding ages. By honour, I understand that fine principle which renders the mind superior to meanness; which leads us to avoid whatever is wrong, not on account of the penalties attached to the commission of it, but on account of its deviation from rectitude; which induces the most scrupulous justice, even where the laws, fashions, or opinions of the

world would be satisfied with something less; and which prompts us to confer obligations in so delicate a manner, that their weight may not be irksome to those upon whom they are conferred.

It was this principle which produced, among a few noble-minded heathens, effects resembling those which Christianity is calculated to produce upon all men; and since it is rather extended and refined, than superseded, by that divine system, it ought not to be suffered to fall into disuse until mankind shall be in a state to dispense with incentives to goodness. But viewing the subject in a practical light, I may spare my reflections, and avail myself of examples.

A distinguished officer, whose name would adorn any page, had contracted a debt payable with interest, but subject to the performance of certain conditions on the part of the creditor, who, by the way, was a man of no principle. With a negligence not uncommon in such characters, the creditor omitted to fulfil his conditions; by which means his claim was, in point of law, vitiated. A few years afterwards, the creditor was concerned in some fraudulent transactions, and being detected, he found it prudent to flee his country, leaving a wife and family to reap the fruits of his misconduct. Their wretched

case no sooner reached the ears of the general, than, moved with compassion and a fine sense of honour, he ordered the accounts between himself and the creditor to be opened and fully investigated; and although, by the lapse of time, nothing could now have been legally demanded, yet he had the strict balance ascertained, which amounted to a considerable sum. Being exceedingly liberal in his dealings, and having a large establishment to maintain, he could not, at the moment, command the whole amount; but he advanced the larger part to meet the immediate necessities of the widowed wife, and requested a certain time for the payment of the remainder, which he fully discharged on the day appointed. I need not add, that the manner of performing this noble deed was worthy of the deed itself: for as none but a mind naturally great, or refined by education and example, could be capable of it, so it could not fail to partake of the feeling and delicacy peculiar to persons of that description.

Miss, or Mistress (as she was latterly called), Bertha Rowley was a shining example of practical honour; though, living in retirement, the radiance of it was shed on a very limited circle. With her honour was a pervading sentiment, which might be traced in almost all her actions. In the article of love, which forms so principal a business of life, she conducted herself with singular propriety, and endured many severe trials and temptations with unshaken constancy. In her youth, I have heard, she was considered a great beauty, and when I had the pleasure of being admitted of her acquaintance, in her fiftieth year, time had

not obliterated all traces of what she had been. She retained a sparkling eye, a fair complexion, regular features, and an expression of countenance as benignant as I ever beheld. Her figure was tall and slim, her manners lady-like, a little after the old school, and her conversation was both amusing and instructive, at times perhaps somewhat redundant. When about nineteen years of age, she was courted by a young gentleman of agreeable person and great merit, but of inconsiderable fortune. Her guardian, who designed her for his own son, was shocked at the imprudence of such a connection, and declared that it never should receive his sanction. The young lady, however, was not disposed to fall in with his views, and told him frankly, that though he might delay, it was not in his power to prevent her happiness. Her lover, who was intended for a physician, departed for Edinburgh, to complete his education and obtain his diploma. The hardships of their separation, it may be supposed, were mitigated by an active and tender correspondence. Unhappily, the poor youth was so stimulated by the disinterested affection of his Bertha, as to prosecute his studies with an intemperate ardour, which, together with the want of proper exercise and recreation, undermined his constitution, and brought him to the grave a few weeks after he had attained the honours which he too eagerly sought. Poor Bertha was overwhelmed at this unexpected bereavement; for a long time she remained inconsolable, and seemed to desire nothing so much as to share the fate of her lover: however, the violence of her grief at length subsided, though she never could divest herself of a

latent melancholy. After a few years had passed away, and it was supposed that the young doctor was forgotten, a good-natured worthy man, whose estate was suitable to her own, and bordered upon it, as he thought most propitiously, made overtures for consolidating the estates by a matrimonial alliance of the proprietors: but the proposal had no other effect than to call forth a declaration from Miss Rowley, that she cherished the memory of one departed too fondly ever to encourage the addresses of another, or to harbour the thoughts of changing her condition. She begged the squire to believe that she respected him as a neighbour, but her heart was not at her disposal; and, therefore, she requested him to give up all thoughts of her. The good man had sense enough to see that she was in earnest, and accordingly turned his affections another way. When she attained the critical age of forty, which may be called the neap "tide in the affairs of" spinsters, one Captain O'Standish came on a hunting excursion into that part of the country, and became a very importunate suitor to Miss Rowley; but to no purpose, for she still made it a *point* of honour never to give her hand without her heart; and shortly afterwards, in some measure to guard against similar applications for the future, she assumed the dress of the elderly gentlewoman and the appellation of Mistress. Now where, I would ask, can be found a more honourable instance of devoted attachment, or of female fortitude, than in this voluntary submission to the unmerited yet irritating contumely incidental to the state of old maid, rather than shew dishonour to the memory of her first love?

The conduct of this lady was throughout of the same admirable tenor. The ancients and moderns seem agreed, that true honour is in nothing more conspicuous, than in awarding a full meed of praise to those we dislike, especially where the dislike is of old standing, and admits but little prospect of reconciliation; not that Mrs. Rowley harboured animosities, but, as she would sometimes remark, "there are people whom, with the best disposition in the world, one never can cordially love. They are so perverse, that even when one goes to them with a determination to be friendly, they always conjure up something to nullify our good intentions. I am sure I would fain be on as good terms with cousin Martin as with any other cousin, but she never would let me. When we were at school together, we used always to be bickering and telling tales of one another, and the authority of the governess was barely sufficient to keep our resentments within the bounds of decorum. As she grew up, she had her share of troubles as I had mine. I felt a good deal for her, but a coolness has always subsisted between us. Yet I must say, that never daughter behaved better to both parents than she did, and as a wife and mother I really don't know her equal. However, there is no accounting for likes and dislikes: still, if she were ever to stand in need of any thing in my power, I should make a *point* of doing by her as I would by any other of my relations in the same degree."

In money matters, which, after all, are the best criterion, Mrs. R. was remarkable for a judicious liberality. She was scrupulously just and punctual in her payments, living within

her income, that she might have something to dispose of in charity; yet making an appearance suitable to her fortune, which was ample. Much good she did in secret, for the delight of her own benevolent disposition; some was done in public (not ostentatiously), for the sake of example. Thus whenever a brief was read at church, she made it a *point* never to pass the plate without putting in her mite; on which occasions she would sometimes say to the churchwarden, "Ah! Mr. White-staff, if you held the plate for the Hottentots there would be plenty in it, but our own countrymen are sadly forgotten." Her private charities may be estimated by a single example. A nephew of hers came to the possession of a good property in the north of England: being a sporting character, addicted to play, at which he was generally unsuccessful, he disposed of the moveables as fast as he could, and encumbered the freehold as long as he could find mortgagees, all for the satisfaction of his debts of honour. He had an old housekeeper, named Alice, a careful, faithful creature, whose frugal management kept things from going to utter ruin much longer than such an event could have been deferred by any other human agency. Now Mrs. Rowley never would let him rest till he had promised to remember this poor woman in his will. His favourite aphorism being, "a short life and a merry one," his habits were so conformable to it, that he died of infirmity before he had completed his thirtieth year. When his will was opened, he appeared to have remembered Alice in an annuity of 20*l.* for life; only, he had forgotten to direct how it was to

be paid. On examining the condition of his estate, and collecting all that was due to it, enough was raised to pay his just debts, and to leave a residue, which resembled a little drop in a large goblet, and even this little was absorbed by the lawyer's bill for "winding up the affairs," as he phrased it: so that no provision remained for Alice's annuity.

Mrs. Rowley heard with surprise and regret of the untimely termination of her nephew's career; for though she considered him a giddy youth, she always cherished the hope that he would some day see his errors and forsake them, and turn out a bright man, as some of his ancestors had before him. Her first care was about the housekeeper, whose annuity she resolved to pay out of her own purse. But her great *point* now was to conceal the insufficiency of the estate of the deceased, and therein his want of honour in not providing for his bequest. This matter she arranged so cleverly, that poor Alice consoled herself with reflecting, that, amidst all his follies and failings, her master had been mindful of her fidelity. Nor would she ever have been undeceived, had not the excellent Mrs. Rowley been summoned to a better world before the object of her honourable bounty. By her will she gave an annuity of 20*l.* to Alice for the remainder of her days: this the good woman at first imagined would prove a clear addition to her income, but when quarter-day arrived, she found, to her disappointment, that "the master's bounty," as she called it, ceased as soon as Mrs. Rowley's became payable.

THE TIC DOULOUREUX

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THIS painful disease, which has hitherto baffled the skill of the faculty, has for some time past engrossed my attention. I have endeavoured to trace the malady to its source, to follow its ramifications, and, if possible, to discover a remedy. In the two former attempts I think I have succeeded; and in the latter, if I have not been entirely successful, I may safely say I have been enabled in most cases considerably to alleviate the pain, and, in many instances, altogether to eradicate the disease.

In respect to the origin of this afflicting malady, the conclusion at which I have arrived is, that it has its source in a diseased state of the *pecuniarium*, or pocket intestine (so called from its resemblance to an essential part of modern dress). This organ, when in a healthy condition, is found to contain a considerable quantity of a thin transparent film, resembling silver paper, and much spotted with black, accompanied by small round flat substances of a yellow or white colour. In all cases of the *Tic Douloureux* which have come under my observation, where the patient has died of the disease and been opened, I have invariably found a total deficiency of the above-mentioned substances. To this cause therefore I feel justified in attributing this disease; and indeed my practice has confirmed the theory: for, having proceeded on the principle of restoring the *pecuniarium* to a healthy state, I have generally been successful in curing the complaint.

Before I proceed to lay before the practitioner my mode of treatment, it will be necessary that I should detail the symptoms attendant on this disease, and which distinguish it from others of a similar appearance.

The first symptoms observable in the patient are, considerable languor and disinclination to take the air, with a particular rolling of the eye, not to be observed in any other disease that I know of; also a great nervous irritability, so that a knock at the door, or a tap on the shoulder, is often sufficient to throw the patient into fits. The disease is often accompanied by an unaccountable absence of mind and shortness of memory, such as forgetting one's purse or one's small debts; also by a depraved and craving appetite, indicated by a readiness to accept invitations to dinner and the like. As the complaint becomes more confirmed, the habits of the patient become quite changed. He is guilty of little meannesses quite at variance with his real character, acquires a sly suspicious look, seldom stirs out of doors before dusk, sneaks up alleys, looks round corners, becomes shabby and slovenly in his dress, and may, if closely watched, be seen diving for a dinner, when perhaps in his healthy state nothing less than Long's or the Albion would have satisfied him. He often takes a dislike to certain streets or shops, which he avoids as a mad dog does a pool of water. I once had a friend afflicted with this disease; and in the course of our perambulations, I often found him stop suddenly, turn round, whisk

me over to the other side of the street, change arms as we went along, and occasionally avert his head: all this without any apparent cause. There was one spot in particular of which I found him exceedingly shy. This extended from Weston's in Bond-street to Hoby's in St. James's. "There was," he used to say, "those glaring windows of Hoby's on one side, and of Moore's (late Bicknell) on the other, forming a cross-fire through the very focus of fashionable resort. If you were lucky enough," he would add, "to weather Weston's, there stood the other two, the very Scylla and Charybdis of *Tic Douloureuxists*, through which not even Palinurus himself, if afflicted with the disease, could have steered without trembling."

Though lowness of spirits is generally found with this disease, it is by no means to be considered as a never-failing symptom; for as the complaint is one which no one wishes to be thought to have, the patient often assumes an appearance quite opposite to his feelings.

Young men embarking in life I have observed are more subject to this complaint than older persons. It is frequently brought on by dissipation, high living, and excess of any kind, such as late hours, hard drinking, hunting in the extreme, &c. all which have a natural tendency to drain the *pecuniarium*. In short, in all cases where the draught on the organ is greater than the supply of aliment furnished to it, the disease of the *Tic Douloureux* is sure to be induced.

A general looseness in the moral system is also often the cause of the complaint; and when it so originates, it generally proves incurable. Per-

sons who have this constitutional taint are mostly troubled with such an absence of mind as to be guilty of the greatest absurdities, such as mistaking another man's pocket for their own, and betraying on all occasions a total ignorance of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*. Indeed, such is often their distraction of mind, that they have been known to forget their own names, and in signing a letter, or drawing a bill, to substitute that of some other person. When the disease takes this turn, although occasional intermissions of pain may be experienced, it almost always proves fatal. In some it will cause a kind of fidgettiness in the fingers, particularly when engaged in any game of chance likely to interest the passions, and a certain distortion of the optics, so as to make them mistake the throw of a die or the face of a card. But these, though apparently as bad symptoms as the foregoing, and in the vulgar eye equally malignant, are, nevertheless, by no means so dangerous. A severe twitching sensation in the seat of honour, such as would be experienced from a kick by a sharp boot, is generally the most the patient suffers in this state of the complaint. Indeed such habits, if not followed by the twitching pain alluded to, will often lead to an entire cure; and I have known persons who have been grievously afflicted with the *Tic Douloureux* for years, afterwards enjoying the best health from the successful practice of habits brought on by the disease itself, and which apparently depraved propensities, by taking a different turn in patients of a poorer state of body, have led to the most fatal consequences.

In persons of a sanguine tempera-

ment this disease is highly dangerous. It invariably produces hypochondriasis, and often insanity. The natural consequence is, that the patient frequently puts an end to himself in a violent paroxysm of pain, or, which is equally effectual to the same end, makes away with some one else.

The complaint most frequently recurs about Christmas: therefore patients should be very careful of themselves about this period, particularly as to food and exercise. They should on no account venture out of doors without being well muffled up. Snipes and woodcocks, which abound at this season of the year, should be carefully avoided, as they are sure to bring on a severe paroxysm of the complaint, so as to oblige the patient to keep his room, or, which is still more disagreeable, to be confined to one which he cannot quit at pleasure.

Having thus detailed what I conceive to be the cause and prevailing symptoms of the *Tic Douloureux*, I shall proceed to point out the practice I pursue in its treatment.

In the first place I generally, as in most chronic complaints, begin with a course of alteratives, affecting the system generally; but, as I before observed, my chief attention is directed to produce a change in the organ wherein I consider the disease to originate. In severe cases, particularly where the complaint seems to be caused by a deficiency of the necessary contents of the *pecuniarium*, I generally prescribe the following dose:

Extract of Peruvian mines	1 oz.
Decoction of rich uncles	2 oz.
Infusion of bank-paper	3 gr.
Tincture of mint	6 gr.
Syrup of matrimony	1 oz.

Three or more spoonfuls to be taken daily, according to the strength of the disease.

But when the symptoms indicate more of a laxity in the *pecuniarium*, than a deficiency in its necessary aliment, the following astringent I have generally found to answer:

Spirit of economy	4 grs.
Pulverized flint-skins	3 grs.
Calcined prudence	6 grs.

To be divided into twenty pills, one to be taken every night.

Among the poor or labouring classes I have often found ten drops, or so, of the formic acid (commonly called acid of ant.), mixed up with a few grains of prudence, taken daily, sufficient to restore the diseased organ to its proper tone.

Besides these medicines, I generally recommend low diet and abstinence from all kinds of dissipation; the patient, at the same time, to be kept carefully quiet and free from the intrusion of visitors. And, as change of air is of the greatest importance in this complaint, I would have him, if leading a town-life, immediately to retire to the country; or, if his means do not admit of this, to take up his abode in a garret, where he will breathe a purer air and be less liable to disturbance. Exercise I also recommend, but it must be on foot, not on horseback or in a carriage. Perseverance in the above system I have in most cases found effectual, particularly if the patient is of a habit of body to bear lowering. But, though I proceed upon the plan of keeping my patients as low as possible, I must caution the practitioner against the use of the lancet, bleeding being fatal in this disease, which is, in fact, often brought on by an hæmorrhage of the *pecuniarium*. If, however, any rich friend or relation can be brought to submit to that operation, so that a portion of the precious fluid may be introduced into

the veins of the patient, I have no doubt the effect would be most salutary.

A removal to the milder air of the Continent is often recommended and practised in this complaint; and, indeed, persons so afflicted who cannot live at home, often do well abroad. But it is a measure which I do not frequently advise, unless the patient resolves to remain permanently abroad; for the immediate relief afforded generally tempts him to indulge in practices which the milder air enables him to do with impunity, but which, by becoming habitual, may, on a return to a less genial climate, occasion an incurable relapse.

Now, though in most cases I have found the treatment above-mentioned to mitigate the disease, and often to effect an entire cure, yet I must confess, that for some very obstinate cases of the *Tic Douloureux* I have not been able to discover any remedy in medicine. Accident, however, will frequently occasion results which art could not effect; and I have seen more than one case, wherein a patient suffering under the most aggravating symptoms of the complaint has obtained immediate relief, and experienced an entire cure from sudden and violent action of the passions, such as joy on the receipt of good and unexpected news; and even a sudden shock on hearing of the death of a relation I have known to produce the same effect; a circumstance which, under any other complaint, it is fairly to be presumed would have caused an opposite result.

There is also a minor disease of

the *Tic Douloureux*, which has not, that I know of, been yet noticed by the faculty, but which is extremely distressing. It consists in severe spasms or palpitations of the *pecuniarium*. Any sudden disappointment will often occasion this complaint; such as running up a bill at a tavern, and finding you have not money enough in your pocket to discharge it; being out of cash before you get to the end of your journey; a thing coming to much more than you expected, &c. &c. These spasms I myself was at one time subject to. Once wishing to treat Mrs. Bolus to the Opera, I went into a shop in Bond-street to procure a box, when, to my unspeakable surprise, I found that the price was seven guineas. Having neglected to ascertain this point previous to fixing on the box, I found myself in an awkward dilemma. The palpitations in the *pecuniarium* were so severe that I could hardly bear them, and on the other hand I had bespoken the box. What was to be done? I hummed and hawed, and backed and backed till I reached the shop-door, when by a sudden bolt I sought relief in the open air. The treatment I pursue in this complaint is nearly the same, but in a milder form, as that I practise in cases of the *Tic Douloureux*.

It may be necessary to acquaint the public that I receive patients at my house, No. 7, *Golden-square*, between the hours of ten and one; and that letters (post-paid), inclosing a remittance, will be duly attended to. I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.

BOLUS.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

(Concluded from p. 41.)

TEA AND CARDS.

AFTER innumerable healths and toasts, smart jokes, long stories, and long and animated discussions on the poor's-rates of Stepney parish, the often repeated summons to the upper house was at length obeyed; we rose to join the ladies. Narrow as the architect had planned the proportions of the staircase, the ascent just now proved a matter of importance to most of the jovials; and Mr. Philpotts, trusting his sole to the slippery fulcrum of a Lisbon nut, dropt no doubt by some of the young amiables on the stair-carpet, had the misfortune to lacerate his black inestimables right across the knee; a *hiatus valde deflendus*, which, upon serious consultation, was pronounced to require a change of decoration from the wardrobe of our kind host, inasmuch as the sufferer, no doubt from dietetic motives, had all his lifetime been an enemy to the use of sub-estimables.

On entering the drawing-room, the sympathetic looks of Mrs. P. were, of course, the first to espy her spouse's change of costume; and when she learnt the cause, instead of sympathizing in his escape from bodily harm, she cruelly animadverted upon the state of his mental functions, protesting, that such a Christmas as this she would have cause to remember all the rest of her days; for what with her ruined mazarine and Mr. P.'s satins, new last Lord Mayor's day only, there was as good as ten guineas out of Mr. P.'s pocket.

Mrs. Waffle made a thousand apologies, and in her endeavours to in-

stil comfort, observed, that one new breadth of silk would do the business effectually. "One new breadth!" exclaimed her disconsolate friend; "then I hope, ma'm, you will send to France for it; for my husband smuggled it from *Bullon* in the crown of his hat, when we were there last August."—"That I did," added Mr. P. "and 'dash' me if I do again! I shall never forget the 'stew' I was in."

In order to divert the conversation to some more interesting topic, I directed my attention to a representation of Jacob and Rachael at the Well, worked in embroidery, and suspended, in a frame totally enveloped in silver paper, over the piano-forte. I respectfully asked Mrs. Waffle whether this was the work of one of the young ladies. She smilingly replied, "I wish it was, baron: 'tis hardly to be expected; though they work prettily enough, and Dorothy, I am told, draws the best in her school. Go and fetch your portfolios, my dears, and shew Baron Bitterhouse some of your human figures and foreign prospects. —But that there piece, baron, is of my own working. I was ten months a doing of it, and the number of colours in it would surprise you. Could you believe that I used one hundred and twelve different coloured skeins?"—"Is it possible?"—"A fact, baron; but most on 'em are so faded, that you can't hardly see a difference. The blues and reds, howsomever, have stood remarkably well."

Our hostess now proceeded with much formality to that solemn social office, the making of tea, taking care,

in order to "make it good," to enforce the dose of ingredients, so as to produce an infusion superlatively astringent; a perfect styptic, which, if administered before dinner, would prove a great saving, by contracting the *primæ viæ*, so as to render them almost incapable of deglutition. It seemed as if I had a solution of alum suspended between my fauces, but there was no remedy but to swallow the supersaturated green potion. The coffee, which at first I had declined, but which all present extolled to the skies, seemed to offer an antidote to the Chinese poison. Its colour and flavour certainly shewed it to have been concocted upon principles diametrically opposite to those followed in the confection of the tea. The coffee exhibited a dull aqueous appearance, and in its taste possessed a multitude of various twangs; one might taste every thing but coffee in it. I had the curiosity to ask Mrs. W. how this compound was fabricated; and she obligingly replied, "I thought you would like it, baron; you foreign gentlemen are fond of strong coffee, and our Sally has a name for making it good: to be sure I told her to put a spoonful or two more into it than usual. There is also isinglass and hartshorn-shavings, and the yolk of an egg; but the flavour which you admire so much is owing to the mustard. 'Tis quite another thing with a good spoonful of mustard."—"There can be no doubt of that, ma'm," observed the sarcastic Mr. Basil Jones.

Miss Dorothy and her junior sister had by this time put their *port-foils*, as *mamma* called them, into a state of preparation, and the contents passed with becoming regularity, like

brickbats leaping through a file of *Hibernians*, from one hand to another; Mrs. Waffle, as an artist herself, explaining the subjects with classic accuracy and acumen.

"This here young woman, gentlemen, with the bow-r and harrows, I am told is *Diana*, the goddess of chaste-ity and hunting."—"Not of husbands, then," added Mr. Basil Jones.—"Upon honourable terms, I suppose, Mr. J."—"True, ma'm, not a wild-goose chase at all times."

"Here's as sweet a drawing as any Dorothy has done; they are the nine Muses, with their mother, Princess *Niopeh*."—"N or Q, no doubt," said the facetious Mr. Basil Jones; for which interruption Mrs. W. seriously reprimanded him, and he promised to "mind his P's and Q's for the future."

"This here—I declare, Dorothy, I am almost ashamed to shew it—I have told you so often, my dear, I don't wish you to draw them sort of figures; they may be all very fine, but in my time a young woman would, I'm sure, have hesitated to draw-r a thing of the kind. But Dorothy has a particular taste for the antic and anatommy, and so I don't like to counterhact her genus. It certainly is a charming piece, and represents *Apollo Bellweather*, the god of shepherds. Here is also *Mercury*, the god of doctors."—"Excuse me, ma'm—of thieves and merchants, according to mythology."—"Maybe so too, Mr. Jones, but I wish you would mind your bales and cases, and not interrupt in this manner."—"My case is clear."—"That's more than your head is at this moment, Mr. Jones, or else I am sure you would not be so rude to a lady."

"These two youths are copied from a cast of *Pollux* and his brother *Tease-us*, who lost his way while running after his beloved *Harriett* in a maze—the same as you may have seen at Mountpelier Gardens, Walworth. Here is also a drawing of what is called the dying *Clod-eater*, and one of *Venus of Medicine*, the goddess of health and love. This is *Plato*, the god of the Tartars, with his spouse *Porcupine*. But I dare say, ladies and gentlemen, you have got quite enough of these theological subjects, so we will just have a few minutes' peep at Ellen's portfolio. Hers, you must know, is quite a different style of work; she is all for nature, such as *landskips*, *wiews*, and such like; more in her mother's taste, for I loves nature, true uncivilticated nature, such as you see it in this here picture of *Brier-farm*, in *Gloucestershire*, done in black chalk."

"*Chalk-farm!* I protest," exclaimed the forward packer of *Camomile-street*; for which intrusion, he received an ineffable look of contempt at his ignorance of localities.

The portfolio of this young lady contained a numerous collection of very pretty specimens of real talent, of which her modesty seemed to be scarcely conscious. Among the drawings was a very interesting copy of a print of the fantastically grand *Piranesi*, representing the *Campo Vaccino* in *Rome*, which Mrs. Waffle's comment designated as "the capital of *Rome*, one of the finest provinces in the kingdom of *Naples*, where we get the *Naples soap* from, and the *warmyshall* for soup, if I am rightly informed."

"This large piece, baron, represents a prospect of the city of *Can-*

toon in the *East Indies*; for there are as many as thirteen towns of the same name in different parts of the world, but none so famous as this one, because of the tea which comes from there, and the *à-la-mode* beef, which these people have learnt us to make, and a capital dish it is when eat quite hot.

"Allow me, gentlemen, to request your particular attention to this coloured drawing of the town of *Weewee*, on the lake of *Geneva*, noted all over the world for its excellent *Hollands*."

Mr. Philpotts observed, with some surprise, that he was sure the Dutch *Hollands* came from a place called *Schiedam*, for he contrived now and then to get some of it in a sly way; but Mrs. Waffle explained the matter to his satisfaction. "It may be so," she replied, "with regard to Dutch *Hollands*, but the real *Geneva* *Hollands* comes no more from *Sheer-dam*, as you call it, sir, than the *Maidstone gin* does. Those white mountains in the distance, you will please to observe, are nothing but ice from top to bottom all the year round; and in a sunshiny day they reflect the light like so many thousands of looking-glasses, for which reason they are called *glaziers*."

"Worth a *frame*, I maintain," added the arch Mr. Basil Jones.

"And so it is," replied Mrs. W.; "for *Bonipart*, do you know, and all his army, went over them ice-mountains in skates, when they marched into *Germany* across *Mount Simpleton*. Here are a great many more views of Ellen's doing, for she does 'em in no time; but I dare say the company have had a sufficiency of the pickeresque, as they call it, and

a little music will be quite a relief. Come, my dears, play one of your duets. Begin with that sweet piece of Don Giovanni, which you received for a prize this half-year."

The young ladies, after a little pre-luding, Miss Dorothy in C and Miss Ellen in D major, endeavoured to delight the company with a rondo in B flat, founded on the air *Tin' ch' han dal vino*, as far as I could make out some of the first bars; for Miss Dorothy, in order to increase the *éclat* of the performance, took care to take permanent possession of the pedal, and to thump her bass most lustily, and with a degree of assurance and affectation generally in the inverse ratio of the performer's abilities. The noise was completely stunning, and the more grating to the ear, as the instrument was in a state of tune corresponding with the suburban situation of Mr. Waffle's domicile; for I have often made the remark, that the open windows in the outskirts generally emit harmonies of the most chromatic kind, and that the discordance augments progressively as you diverge from the purlieus of Golden-square.

The performance of these young ladies, moreover, was quite in the free style, according to the quantum of notes allotted to each bar. When there were few, they had not patience to submit to unnecessary delays, and when the bar was well stocked with demisemiquavers, they took all the time which a consciousness of their proficiency seemed to suggest as requisite for the due execution of such crowded staves. And yet with all this variation of time, such was the perfection of their practice and execution, that these musical executioners were seldom what is called "out,"

the slightest lagging in one being immediately remedied by a sisterly demur and forbearance on the part of the other, much in the manner of the compensation-pendulum in modern time-pieces. "*Auld Lang Syne*" and "*Nos Galon*" were successively given in the same style of perfection, and enthusiastically applauded. Miss Dorothy, lastly, was requested to favour the company with a specimen of her vocal powers; and after the usual coy formalities, excuses of cold, hem hum hem's, and rosinning of lips, she assumed the mournful countenance so engaging in vocal efforts, and began with stern solemnity a song of cheerful text, the name of which I have forgotten, my attention being exclusively directed to the music and the style of singing, which approached that of a solemn hymn. Not a muscle in the face moved, the lips excepted, and those scarcely formed an exception, unless a W occurred in the text, to which letter a goodly mouthful of aspiration was invariably devoted, in diametrical opposition to mamma's more graceful system of enunciation, which softened the W's into V's. There were other peculiarities of pronunciation in Miss Dorothy's singing greatly deviating from common parlance, all no doubt dictated by the *bon genre*; but even to my foreign ears it sounded singular, to hear *smoil* instead of "smile," *tyune* for "tune," and *ka-yind* for "kind."

Towards the end of this performance, a sort of pedal-bass accompaniment grew more and more audible from behind; Mr. Philpotts, whether from insusceptibility or excess of enjoyment—for, strange enough, these two extremes frequently produce similar effects in music—having gradually dropt into somnolency, and

finally into a sound doze, in which latter state the *reed-stop* of his organ of respiration intonated double E flat, not only with great purity, but at intervals as regular as if he had been taught to snore by Maelzel's metronome; on which occasion Mr. Basil Jones correctly observed, that Mr. Philpotts appeared to be more musical when asleep than when awake.

Mrs. Waffle, too, seemed less charmed with musicals than she had proved herself to be with the arts of design. Not that she followed Mr. Philpotts' example, but she made noise another way; for in the ablution of her best set of China, the cups rattled incessantly, like the forty-three bells in the Antwerp chimes; and when that essential function was accomplished to her satisfaction, she felt the necessity of reorganizing the contents of the bright Rumford, in doing which she manifested the most tender sympathy for the brilliant polish of the steel weapon; for she devoted the cambric, exclusively intended for the manipulation of her nose, to the preservation of the poker, wisely weighing, no doubt, the financial difference between a mere atom of soap and a good pennyworth of refined emery.

The effect of the music suffered considerably also by the arrangement of the card-tables; indeed the concert was altogether broken up as soon as their preparation was completed, one table being appropriated to whist, and the other to a round game. It was by a mere fortunate chance that I became the partner of Mrs. Waffle, who during her first marriage had made a vow never to play at the same table with her husband; and the same pacific rea-

sons, no doubt, operated a temporary separation in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Philpotts; that lady only, with a Mr. Bustlethwaites, being destined to be our adversaries.

Our hostess, in opening an elegant embossed card-case ("the work of Dorothy,") made a thousand apologies for the veteran appearance of the pack, all owing to Mr. Waffle's putting every thing off to the last day, so that when he yesterday applied to the waiter at the ——— tavern, every pack was gone, which could be no wonder at this season of the year. Mrs. Philpotts *kindly* observed, that if she had known it, she would have brought a supply with her; at the same time apologizing for dispensing with the use of her white kids, and requesting a smell at my box as an antidote to that of the cards, which "was by no means *flagrant*."—"That will all be gone in two or three deals," remarked the comfort-dealing Mr. Bustlethwaites: "it's their being confined in the case, ma'm, gives 'em that particular flavour. You should see, ma'm, what we play with sometimes at the Artichoke!"—"I'm sure I have no wish."

Mrs. Waffle being appealed to to regulate the points, proposed "two-pence a corner;" which stakes being declined by our fair adversary, on the ground of her never playing coppers, an offer of "silver three-pences" was made, without meeting with more success. Mrs. Philpotts protested she never could render herself mistress of that complicated computation, and went so far as to propose "sixpenny points." To these enormous stakes Mrs. W. had no notion of submitting; "it was sheer gambling." The ladies were thus completely at issue.

and the rubber in all probability would have been broken up, had not a lucky expedient entered my thoughts. I ventured with the utmost diffidence to hint to my partner, that, if it were no offence, I would with pleasure go halves in her points. This suggestion must have greatly raised me in her estimation, for she looked me in the face, and shaking her head with a winning smile, exclaimed, "You *are* a gentleman, baron, every inch on ye!"

Matters now went on with proper decorum for some time, until a continued succession of good cards shewed that the fickle goddess had, for this evening, vouchsafed to take my partner and me under her special protection. Perhaps, too, a superior knowledge of the game on my part (and considering the calibre of our adversaries, this is certainly no great boast,) may have contributed to our signal success; for in less than half an hour we won a bumper, to the great mortification of our fair antagonist, who desired to cut again for partners. This expedient, however, was productive of no change. Mrs. Waffle and I were indissoluble, as she termed it, and our luck continued so constant, that we won another double game. This was too much for Mrs. Philpotts to brook. Her *savoir vivre* had not reached that point of perfection which enables the outward man to feign hilarity while the heart is near bursting with vexation. She declared we knew each other's game; an assertion so totally gratuitous, that Mrs. Waffle vowed this was the first day she had had the pleasure of setting eyes upon the baron. Defeated in this inuendo, Mrs. Philpotts was pleased to lay all the blame upon the

"nasty filthy cards."—"Give me clean *christian-like* cards," she exclaimed, "and I'll play against any body."

Mr. Smith, who stood behind, and was rather of a serious turn, deprecated in strong terms the application of such an epithet to a publication, generally supposed to proceed from the profanest possible source, the enemy of all mankind.

"Then let him play them," she indignantly replied; "they look as if they *had* been in some such hands. They smell of pitch and brimstone, and not another will I touch; so much for that!"

Mrs. Waffle must have been compounded of the most neutral materials, if she could have remained indifferent to remarks so pointedly levelled at her domestic

The tokens of a storm were manifest, the head assumed a variety of quick gallinaceous motions, the double-chin worked divers contortions, the cloud was on the point of bursting, when Mrs. P. more from disdain than cowardice, rose from her seat, to throw herself on the Grecian couch (as it afterwards appeared). At that instant Mr. Smith, not aware of the injured fair's intentions, and judging the couch to be in her way, with a laudable but very unfortunate wish to be serviceable, drew it back, and thus was the innocent cause of Mrs. Philpotts' effecting a momentary settlement on the carpet direct.

The oddity of this scene, altogether the affair of an instant, produced a curious psychological phenomenon. The condensed charge of vexation imbibed to the brim by my ex-partner, and the explosion of which I expected with dread, all at once vented itself in a burst of half-suppressed

laughter. Fortunately, this unforeseen catastrophe was productive of no other harm than what might be fancied to proceed from the attitude itself; for the absence of all salient angles and the general rotundity in the sufferer's contour acted as a valuable safeguard, somewhat upon the principle of strength in arches. The Doric diastyle, at all events, forthwith manifested its perfect integrity, by the ready service it yielded in conveying Mrs. Philpotts out of the room, which she did not enter again. Mrs. Waffle, of course, followed, to attend her good friend, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. P. was called, and took *his* final leave. Their *walk* home, although a small distance, must have completed their "merry Christmas," for the rain had not ceased since dinner.

Both card-parties being thus unseasonably broken up by the "strange behaviour" of the fair deserter, the two young ladies urgently pressed their mamma for a dance. This request being acceded to, after some difficulties on the score of the new carpet, Miss Ellen proposed a quadrille, and kindly offered her service in getting up *la Colombe* or *le Papillon*, the figures of both of which she was sure would easily be comprehended by all present: but here the juniors were outvoted hollow by their betters. "Nonsense with your cat-reels!" exclaimed Mrs. Waffle; "I hate them French dances. Can there be any thing more hellegant than a good English country-dance, such as 'The Grinder,' 'Maggie Lawder,' 'Drops o' Brandy,' or 'Go to the Devil and shake yourself?'" The two young ladies were alternately to preside at the piano-forte, but as the battle of Toulouse had incapacitated

me from participating in the amusement, I offered to contribute my mite towards it by taking the instrument.

"Blesh ye, baron," said Mrs. W. "you are the pink of genteelity; if I was a single woman, I would have ye for a husband, for all you're an invalid."

"Don't be so foolish, my dear," ejaculated my good friend, with a half pleasant smile.

"I say it, Mr. Vaffle, and I mean it; and if the baron should have a fancy by and by for either of my girls, he need but say the word."

This began to look rather serious; so without further ado, I struck up "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," and set Mrs. Waffle's toes in motion instead of her tongue.

But a certain fatality overhung all the efforts of the house of the Waffles to enjoy the sports of the season on this unpropitious day. Had the *corps de ballet* used a common degree of decorum and moderation in enacting the prescribed figures of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," the pleasures of "the fantastic toe" might have continued for hours; but it seemed as if the parties conceived the name of the dance implied particular injunctions for bodily exertion. They shook themselves lustily, they shook the floor, the whole house shook. The heels, too, appeared to be infinitely more fantastic than the toes; for although the MS. I played from contained no directions to such effect, the figurants, especially those of the male gender, seemed to vie with each other in giving to every $\frac{6}{8}$ bar a *pedal ben marcato*, so much the more effective, as, with the exception of the two young ladies, the gravitating momentum of the rest of the per-

farmer was of the goodly citizen average of twelve or thirteen stone a head.

(No wonder, then, if the landlord, unfortunately next door neighbour, justly alarmed for the permanency of his joists and rafters, took the trouble of penning a friendly communication, reminding Mr. W. of a clause in the covenant, which, under a penalty therein expressed and set forth, forbade in distinct terms any dancing whatever "on the premises aforesaid." The *billet doux* in question, as if by magic, laid the frisky ardour of the *corps de ballet*, whose good wishes for the polite letter-writer were so abundant, various, and humane, that if he chanced to experience the fulfilment of but a small portion of them, he would not fail to remember this merry Christmas.

To drown this woful disappointment, it was agreed to walk down forthwith to supper; but the extremeness of the hour, and the indifferent health of the lady of Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, induced him to forego a taste of the pigeon-pie and the *beaux restes* of the dinner fare, and to beg a coach might be sent for; in which request I thought proper to join, as the rain still fell in torrents. But Mrs. W. with every mark of sincere distress, informed us that such a luxury was not to be procured for love or money in Bethnal-Green at this late hour. Mr. Jones, although a

tender husband, was capable of punning on this melancholy occasion, but his spouse appeared in utter despair. After much deliberation, my kind-hearted friend, the broker of tonnage and primage, expressed some hopes of being able to procure a species of small craft for the passage, inasmuch as his baker at the corner of the row was possessed of a covered cart and horse. Mr. Waffle put on his hat, and soon returned with the glad tidings, that he had chartered the vessel at the enormous freight of fifteen shillings to Camomile-street and Panton-square.

To this rude vehicle of loaves and gingerbread we were too happy to consign our persons; its jolting was not calculated to benefit our fair fellow-traveller, whom her spouse comforted by observing, that *rolls* must be expected in a baker's cart. A sudden scream on the part of Mrs. J. excited the sympathy of a watchman in Church-street to stop our progress, who no doubt harboured sinister ideas of our behaviour towards the good lady in the dark. Mr. Basil Jones himself felt incapable of a joke until he ascertained the insult to have proceeded from a black beetle, one of the privileged tenants of this receptacle of flour and bread-dust. He begged Mrs. Jones not to look so *maudy* at a trifle; and on taking leave in Camomile-street, and looking at our garments, declared them to be *double-milled* with a vengeance.

THE AFFECTIONATE WOLF.

The wolf furnishes a remarkable evidence in support of the proposition, that the disposition of carnivorous animals differs according to the

circumstances in which they are placed. In the state of nature we find that, impelled by cruel desires, and furnished with the requisite intelli-

gence for their gratification, as well as the necessary weapons for glutting their rapacity, they attack whatever has life, diffuse around them terror or antipathy, and multiply their enemies in a like proportion. Since, however, they are equally intelligent with the animals on which they are destined to prey, and which strive to escape them by stratagem and flight, it is necessary for them to learn to act according to circumstances: hence they will sometimes have recourse to strength, at others to craft, and be at at one time bold, at another timid. Hence, too, it is possible to excite gentler feelings in the most ferocious animals, and to render them perfectly mild, tame, and familiar, if we can but place them in a situation in which they are not necessitated either to gratify their desires by violence, or to combat enemies; but, on the contrary, experience only kind treatment and enjoy perfect security.

What is here advanced as conjecture is found to be confirmed by experience. There is not a ravenous and carnivorous animal which may not be tamed by proper treatment; that is to say, in which a certain degree of attachment and affection for its feeder and keeper may not be awakened. These feelings, however, appear by no means in an equal degree in all; and in this respect, not merely species, but also individuals display very striking differences.

The wolf is one of the wild animals which are most susceptible of attachment. In the Menagerie of the Botanic Garden at Paris, there was, in the year 1821, a wolf, which having been brought up like a puppy, became perfectly familiar with all those whom he was in the habit of seeing. He accompanied his master

wherever he went, was dull when separated from him, obeyed his commands, and in all these respects was scarcely to be distinguished from the tamest dog. A journey which his master was obliged to take occasioned him to place the animal in the Royal Menagerie, where, confined in a cage, he lost all his vivacity, and would scarcely take any food. By degrees, however, he recovered his health, became familiar with his keeper, and seemed to have wholly forgotten his former attachment, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, though he could not see him on account of the number of persons who were before him, yet recognised his voice, and manifested his pleasure by cries and rapid motions; and no sooner was he let loose, than he lavished on his old friend the tenderest caresses, just as the most faithful dog would do after a separation of a few days.

A second separation was attended with similar manifestations of profound grief, which, however, wore off again in time. Three years passed, and the wolf lived cheerful and content with a dog which was given him for a playfellow. At the expiration of this period, which was certainly sufficient to cause even the most faithful dog to forget his master, the owner of the wolf returned. It was dark, and the place was locked up, so that the animal could not see him: but the voice of his beloved master was not yet banished from his memory; as soon as he heard it he knew it again, and answered his call by a cry denoting impatience, which increased till the removal of the obstacles that parted them. The animal then ran up, put his two fore-

paws on the shoulders of his long-lost friend, and licked his whole face with his tongue, snarling at the keepers, to whom he had shortly before been as gentle as possible, whenever any of them approached.

For this exquisite delight, to the full expression of which sufficient time could not be allowed, the poor creature was destined to pay dearly. Another separation was requisite, and from that moment the wolf became melancholy and immoveable. He refused his food, pined away, and his hair stood up, as it usually does in animals that are in ill health: in a week he was so altered as not to be known, and for a long time it was apprehended he could not recover. His health nevertheless began to improve; he again grew fat and his coat sleek; admitted his keepers, but would not take caresses from any

other persons, at whom he would growl and snarl in return.

These facts, which are far from being too highly coloured, are at variance with the usual statements respecting the disposition of the wolf: but, to be sure, we are not acquainted with this animal, excepting from the individuals of the species that roam in the forests. In these, living as they do amidst enemies and dangers, no other feelings than fear, mistrust, and hatred, can be developed; and experience has shewn, that even dogs, brought up under similar circumstances, are indeed not quite, but nearly as wild, and to the full as cruel. This proves, that to judge of the disposition of any animal, it ought to be observed under all the circumstances by which the qualities composing it can be called forth and developed.

ACCOUNT OF SAMUEL FANCOURT, THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE formation of circulating libraries has conferred such an obligation on the reading public, that it will perhaps thank an admirer of your work for affording them some particulars of the life of one who was the author and origin of so innocent and profitable a scheme.

J. C.

WYMONDHAM, NORFOLK.

SAMUEL FANCOURT, a native of the west of England, was at the beginning of the last century pastor of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters in Salisbury, where he had a number of hearers for near

twenty years. Professing a creed very different from the opinions of Calvin, as appears by his numerous publications, he incurred the displeasure of persons of that persuasion, and a controversy arose, in which clergymen of the Establishment and Dissenters had an equal share. It turned on the divine prescience, the freedom of the human will, the greatness of the divine love, and the doctrine of reprobation.

Driven from a comfortable settlement to the great metropolis, where he acquired no new one as a teacher, Mr. Fancourt, about 1740 or 1745, established the first circulating library for gentlemen and ladies, at a sub-

scription of a guinea a year for reading; but, in 1748, he extended it to a guinea in all, for the purchase of a better library, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the other half at the delivery of a new catalogue, then in the press, and twelve-pence a quarter besides, to begin from Michaelmas 1754, to the librarian. Subscriptions were to be paid without further charge to the proprietors, but only from the time of subscribing; out of which quarterly payments were to be deducted the rent of the rooms to receive the books and to accommodate subscribers; a salary to the librarian, to keep an open account and to circulate the books; a stock to buy new books, and duplicates as there was occasion; the expense of providing catalogues, and drawing up writings for settling the trust. This trust was to be vested in twelve or thirteen persons chosen by ballot out of the body of proprietors, and the proposer, Mr. Fancourt himself, was to be the first librarian, and to continue so as long as he discharged his office with diligence and fidelity. Every single subscription entitled the subscriber to one book and one pamphlet at a time, to be changed *ad libitum* for others, and kept *ad libitum* if not wanted by other subscribers. Mr. Fancourt advertised himself also in these proposals as a teacher of Latin, which he engaged to enable pupils to read, write, and speak with fluency in a year or less; or

|| twelve guineas a year, one guinea a month, or twelve-pence an hour, allowing five or six hours in a week.

Not to trace the poor librarian through every shifting of his quarters, he fixed at last at the corner of one of the streets in the Strand, where, encumbered with a helpless and sick wife, turned out of fashion and outplanned by a variety of imitators, and entangled with a variety of schemes, not one of which could extricate him from perplexities, this poor man, who may be said to have first circulated knowledge among us, sunk under a load of debt, unmerited reproach, and a failure of his faculties, brought on by the decay of age and precipitated by misfortunes. His library became the property of creditors, and he retired in humble poverty to Hoxton-square, where some of his brethren relieved his necessities till the close of his life, in his ninetieth year, June 8, 1768. As a preacher, though neither what is now called popular, nor pastor of a London congregation, he was occasionally called upon to fill up vacancies, and is said to have acquitted himself with a considerable degree of manly eloquence. He published three or four occasional sermons, besides his tracts against Calvinistical principles, which were answered by Messrs. Morgan, Norman, Bliss, Millar, and Eliot, all, or mostly, Dissenting ministers, and defended in various pamphlets by the author.

DANGEROUS SPECIES OF NETTLE IN THE EAST INDIES.

(Extract of a Letter from a French Naturalist.)

For these two months past I have been in Bengal, and now reside in the Botanic Garden of the East India Company, where the treasures of

Flora are displayed in the greatest profusion. Situated on the bank of the Ganges, and possessing a most fertile soil, this garden is upwards of

two miles in circumference. The inspector, Dr. Wallich, is furnished with all the resources requisite for enriching the garden, and he employs them to the best purpose. There are no fewer than three hundred and forty-five persons belonging to the establishment, in and out of this garden. In all parts of India Dr. Wallich has collectors, who forward to him seeds, as well as living and dried plants. He has a very fine library. Fourteen draughtsmen are constantly and exclusively employed in adding to the collection of coloured drawings of plants, which, for magnitude and beauty, is certainly without a rival. These drawings are of a large size, and very highly finished. Dr. Wallich is at present engaged upon a continuation of Roxburgh's *Flora of the East Indies*; a magnificent work, which will be printed at the missionary press at Serampore.

A few days since I gained, not without great pain and some danger, a piece of experience in regard to vegetable physiology, an account of which will probably interest you.—Among all the species of nettles previously examined, that described by Roxburgh by the name of *Urtica crenulata*, or dentated nettle, is incontestably the most poisonous: it is to be found in the Botanic Garden of Calcutta, whither it was brought from Chittagong, in the eastern part of Bengal. It is a handsome plant, four or five feet high, with alternate, large, pointed leaves, of a beautiful green. The female flowers (which alone I saw, and which only Roxburgh also examined,) are small, whitish, and attached to forked ears, springing from the corners of the leaves. The few small hairs on the

surface of the leaves and round the flower-stalk are scarcely perceptible. As the plant was in blossom, I thought to pick some specimens for my collection, and laid hold of it without any particular precaution, because I had no mistrust. Roxburgh briefly remarks in his description, that the plant stings, and that the pain which it occasions lasts a day or two. The back of the first three fingers of my left hand was lightly brushed by a leaf of the nettle: at first I felt only a slight pricking, of which I took no notice. It was then seven in the morning. The pain gradually increased, and in an hour had become almost intolerable; it felt as if a red-hot iron was drawn backward and forward across my fingers: but what was extraordinary, neither swelling, blister, nor even simple inflammation, supervened. The pain rapidly extended up the arm, as high as the arm-pit. I was then seized with frequent sneezing and a running at the nose, as in a violent cold. About noon I felt a painful contraction at the back part of the lower jaw, which excited in me some apprehension of a locked jaw. I went to bed, in hopes of finding relief from repose; but the pain lasted almost the whole night without intermission, and the contraction of the jaw only had ceased by seven or eight in the evening. The next morning, the pain had greatly abated, so that I was able to get some sleep. For the two succeeding days the pain continued, but in a less degree, and whenever I dipped my hand in water it immediately increased. It kept, however, upon the whole gradually diminishing, but it was the ninth day before it completely left me.

From these symptoms the virulence

of the poison may be inferred. The hairs are so fine as to be scarcely discernible; and such effects cannot possibly be attributed to a merely mechanical excitement, from their having penetrated beneath the epidermis.

When I related the circumstance to Dr. Wallich, he recollected that about a year ago one of his gardeners was stung by the same nettle, and had complained of intolerable pain, which had for a considerable time incapacitated him for work. The doctor then supposed that the man represented the matter a great deal worse than he had occasion to do, and as nothing was to be seen externally, he paid no farther attention to the case. He now sent for this gardener, and from his statement it appeared, that one of his comrades had struck him on both shoulders, but particularly on the lower part of the left arm, with a leaf of the *Urtica crenulata*; after which he was presently seized with the most furious pain, which lasted two days with such violence, that he thought

every moment would be his last. The sneezing, the running at the nose, and the contraction of the lower jaw were equally violent, and lasted several days. Whenever the injured parts were wetted with water, he felt, according to his own expression, as if boiling oil was poured upon them; but yet neither swelling, inflammation, nor fever manifested itself. It was a fortnight before the pain entirely left him.

Another very poisonous species of nettle, the *Urtica stimulans*, grows in Java: its effects are not so severe as those of the *Urtica crenulata*, but they so far resemble them, that the pain is aggravated by the application of water. Another non-descript species, which I have met with on the hills of the Island of Timor, is called *Daoun Satan* (Devil's leaf) by the natives, who are exceedingly afraid of it. I was assured that the sufferings occasioned by its sting last a whole year, and may even prove fatal. I had not myself an opportunity of making any observations on the subject.

TO-MORROW

"Never lives, but never dies."

WE are perpetually talking of *to-morrow*, and yet we are all unacquainted with it, except in the way of procrastination or anticipation; for as my motto says, *to-morrow* "never *lives*, but never dies." Yet the more serious consequences of the so-much-talked-of *to-morrow* arise from the too common evil of procrastination, which is proverbially and properly called "the thief of time." We are all too prone to delay till the morrow what may be done to day; but the inspired writer

of the Book of Proverbs has said, "Boast not thyself of *to-morrow*, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Indeed we do not. The veriest trifle is often of importance enough to overthrow our fondest hopes and our wisest plans; every thing is changing around us, gradually, and often imperceptibly, but surely. As well might we expect the roses of spring to shed their odours on the cold and desolating blasts of winter, or the rich and ripe fruits of summer to hang on their branches

throughout the year, as human life and prosperity to become stationary. The infliction of evil is frequently too sudden for the power or art of man to avert. There needs no thunder from heaven, no convulsion upon earth, to foretel a man's total ruin. He neglects *to-day* to insure his property; in the night, some accidental spark that has fallen bursts into a flame, and his whole stock of goods or furniture is destroyed, and perhaps the savings of years buried with them in one common ruin before another sun arises, when a moment's proper attention might have saved to him the greater part of his loss. The same observation applies to property on shipboard.

Another man neglects to make his will; he means to do it *to-morrow*, and to provide for many who are near and dear to him, but who are not entitled to his property as heirs at law. Sudden death seizes him, and those his heart yearned to succour are left destitute; while his *legal* heirs, who probably did not want it, riot luxuriously on what he has left.

A thousand similar instances might be named, all tending to shew the necessity there is for man to avail himself of *to-day*; and yet it seems almost a part of our nature to look to futurity—I speak now of *this life* only—for happiness:

“Man never is, but always to be blest.”

He builds and collects together during a long and weary life, always looking through the *vista* of his years to a happy repose at last in some favourite cottage or house, which he has spent many years and many hundreds, perhaps thousands, in adorning. Old age creeps upon him; his faculties begin to forsake him one by one: still he goes on; not yet is

the happy morrow in view; one more year and one more thousand lead him on, till he drops into his grave, and leaves all that he has been toiling for to strangers; thus adding one more proof to the number that have been given before, that

“All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Still although every man should do what he has to do *to-day*, and leave nothing that he can possibly avoid till the treacherous *to-morrow*; and though he would never boast himself of his certainty of doing such and such things when it arrives; neither should he grieve, and think it impossible, that because what he earnestly, and perhaps properly, wishes for, does not arrive at the very moment he expected, that the happy moment is never to come which will give it to his longing heart. It may, it will yet be his, if he be always anxious to improve *to-day*, and not idly leave his expectations to chance and *to-morrow*.

The heart which is loaded and overwhelmed with an accumulation of sorrows is apt to despair, and think that its present grief will never experience a change, but that every coming day will be as full of wretchedness and gloom as those that have already passed in misery. This is not right: let such look forward with hope and confidence to an Almighty Protector, who can, and may, lighten their afflictions; for let them remember, that

“—the darkest night, the longest day,
Wait till *to-morrow*, will have pass'd away.”

Hope, man's best companion, whether it be of earth or heaven, should always be predominant in his mind; he should trust to something stronger than his own heart for protection;

and, like the father whose terrors were awakened by a frightful storm in the darkness of midnight, pour forth his feelings in language something like the following :

“ Terror invades my hour of rest,
And dark imaginings unblest :
The fitful tempest fills the air,
And howls an emblem of despair.
Wild round my roof the wind is driv’n,
And seems the angry voice of heav’n :

The casements tremble at the blast,
As the tremendous whirlwind past !
Sleep visits not my aching head,
And safety seems not in my bed !
The viewless pow’r that roars around,
May hurl my dwelling to the ground ;
May bury in its ruins wide
A father and a father’s pride.
But heav’n is good, I will not fear—
Its high protection still is near.
Morning shall come with brilliant beam,
And chase my night-form’d troublous dream.”

J. M. LACEY.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THE PATRON OF THE LAWYERS.

THE *Repository* for August last contained a letter from his Satanic Majesty, which is considered creditable to the powers of his quill. The following anecdote shews that a large and redoubtable body of the inhabitants of Great Britain are under his protection. St. Evona, a lawyer of Brittany, went to Rome to entreat the pope to give the lawyers a patron. The pope replied he knew of no saint not already disposed of to other professions. His holiness proposed, however, to St. Evona, that he should go blindfolded round the church of San Giovanni de Laterano, and after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint he laid hold of should be his patron. This the good old persevering lawyer undertook, and after repeating his Ave Marias, the first stop was at the altar of St. Michael, where, instead of laying hold of the saint, he unfortunately grasped the devil under the saint’s feet, crying out, “This is our saint, let him be our patron!”

WINTER GARB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The winter dress of Charlemagne is thus described by his supposed son-in-law, Eginhard : A doublet of

otter-skins over a cloth tunic, embroidered with silk. On his shoulders a blue cloak, of inferior cloth ; and for stockings, bands of different colours crossed over each other. The ancient Tuscan costume much resembled this, and is nearly allied to the garb of the Scotch Highlanders. There can be little doubt that the cloth worn by Charlemagne was manufactured by his daughters, as he kept them most strictly to spinning wool, and weaving the yarn into webs for his personal use. His figure in strength and stature surpassed all the men of his era, and his mind was capacious beyond all the cotemporary warriors or monarchs. We may add, that his lofty spirit accorded with the magnitude of his external form.

THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

This structure is known to Mussulmans by the name of El Haram, or Excellence. It is composed of the house of God, or Kaaba; the well, Bir Zemmen; the Cobba, or place of Abraham; the places of four orthodox rites; two Cobbas, or temples; an arch, called Bab-es-selem; the wooden staircase which leads to the saloon of the house of God; an immense court, surrounded by a tri-

ple row of arches; two small courts, surrounded with elegant piazzas; nineteen doors; seven towers or minarets, five of which are joined to the edifice, and the others are placed between houses out of the inclosure.

The Kaaba, Beit Allah, or the house of God, is a quadrilateral tower, the sides and angles of which are unequal; so that its plan forms a true trapezium. The size of the edifice, and the black cloth which covers it, make this irregularity disappear, and give it the figure of a perfect square.

The black stone, Hhajera-el-assoud, or heavenly stone, is raised forty-two inches above the surface, and is bordered all around with a large plate of silver, about a foot broad. The part of the stone that is not covered by the silver at the angle is almost a semicircle. The Turks believe this miraculous stone was a transparent hyacinth, brought from heaven to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, as a pledge of his divinity; but being touched by a faithless woman, became black and opaque. In fact, it is a fragment of volcanic basalts, sprinkled throughout its surface with pointed crystals, and varied with red feldspar, upon a black ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish.

CHINESE CANNIBALS.

An ancient manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris gives an account of Arabian navigation to China in the 9th and 10th centuries. The author affirms, that in times of scarcity the Chinese subsisted upon human flesh. They say it was unsafe to go out of doors at night, for fear of being taken and killed for food.

Vol. III. No. XIV.

THE SELF-INVITED GUEST.

The late Duchess of G. was frequently annoyed by the intrusions of a forward young man, whose conduct and manners she considered pernicious to her son, then of strippling age; but the sycophant had so many different ways of recommending himself to the young nobleman, that he met with every encouragement from that quarter, and either did not or would not perceive her grace's disapprobation. A ludicrous expedient of the lady's compelled the intruder to take his folly and presumption to another board.

Three young noblemen and this person were going out to ride, and the duchess followed them to the lower lobby, charging them to remind the grooms to pick the horses' teeth before they were led to water after coursing. Mr. — construed this injunction literally, and when he dismounted, repeated it to the servant who took his hunter. The man stared—Mr. — called aloud to the young lords to refresh their memories on the subject—uncontrollable laughter from their lordships, which soon infected the attendants, could not be withstood. Mr. — departed, and for ever.

CONDESCENSION OF GENIUS.

Garrick, having disappeared from a large company, one of the party went in quest of him, and found the actor, who fixed the admiring attention of thousands, occupied in amusing a negro-boy, by mimicking the manner and gabble of a turkey-cock. The boy, almost convulsed with laughter, recovered a little to exclaim, "O Massa Garrick! you kill me, Massa Garrick!"

Q

ALFIERI.

Alfieri, celebrated as a poet, and as the *friend* of the Countess of Albany, was subject to fits of high-wrought feeling, and abstraction and melancholy. His temper for the day much depended upon his favourite horse. He fed this animal with his own hands, and saw him led out at an early hour. If the equine favourite chanced to neigh, or replied to his caresses with sympathetic pleasure, Alfieri passed the ensuing hours with a brightened spirit; but his sure dejection followed the insensibility of the horse. He often sought relief from mental oppression, by sitting in the churches listening to the solemn chaunt of the monks.

A POISSARDE SILENCED.

Lively as the tropes and figures of Billingsgate eloquence may appear to an English ear, they are faint compared to the flowers of rhetoric with which the Parisian *poissardes* enrich their harangues. Heaven help the unlucky wight who ventures near one of them, after he has offered her a single sou less than she demands for her fish! A smart slap on the chops with the piece that he has underrated is the least he can expect to meet with. Nevertheless, an Englishman lately laid a wager that he would silence one of these harpies; and he succeeded in the following manner: He went with the friend whom he had laid the wager with, to the *halle*, and on being told the price of a piece of salmon, coolly said, "You ask too much for stinking fish." This was enough to make the vender let fly a volley of abuse, which lasted as long as her breath served her. The gentleman stood looking at her with the most provoking indifference;

and when she stopped for a moment to recruit her spirits for a fresh attack, he turned round to his friend, saying, "Did you hear the old Tisiphone?" The woman stared at a name so totally unintelligible to her: "What did he call me?" said she in a whisper to her neighbour at the next stall.—"I am sure, replied the other, "I don't know; I never heard the name before."—"Nor I," replied his antagonist, "and it must be a bad name indeed when neither you nor I know it." The gentleman walked off in triumph with his friend, who was forced to own that the wager was fairly won.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF INSANITY.

When the royal palace at Choisy-le-Roi was pulled down by the mob during the French revolution, they left two pavilions, which formerly served as porters' lodges, standing. These were declared national property, and sold for a trifle. The present owner of them is a woman of an avaricious temper, who, at the time of the present king's restoration, conceived that she should be deprived of her purchase; and the idea turned her brain. A short time proved the fallacy of her fear, but she has never recovered her senses. She lives in one of the pavilions, and whenever she hears a knock at the door, she runs to the window, exclaiming, "You shan't have it: I have bought it and paid for it, and I will die before I will give it up." She goes on in this manner till she has worked herself into a paroxysm of rage. The idea seems to haunt her imagination continually, for whenever she sees a stranger approach, she concludes he is come to dispossess her.

INGENIOUS DEDUCTION.

The Zuyder Zee covers a large portion of ancient West Friesland. Tradition relates that a proprietor of land in the tract thus inundated owed his life and extrication from ruin to his acute reasoning on the phenomenon of a herring being found in the bucket with which his servant-maid drew water from the Zuyder Zee, then an inland lake. He conjectured from this circumstance, that there must be a subterraneous communication between that lake and the ocean, which was likely to be soon enlarged. He sold his land without delay, and a few days after he had removed all his effects, the sea deluged his late property, and the entire tract has ever since been a waste of waters.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A FEMALE EMIGRANT.

In the back settlements of America a poor emigrant was obliged to leave his family, and to take a journey of five days, to make purchases of utensils for husbandry, and to see some persons lately arrived from the mother country. On the night when he was expected to return, two wandering savages, having discovered that the woman and her five children were unprotected, came to the door of her cabin and demanded admittance. Fortunately she had been in the habit of very carefully securing her door and windows: she replied she was ill and unable to rise to open her dwelling, or to offer them hospitality; and her children were too young and weak to draw the bolt. They said in return that they would come down the chimney, for they must have some brandy, which they were sure she could give them. She immediately bethought herself of

making a great smoke with the feathers in her bolster, and in that manner kept out her tormentors till her husband and three of his countrymen arrived, when the Indians, seeing the white men armed with muskets, immediately decamped.

* FASHIONS.

Charles VII. of France is said to have introduced long coats, to hide his ill-shaped legs.

Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence on one of his feet. The fashion of long-pointed shoes led to the extravagance of having the points fastened to the knees with chains of silver or gold.

When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair very short, on account of a wound in his head, it became a prevailing fashion at court; and full-bottomed wigs were contrived to conceal a deformity in the shoulders of the Dauphin of France.

Queen Isabella of Bavaria, conspicuous for gallantry as for the fairness of her complexion, first began to leave the neck and part of the shoulders uncovered.

In the reign of Richard II. Sir John Arundel had for each week a different suit of gold tissue. Elizabeth of France, queen to Philip II. of Spain, never wore a gown twice, but had a new robe for every day.

In the reign of Henry III. of France, the gentlemen could not exist without comfits. When the Duke of Guise was killed at Blois, he was found with a comfit-box in his hand.

Let the declaimers against modern profusion, versatile modes, and excessive refinement of taste, ponder these

facts. How far more respectable are the manly habits of our own times! The general diffusion of knowledge has taught all ranks their appropriate character; and none but a cynic will deny, that, upon the whole, those lessons are practically efficacious. What an encouragement to both sexes to cultivate their higher faculties!

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

The sufferings of those whose works have set the table in a roar are, alas! too well known! Few of these geniuses made a more lamentable end than the gay gallant Farquhar, the author of "The Recruiting Officer," "Beaux Stratagem," &c. &c. A soldier and a gentleman, he died of a broken heart at the early age of thirty, when the following letter to Mr. Wilks was found among his papers:

"Dear Bob,—I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls: look upon them sometimes, and think of him who was to the last moment of his life thine,

"GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Wilks, when the girls became of age, put them out in the world in business, and procured a benefit for each of them, to supply the necessary resources. Farquhar's wife, to whom he was an indulgent husband, notwithstanding she had deceived him by representing herself a woman of large fortune, died in the utmost indigence. One of his daughters was married to an inferior tradesman, and died soon after. The other, in 1764, was living in poverty, without any knowledge of refinement in sentiment or expenses. She seemed to take no pride in her father's fame, and was in every respect fitted to her humble situation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

PIANO-FORTE.

"*The Foresters*," a characteristic *Divertimento for the Piano-forte and Flute (ad lib.) in which is arranged Henry R. Bishop's celebrated Glee, "Foresters, sound the cheerful horn;" dedicated to John Fullerton, Esq. by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

BESIDES an allegretto of considerable extent founded on Mr. Bishop's above-mentioned glee, this divertimento comprises two or three further movements of an analogous character, and all in the same key (E♭); viz. "Daybreak," "Le Reveil," &c. In all these Mr. R. has displayed a sprightly and fertile vein of imagina-

tion, and a chasteness of harmonic treatment, which will ensure the amateur's liking. The whole proceeds with spirit and glee amidst a constant variety of select ideas, and the piece is not above the study of a moderate proficient on the instrument.

A First Dramatic Divertimento from favourite Airs by Rossini, arranged for the Piano-forte by D. Bruguier. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

A Second Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.

A Third Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A Fourth Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A Fifth Ditto, by Ditto. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The pieces comprised in these books are chiefly taken from "Il

Barbiere di Seviglia" and "*Tancredi*," and are as follows:

- In No. 1. "Ecco ridente il cielo."
 — 2. "Tu che i miseri," &c.
 — 3. { "Contro un cuor che accende
 Amore."
 "Il vecchiotto cerca moglie."
 — 4. { "E tu quando tornerai."
 "Di tanti palpiti."
 — 5. { "Traditrice."
 "Amori sceedete."

This selection is satisfactory. The pieces are exhibited nearly in their complete state, without important alterations or additions; and their adaptation to the piano-forte has been very successfully accomplished; inasmuch as the essential features of the compositions have been preserved, without subjecting the performer to much executive labour. The mere instrumental amateur will therefore be pleased with the additional opportunity here afforded him by Mr. B. of enlarging his acquaintance with the works of Rossini. But the tempo ought absolutely to have been marked by the metronome. In dramatic music, more than in any other, it is ten to one that the player should seize the proper time of his own accord.

The Overture to "Maid Marian,"
composed by H. R. Bishop, ar-
ranged as a Duet for the Harp
and Piano-forte, by D. Bruguier.
 Pr. 5s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Our opinion of this overture has been expressed on a former occasion. It is a close imitation of Rossini's manner, but its spirited and full harmonic construction has rendered it a favourite at Covent-Garden Theatre. Mr. B.'s arrangement is calculated to exhibit the composition to advantage. There are also a flute and violoncello part, *ad libitum*.

PIANO-FORTE VARIATIONS.

Second Divertimento Scozzese for

the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the favourite Air of "Donald," composed, and dedicated to Miss Forrester, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)

As this divertimento consists of a theme with variations, preceded by an appropriate introductory movement, we have thought proper to include it in that class of compositions. The variations, four or five in number, are conceived with taste and decided variety of style; and they are carefully written, so as to exhibit the player's powers very advantageously, without exposing them to deterring intricacies; a feature of recommendation which attends most of Mr. Kiallmark's productions.

Variations, a Theme in the Opera "Jean de Paris," with a Grand Introduction by J. Mayseder, arranged for the Piano-forte solo, by Gelinek. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

Variations being the delight of the Abbé Gelinek, he is not content with the many hundreds he has devised himself upon themes innumerable, but he adapts the variations written by others, persuaded no doubt that there cannot be too much of a good thing. In the present case the reverend composer has fallen upon a good thing, and has made a good thing of it. They are Mayseder's variations for the violin (a composition of first-rate merit) on a theme in *Jean de Paris*. The arrangement required no common talents and exertions to adapt that which suits the violin to the powers and character of the piano-forte, and the success of the undertaking is indisputable: but in a work of this description passages must naturally be expected which are not for the sphere of a piano-

forte-player of limited proficiency. In proper hands the variations will yield a rare treat; they are replete with traits of originality and refined taste, and with melodic combinations of singular gracefulness. The introduction, too, is written in a masterly style.

"*Valce Royale*," composed and arranged with *Variations for the Piano-forte or Harp*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

A pretty lightsome dance of three successive parts, upon which Mr. M. has constructed five variations, which, if they are not in the *grand genre* of Mr. Mayseder's above-mentioned labour, possess at all events the merit of being written in a neat, pleasing, and correct style, of being accessible to a large majority of performers, and of bidding fair to yield them entertainment, blended with some good practical exercise.

ORGAN.

Three Voluntaries for the Organ or Piano-forte, composed by Thomas Adams, Organist of St. Paul's, Deptford. Book I. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

We feel great pleasure in expressing our warmest approbation of this publication. It is one of those that do not present themselves every day; that obviously proclaim the care and laudable effort of the author; and one of those, perhaps, that reward him more with the meed of well-earned fame, than with pecuniary profit. In these voluntaries we not only recognise the complete mastery of the instrument, which has long established Mr. A.'s reputation as an organ-player, but find ample evidence of firm and matured theoretical sci-

ence, and of distinguished eminence in the more intricate branches of composition. There are two fugues constructed with consummate art, and in the best style, which may safely challenge competition in this country. Indeed the whole of the work shews a degree of contrapuntal skill and facility, in the acquisition of the possessor of which the congregation of Deptford may take the greater pride, as these qualifications are not often met with at the present day in an equal degree of perfection; particularly when, as in Mr. A.'s case, they are blended with a chasteness of taste and feeling, which, at the same time, knows how to appreciate the charms of good melody.

HARP.

The favourite Airs in the Grand Ballet of "Alfred le Grand," arranged for the Harp, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, and dedicated to Lady Paulet, by N. Ch. Bochsa. Book I. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The airs in this ballet, the composition of which is from the pen of Count Gallenberg, are not all original; but those which have been, partially at least, drawn from other sources, justify the author's choice by their characteristic suitableness for the action of the pantomime. Hence the music met with a most favourable reception at the King's Theatre, where, in point of scenery, dresses, and decorations, nothing was spared to gain the applause which the ballet subsequently commanded from the audience. The music is throughout very interesting; but what pleased us most, was the grand processional march in the second act, which we find in p. 9 of this book.

Mr. Bochs's arrangement, as far as it goes, is good, and not of very difficult execution.

Brilliant Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte on the favourite Themes in "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," with Variations on the admired Air, "Home, sweet home," composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Ladies Paulet, by N. Ch. Bochs. Pr. 6s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Both instruments are fully employed *concertante* in this arrangement; and their respective tasks, especially that of the harp, are not calculated for performers of *mediocre* proficiency. The book contains four or five of the pieces of the opera, in the adaptation of which Mr. B. has not spared either care or talent. The duet is, as the title states, full of effect and brilliancy. There are two variations upon the theme, "Home, sweet home:" one for the harp, the other for the piano-forte; both very fine.

VOCAL.

"Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song," being a Selection of the most beautiful and esteemed vocal Music of all Europe, with English Words. Part VIII. Pr. 6s.—(Gale, Bruton-street, Bond-street.)

Contents: A canzonet of Jackson; one of Haydn's; two short Scotch tunes; Rossini's beautiful quartett, "Mi manca la voce," in *Mosè in Egitto*; two very pretty little German songs by Maurer, and an original song by Mr. Cather. The first half of this selection will probably be less prized than the remainder, owing to the airs being familiar to most amateurs. Rossini's "Mi manca la voce" can hardly be termed a

canon (as it is styled in this book). Each of the four voices, it is true, takes up the same subject successively; but the moment one voice seizes the melody, the companion or companions perform *mere accompaniment*, the chords being gradually filled up, and amplifications introduced in the accompaniment as the singers increase in number. None of the parts therefore have the same melody from beginning to end. The circumstance of all the four voices being represented under the violin cleff, without any directions as to the respective altitudes of voice, is likely to produce perplexity. Suppose four females were to sing this quartett? And really the copy here given implies such allotment of parts.

"Le Départ du Grenadier," Romance Sentimentale, Musique de Blanchard. Pr. 1s.—(Boosey and Co.)

A pretty little ballad, quite in the French style of *vaudeville* composition. The accompaniment is simple enough, and the vocal part, too, is liable to no other difficulty than what may arise from the peculiarity of French prosody, which claims considerable attention from those who wish to give this song its due effect.

"The charmed Bark," a Song from the Tales of Allan Cunningham, sung by Mr. J. O. Atkins at the Nobility's Concerts; the Music composed by J. Macdonald Harris. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

There is great merit in this composition! The design is as follows: First stanza in A minor; second stanza nearly a repetition of the first, but the accompaniment much more active and varied, and some deviation at

the termination; third stanza in A major (partly an imitation of the minor subject), followed by an impressive portion in C major, and finally concluding in A minor.

Our space is too limited for an analysis of all these different portions, although they not only deserve consideration in detail, but would lead to comments highly favourable to the author. Mr. Harris evidently has weighed well the whole bearing and complexion of his text; he has, we might say, dramatized it throughout. But it is not the general conception alone which redounds to his credit; the execution presents ample evidence of good taste, a proper knowledge of the principles of the art, and a mind guided by sound thought and judgment. We hope this production will attract particular notice, sure as we are that its success will only depend upon its being extensively known.

Without wishing to weaken the favourable impression which the above comment may produce, we must observe, that the minor motivo and the fine transition to the relative major key seem to be imitations from the beautiful *preghiera* in Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*.

"*I saw while the earth was at rest;*"
the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Mayer, by H. J. Banister. Price 1s. 6d.—(Printed for the Author, 119, Goswell-street.)

Excepting the symphony, which is liable to objection on the score

of unequal rhythm, this composition is pleasing and satisfactory. The thoughts are not of a new cast, but they are expressive of feeling, and combine into an aggregate of flowing melody. The accompaniment is sufficiently diversified and full, to impart additional interest to the vocal part.

"*Oh! Minstrel, that impressive strain!*" a Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, as sung by Miss Williams of the King's Concerts, composed by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn).

A little ballad susceptible of much the same critical observation as the one preceding. The melody offers no novel feature, but its construction is regular and proper, and altogether calculated to form an agreeable vehicle for the musical expression of the text.

"*Serenely o'er the waters dark,*" or "*Scendi nel piccol legno,*" the celebrated Duet in the Opera "*La Donna del Lago,*" composed by Rossini. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The English words to this sweet duet of Rossini chime in pretty well with the Italian melody: they are stated to be the work of J. H. Cove, Esq. One or two instances of exception, however, present themselves: "over," for instance (p. 5), is scanned *ö-vēr*. The music is given at full length, with a satisfactory adaptation of the accompaniment for the piano-forte, and the Italian text is added to the English.



broad band of fur. We have seen also some trimmed with a *bouillonné* of satin, formed into lozenges by velvet points; and others, the trimming of which consisted of velvet bands cut in various forms.

Bonnets are something larger than last month: beaver is much in favour in walking dress, and so likewise is black Leghorn. We have noticed a good many of these last trimmed only with shaded ribbon. A neat and appropriate walking bonnet is composed of black velvet trimmed with three black satin knots, disposed in a bias direction in front of the crown.

Mantles, lined and trimmed with fur, are now much more generally used than pelisses in carriage dress: the most stylish are composed of either velvet or *gros de Naples*; those of satin having become rather obsolete. They are lined and edged with ermine, chinchilla, or squirrel, and have also a high collar of the same material; but the pelerine is not of fur, but to correspond with the mantle: it is deep, and cut round in large scollops: the mantle is fastened at the throat either by a gold cord and tassel, or else a gold clasp.

Several velvet bonnets worn with these mantles have a band round the bottom of the crown: it is fastened by a gold buckle at the base of a plume of feathers. A new hat has just appeared of a singular but not very becoming shape: the crown is round and low; the brim narrow behind, but broader in front; a strap, about an inch wide, passes under the chin from the right to the left, where it is attached to the crown of the hat by a gold button. A half-garland of Marabouts is placed in a sloping direction round the crown of the hat in front.

Bonnets composed of spotted velvet are also in favour: the brims of these bonnets are adorned with blond lozenges let in round the edge: the brim is long, and a good deal depressed in front: the crown is oval. They are generally adorned with flowers.

Cloth, twilled sarsnet, and *reps* ilk are the materials most in favour in morning dress. Gowns made in the pelisse style are still in estimation; but we have seen lately a new morning dress, which we consider pretty and novel: it is composed of dove-coloured levantine; is made high, but not quite up to the throat: the back is full; the fronts wrap across, and fasten in a bow and ends in the centre of the back. The sleeve is of an easy fulness: the epaulette is composed of bands interlaced, which form demi-lozenges. The skirt is trimmed with a fulness of the same material, confined by points, which turn up, and each is attached by a small satin knot. An apron of a three-quarter length, cut round in points, and finished in the French style with pockets ornamented with satin knots, completes this pretty *jauntee robe de matin*.

Dress gowns are now made wider at the bottom, and more gored than they have lately been: the bodies are still cut square, but rather higher in the bosom than they were during the two last months; the backs are still narrow at the bottom, and they invariably fasten behind. The materials for full dress are the same as last month. Flowers are a great deal worn in trimmings, particularly for ball dresses. One of the prettiest ball dresses that we have seen for some time, has just been submitted to our inspection; it is composed of

pale rose-coloured *tulle* over satin to correspond; it is finished at the bottom of the skirt by a very full satin rouleau, above which is a *bouillonnée* formed into waves by satin rouleaus: bouquets of roses are interspersed in the *bouillonnée*; the upper row is confined by three satin rouleaus, which go in a slanting direction up the front of the dress to the waist, and have bouquets of roses placed on them at regular distances, thus forming a very elegant drapery. The

corsage, cut moderately high and square, has the upper part full, but the fulness is confined by rouleaus placed perpendicularly. Full sleeve, the fulness also confined perpendicularly by rouleaus, and finished by a narrow satin band, which confines it to the arm. *Ceinture* of pink satin, fastened behind in a bow and ends: the latter are ornamented with small acorns composed of pearls.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade costume has varied very little since I wrote last: the principal difference is, that black silk and velvet gowns are more worn; and shawls are partially displaced by long fur tippets, of the palatine form. We see also a good many *manteaux* of velvet, coating, and satin; but the last are not much in vogue. Black bonnets still continue in favour; those of different colours are also fashionable: we see even a few in white satin, adorned with an intermixture of Provence roses and ears of ripe corn. The brims of bonnets are now much longer; some nearly meet under the chin. The fashion of ornamenting the crown *en marmotte* has also been revived.

Barèges is a good deal worn in dinner dress; gowns made of it are in general trimmed with a mixture of gauze and ribbon; the gauze is laid on in a full rouleau, which is interspersed with knots of ribbon: there is only a single row of this trimming, and it is always placed above a broad rouleau of satin; the colour of the dress, the gauze is also of the same

colour as the gown, but the knots of ribbon form a strong contrast—*ponceau* and citron, scarlet and green, olive and rose colour, and various others.

It is particularly in full dress that Parisian taste and invention have been exercised during the last month, on account of the different *fêtes* given in honour of the Duke d'Angouleme. As the *fête de la ville* may be called *par excellence* the *fête* of *fêtes*, I will try to describe to you some of those dresses that were esteemed the most elegant. The Duchess d'Angouleme was dressed in a white lace robe, with festoon flounces of very rich lace looped by *agraffes* of diamonds: the *corsage* was a mixture of white satin and lace, ornamented also with diamonds. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. The Duchess of Berry's dress was *tulle* over white satin: the trimming an intermixture of *tulle*, satin, and pearls. Her head-dress, a half-wreath of diamonds and a superb lace veil. The other ladies were in general richly dressed, and profusely ornamented with jewels. Gowns of gold and silver lama were in great request.

Some of these dresses were trimmed with two rows of embroidery, between which was a row of silver stars. Others had an embroidery surmounted by a row of lozenges let in full. A third trimming was formed of flowers and *entre-deux* of embroidery. A fourth had a very rich and deep border of flowers, much raised in *laine*, and the stalk and foliage embroidered; and a fifth was a double row of raised flowers in *laine*, surmounting flounces disposed in festoons. The bodies of these dresses were some in the *demi-bouillon* style; others were arranged round the bust in drapery; others had the *corsage* disposed in deep plaits in front, and the plaits reversed by pearls or precious stones: there were also some made with a fan stomacher, and likewise a few ornamented with silver straps interlaced.

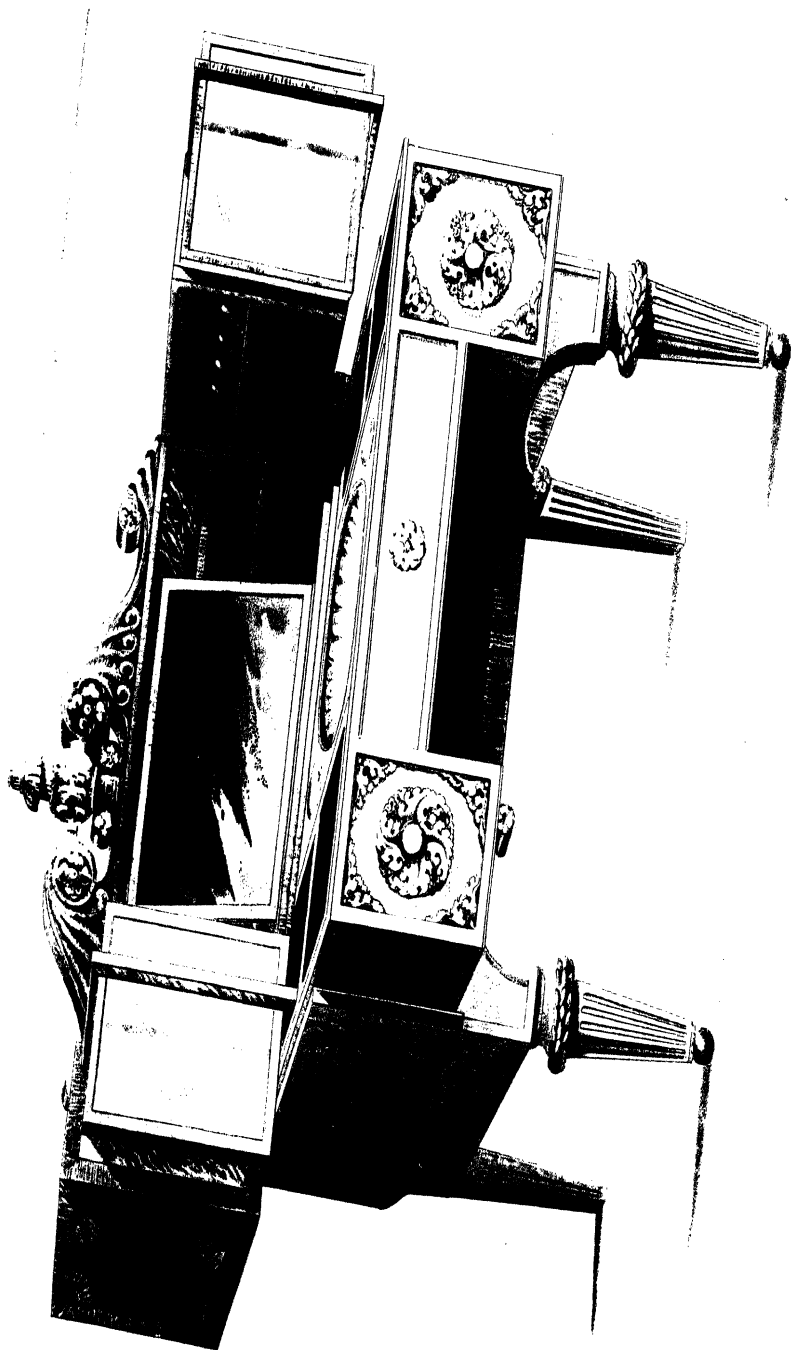
There were also several dresses both in white and coloured *tulle* and crape: many of the latter were made à la *sultane*. This dress is no longer as at first a gown and petticoat: it is now formed by the trimming, which goes up the front of the dress, leaving an opening, which is broad at the bottom, but sloping up to the top, so that the trimming meets at the waist. One of the prettiest of these dresses was in white crape: the trimming consisted of a *bouillonnée* of the same material, partially covered with *pointes* teeth in white satin, edged with pink; there were two rows round the bottom of the dress, and a third row, which formed the *sultane*. The space in the middle was filled by knots of pale pink satin, each formed by a silver star in the centre of the knot. The *corsage*, cut very low, rather square across the bosom, and falling very much off the shoulders, was formed in

front into the shape of a *demi-lozenge* by rouleaus of satin; there are two placed at some distance from each other: in the centre of the waist in front is a satin knot, one on each side of the bosom, one in the middle of each shoulder-strap, and one in the centre of the back.

Some other dancing dresses were trimmed with *bouillonnée* formed by or pearl stars, *bouffants* intermixed with flowers, drapery flounces of *pointe* or *tulle*, looped with flowers or precious stones. There was great in the head-dresses. Several were in *toques*, turbans, or of gold or silver gauze, twisted in the hair; but the greatest number of the *coiffures* were *en cheveux*, either à la *neige* or à l'*Espagnole*; the latter were ornamented with knots of *ponceau* and citron satin, or knots of turquoise blue, with branches of the tree of Judea. Those à la *neige* were adorned with branches of oak-leaves and acorns, either in gold or silver. There were also some beautiful wreaths of lilies in pearls and laurel in emeralds. Among the new articles in jewellery, one of the most remarkable is called the *épingle à la Victoire*, in the form of a hand composed of gold, which holds two crowns of precious stones and pearls, interlaced with a garland of olives and laurel in gold or enamel. I had forgotten in speaking of promenade costume to tell you that our most elegant *reticules* are of blue, green, or cocoa-coloured velvet, in the form of a tulip.

Fashionable colours are, *Trocadéro* (it is a mixture of fire-colour and reddish yellow,) *ponceau*, citron, blue, rose, violet, emerald, slate-colour, and Spanish brown. Adieu! Always your

FUDOCIA.



FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A CABINET DRESSING-CASE.

THE annexed plate represents an elegant cabinet dressing-case: it is formed of fine mahogany, and richly carved. The lower part incloses a drawer, with wash-bason, ewer, &c. complete. The upper part contains three mirrors, in sliding frames and running on centres, with sundry di-

visions and cases for small and large bottles; the whole forming an ornamental and useful piece of furniture, suitable for a dressing or sitting-room. We have been kindly permitted by Mr. Durham to copy this handsome piece of furniture at his manufactory, 26, Catherine-street, Strand.

FINE ARTS.

PANORAMA OF THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

IN the early volumes of the *Repository*, we took occasion to submit to our readers an account of the discoveries previously made and then making by means of the researches undertaken among the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These researches have tended, as well to open to us many new facts connected with the domestic economy of the Romans at the commencement of the Christian era, as to illustrate and confirm by ocular demonstration many circumstances with which we were previously theoretically acquainted. The utility of such knowledge, in a country where the study of the classic writers of antiquity is an essential branch of a liberal education, must be self-evident.

The proprietors of the Panorama in the Strand have therefore, in our opinion, displayed sound judgment in the selection of a subject, the exhibition of which affords to the public an opportunity of participating in the advantages to which we have just adverted. The painting was execut-

ed from a drawing made by Mr. Burford, immediately after the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in November 1822. The remoteness of the excavations from each other rendered it impossible for the artist to combine all the interesting objects in one view: hence he found it necessary to take two views from those points which offer the details to the spectator on a larger scale, and more immediately command the remains of the city. The second of these views will, we understand, be opened shortly to the public in Leicester-square.

It would be the more superfluous to subjoin any remarks on the principal objects which appear in the view now on exhibition, as the printed description with which the visitor may provide himself at the room, furnishes every requisite explanation.

We trust that the proprietors will find their account in this spirited attempt to combine useful information with the amusement of a vacant hour.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN a few weeks will appear, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, by a gentleman who is a native of the scenes he describes. The volume will also con-

tain a Sketch of the Changes in Society and Manners which have occurred in that district during the last half century.

The Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a Cri-

tical Examination of his Writings, by Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, with a portrait by Warren, is nearly ready for publication, in two volumes post 8vo.

Miss Alicia Lefanu is preparing for the press, *Memoirs* of her grandmother, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nourjahad," and "The Discovery," with Biographical Anecdotes of her Family and Contemporaries.

Shortly will be published, the first part (to be continued quarterly) of *The Animal Kingdom*, as arranged conforma-

bly with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier; with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and many not before noticed. The whole of the *Regne Animal* of the above celebrated zoologist will be translated in this undertaking; but the additions will be so considerable as to give it the character of an original work.

A new edition of *Milburn's Oriental Commerce*, or the East-India Trader's Complete Guide, abridged, improved, and brought down to the present time, by Thomas Thornton, is in the press.

Poetry.

A SOLILOQUY ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

O'er delightful, ye transporting scenes,
Ye balmy flowers, and happy village greens;
Ye sunny hills, ye wide-extended plains,
O'er whom (unenvied prince) the shepherd reigns;
Ye echoing woods, ye cultivated fields,
Where bounteous Nature tenfold treasure yields;
Ye smiling meadows, ye enchanting bowers,
Whose varied charms engaged my peaceful hours;
With what regret I see your smiles decay,
As winter spreads the night, and steals the day!
How oft to you my early visits led,
When glistening dews your verdant surface spread!
How oft, transported, viewed each object round,
Whilst music fill'd the air, and flowers the ground!
But swiftly now your boasted glory flies,
Your honours fade, your transient beauty dies.
Now rustling winds supply the gentle breeze,
And sweep the waning foliage of the trees.
The warbling birds unwilling stretch their throats,
And change their bridal strains to funeral notes:
To warmer suns some fleeting wing their way,
As loth to see their late loved home's decay.
Say, to what distant shore shall I retire,
Where rural joys may still my breast inspire?
Or shall I, with my native climate, mourn,
And wait the happier season's wish'd return;
Foretaste the pleasures of approaching spring,
See new-blown flowers, and hear the wood-lark sing?

O Thou, whose wisdom rules the vast profound,
Directs the heavens, and whirls the seasons round,
Look down propitious on my silent hours;
Exalt my soul, and actuate her powers;
Grant me a mind attentive, calm, and free,
And winter brings no gloomy hour to me!
J.

BALLAD.

Foolish lady, foolish lady,
Wherefore all these groans and tears?
Love is dead, and cannot hear you,
For the dust is in his ears.
Sir, I lack no other's reason,
For to tell me why I weep:
If with dust his ears are filled,
Then I shall not break his sleep.
Foolish lady, foolish lady,
Wherefore all these wasting sighs?
Love is dead, and cannot see you,
For the lids are on his eyes.
Sir, I know his eyes are darken'd,
Or their light would shine on me:
If his love he cannot look on,
So am I that look on thee.
Simple woman, simple woman,
You may lie there night and day:
Love is dead, and cannot kiss you,
For his lips are turn'd to clay.
Sir, I know his lips are wither'd,
Or I should not miss their tones:
If his flesh is all consumed,
I was married to his bones!
Blessed lady, blessed lady,
You have taught me how to weep:
Love is dead, and cannot right you,
But his honour I will keep. T. M.



ADVERTISEMENTS for FEBRUARY 1, 1824.

[To be continued Monthly.]

Just published, price 1s. 6d.

THE MOTHER'S MEDICAL POCKET-BOOK:

CONTAINING Advice, Physical and Medical, to Mothers and Nurses, relative to the Rearing of Infants from the hour of Birth: including Practical Observations on the Management of Pregnant and Lying-in Women—Flat and Sore Nipples—Suckling—Swathing and first Dressing the Child—the Use of Cold Water Affusion—Tepid Bath—Exposure of the Head—Air and Cleanliness—the Use of the Cradle—Crying of Children—Diet; with the Signs and Treatment of the most ordinary Diseases to which Children are liable, &c. &c.

By J. S. FORSYTH,
Surgeon-Accoucheur, London.

"We can safely, from what we have seen and compared, pronounce it to be considerably better calculated, than any of the kind extant, for the purpose intended, independent of the novelty of the plan; and we have no doubt it will soon be in the possession of every Mother and Nurse, for whom it is designed. It combines, in well-arranged order, all that is necessary to be known and attended to in the rearing of Infants from the time of birth onwards; with the method of treating the various Complaints to which Children in general are liable, as far as domestic medicine may be trusted to, &c. Neither is the Mother nor the Nurse forgotten — The management of Sore Breasts, with general directions in both capacities, are explicitly laid down for their guidance, &c.—A work of this kind has long been wanted in private families."—*London Medical Magazine*.

London: Published by D. Cox, 12, Nassau-place, Commercial-Road; and Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall-Court.

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IN consequence of the great disappointment many persons have experienced from purchasing inferior TRUSSES, SALMON, ODY, and Co. most respectfully solicit the attention of Medical Gentlemen and the Public to observe, that the TRUE PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSS has "SALMON, ODY, and Co. 292, Strand, London," marked upon the Leather Case, without which they are of the spurious kind. SALMON, ODY, and Co. the INVENTORS and PATENTEES, have made upwards of 50,000 of their PATENT TRUSSES, and still continue to have the recommendations of all the most eminent Surgeons in Town and Country.

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N.B. Persons in the Country are requested to send the circumference of the Body one inch below the Hips.

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REPERTORY OF ARTS FOR APRIL 1823.

(See Article HALL'S PATENT STARCH.)

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I own thy heavenly form is fine;
And fairer face, or finer air,
We seldom see, dear girl, than thine!

But wouldst thou those bright charms improve,
And bloom still lovelier, O my love!
Wouldst thou become still more divine,
Oh! tend that auburn hair of thine!

The flowing ringlets, let them deck
The Pærian whiteness of that neck:
In graceful softness let them fall,
And be my Emma beauty all!

Accept then *this*, and every grace
That decks the Queen of Beauty's smile,
Shall beam round thy angelic face—
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THE most invaluable discoveries are frequently
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FACE, and ARMS a healthy and juvenile bloom;
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DOR, promotes a free exercise of those important
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sant sensation. It removes unpleasant harshness
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it truly comfortable. Patronised by the Princess
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nally, it is the most beneficial preparation of any
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Garden, Holborn, London; and, by Appointment,
by most Perfumers and Medicine-Venders who
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coughs, they are particularly beneficial, as they al-
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ROSE and ACIDULATED ROSE LOZENGES; and
also his ORIENTAL VEGETABLE ANTI-SCORBU-
TIC TOOTH-POWDER, &c. &c.

N. B. To obtain either of the above genuine, be
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serve his name and address on the wrapper or label
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MARCH 1, 1824.

N^o. XV.

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To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We assure our respected Northern Correspondent, that the Legend respecting the Primogenitor of the Clan Mackenzie, shall appear in our next.

The agitation of the question proposed by An Inquirer, could only lead to unpleasant controversy, without producing any benefit.

The Storm and Lines to the Lea shall have a place, if possible, in our next Number.

We fully calculated upon a communication from T. If any has been sent, it has not reached our hands.

If H. P. will favour us with the remainder of the Manuscript, we shall be enabled to give a decisive answer on the subject.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SENJANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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N^o. XV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

ST. LEONARD'S HILL, THE SEAT OF EARL HARCOURT.

THE very fine situation of this elegant abode must be seen to be appreciated. It stands on the brow of a commanding and finely wooded hill, in the immediate vicinity of Windsor Forest, and surrounded by an immense extent of the richest country.

Our View of the House is from the Lawn, shewing in the distance Windsor Castle, which is seen to most advantage from this spot, and forms, with Eton College, a principal feature in this noble scene, which extends across the rich uplands of Buckinghamshire, and embraces Middlesex and Surrey. The house is very irregular in its construction, which is generally the result of frequent additions. The site was formerly occupied by a gamekeeper's lodge only, but it became of suffi-

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ent importance to be fit for the occasional residence of Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who took great delight in retiring for a short time to this beautiful spot, when he was secretary at war. It came into the possession of the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, who added so considerably to the old building as to render it truly comfortable. A colonnade extends from the conservatory in front of the breakfast-room and hall to the main building, forming a pleasing connection, enriched with columns and decorations in the Roman Doric order, which, with its treillage, the variety of plants and flowering shrubs that grace the entrance, and its irregularity of surface, produce an effect in the highest degree elegant, pleas-

ing, and picturesque, as will be perceived on reference to the annexed View.

The pleasure-grounds are beautifully romantic, and the shrubberies tastefully laid out. The entrance to the grounds from the Windsor road is by a very pretty rustic lodge, which displays great taste in its arrangement. Its form is pleasing, and the exterior is covered in a fanciful manner with the bark of trees, while some portion is constructed of the actual stems and unbarked blocks, presenting their rude surface for the support of the jessamine and flowering plants that adorn it.

The Duke of Gloucester, after em-

bellishing the grounds, sold the whole to John Macnamara, Esq. of whom it was purchased in 1783 by the present noble proprietor.

The prevailing opinion is, that St. Leonard's Hill was a Roman encampment; and the discovery of some antique coins, many of Vespasian, Trajan, and the Lower Empire, with some spear-heads, and a curious brass lamp, has considerably strengthened this notion. A field on the demesne, named the Hermit's Field, which some time since contained a well, called the Hermit's Well, corroborates the traditionary saying, that St. Leonard's Hill in former times was the abode of a hermit.

IVER-GROVE,

THE SEAT OF LORD GAMBIER.

THIS house is situated on Shred-dings-Green, in the parish of Iver, between Uxbridge and Windsor. Though small, it is a fine specimen of the taste of Sir John Vanbrugh, whose works, generally speaking, possess an originality, and a picturesque and stately appearance, that are not to be met with in any other master: there is a boldness and a masculine feeling, as exemplified in the present moderate-sized mansion, which is the result of a breadth of parts, always aimed at and observable in this artist's works. Though he had the good fortune to raise many edifices on an extensive scale, they are costly without grandeur, and large without sublimity. The heaviness that pervades the buildings erected by him gave rise to the well-known couplet:

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Still it is generally admitted, that he succeeded more than any other architect in forming a general whole, which, when viewed at a distance, possesses a magnificent and imposing effect. This mainly results from the towering elevations and bold projections in which he so much delighted.

The present specimen, though small, possesses all those characteristics: it was built by Sir John for the widow of Lord Mahon*. The pleasure-grounds and garden are laid out with great taste; the whole exhibiting a snug and comfortable appearance. It was purchased by the present noble proprietor of Mrs. Colborne, relict of F. Colborne, Esq.

* Lord Mahon fought a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, which proved fatal to them both.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. VI.

I HAVE said that Mr. Mortimer's arrival was the signal for our removal from Smith's hotel to the house of a friend of his, Mr. Brown, a merchant, whose family consisted of himself, a wife, two daughters, and a son, with an establishment of three female and two male slaves. We found our host and hostess hospitable, well-disposed people; their daughters showy and rather agreeable girls; and the son quite a coxcomb. Compared with the same class in England, this family was many degrees behindhand in civilization; the extent of the daughters' accomplishments was reading and writing, the latter without much attention either to orthography or grammar, and a very superficial knowledge of music. They had been taught to dance; but their movements bore a greater resemblance to the oscillations of an elephant, than to the elegant motions of a votary of Terpsichore. Of music they knew nothing, and their native "wood-notes wild," as their fond mother termed the sounds which they sometimes emitted, were as unharmonious as can possibly be conceived. Yet they were good-humoured, and less pretending than we found most American women; and they were excellent housewives in one respect: they understood the art of cooking in perfection, though it was but seldom that they exercised it. I should add, that their dress was according to the English mode of two years previous; and I found that the London fashions were followed here by those who set the *ton*, and imitated, at an humble distance, by their inferiors—I beg their par-

don—by those who were not so richly endowed with the gifts of Fortune; for to hint at the possibility of one man or woman being inferior to another in America, is a high misdemeanour. The son, I have already said, was a finished coxcomb; he wore a short nankeen jacket, white jean trowsers and waistcoat, and straw hat; and never stirred out without an immense umbrella, to protect him from the rays of the sun. Indeed in America I soon found an umbrella indispensable, and no gentleman was without one: if the sun shone, it was used by way of parasol; and if it rained, it served as a shelter from the storm. The youth I am alluding to was occupied in his father's counting-house all the morning, and was extremely eager in pursuing the *main chance*: the afternoon he devoted to drinking large tumblers of grog, apple-toddy, or whiskey punch; or in frequenting the taverns, and playing fives, shuffle-board, billiards, or any other of the games of chance or of hazard which were practised at those places of resort. Gaming and drinking, I soon found, were the two great pursuits, next to that of getting money, of the young Americans.

Of Mrs. Brown I can only speak in terms of kindness; she was a very motherly sort of body, and thought she could never do enough to render her guests comfortable. She took care that we should have substantial meals, and that every delicacy of the season should be found upon the table, of which she did the honours in a way that would not have discredited an English lady. The only

drawback on the pleasure we all felt in her society was her inquisitiveness. We had been told that this was a distinguishing feature in the American character; but at the hotel we had experienced very little inconvenience from it. Mrs. Brown, however, was never weary of asking questions; morning, noon, and night, she came with her budget of inquiries, to which we were obliged to find answers; and I believe, before we quitted Baltimore, she was as well acquainted with every incident in our lives as we were ourselves. The daughters had a spice of their mother's disposition; but, to me at least, their cross-examinations were more agreeable than those of Mrs. Brown. What man can be angry when a young and pretty girl takes it into her head to feel interested enough about him, to make his history, conduct, character, and prospects, the subject of her inquiries?

The old gentleman was quite a character. He had been a lieutenant in the revolutionary war, and had imbibed a great dislike to the English: hence, perhaps, arose the friendship between him and Mr. Mortimer, who, both publicly and privately, made no scruple of abusing the land of his birth, and of ascribing the most iniquitous motives to its government. Englishmen he represented as the natural enemies of America; and he could scarcely think any one of them honest, unless he left his country branded with the character of a seditious demagogue or a traitor. With such a man it was not likely I should long agree: but of that hereafter. Mr. Brown would not wear any garment manufactured from English goods, though he gained his livelihood by selling British

manufactures to his countrymen. He was usually habited in a pair of open-trowsers, and a long coat, something like our surtouts, made from a species of cotton cloth of American manufacture; and when he saw his wife and daughters dressed in the silks or linens of England, he would exclaim, "Aye, there they go! What can you expect from the common herd, when the wife and daughters of old John Brown, who was the friend and companion of Putnam, and who shed his blood to establish the independence of his country, must decorate their persons in the fripperies and gewgaws of the unnatural parent, against whose tyranny we were forced to rebel?"—"Well, well, John," the old lady would say, "we must do as our neighbours do; and we are not the worse friends to America because we dress ourselves in the Englishers' goods."—"Aye, father," said the young Brown, "and how should we be able to live if every body was of your opinion? You know as well as I, that all our money is made by selling English manufactures; and I fancy we should drive a dull trade if every American was to take to wearing cloth of domestic make." Here I chimed in. "You should reflect," said I, "that your taxes are chiefly defrayed from the duties on your foreign imports, most of which come from England. If you become a manufacturing nation, the expenses of your local and general governments will require a larger sum to be raised by direct and internal taxation: how would that agree with your habits and predilections?" Here Mr. Mortimer burst out into an invective against all tax-gatherers and those who lived upon their produce; and a warm political dialogue ensued,

which was only put an end to by the mediatorial offices of the ladies:

The internal regulations of the family were not much at variance with those of a substantial shopkeeper in England, but were widely different from that elegance which characterizes the establishments of our English merchants. There was, however, a plenty of every thing, even to superfluity: the table groaned under the viands with which it was covered at the different meals; and a want of hospitality could not be attributed to any member of the family.

Here the marriage between Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mr. Mortimer was celebrated with the Episcopal rites, Mrs. F. being a member of the Church of England. The gentleman received her from my hand; the Misses Brown acted as bridesmaids; and the lovely Misses Fitzherbert were also present at the ceremony. Two days afterwards we left Baltimore for Alexandria, in an American stage. Such a vehicle I had never before seen: it was of the shape of those caravans which travel from town to town in England, and are seen at our fairs, with exhibitions of tumbling, conjuring, wild beasts, &c. The roof was covered with leather; and the sides were of wood for about two feet, and open to the top, except in cold or wet weather; when leather flaps suspended from the top were fastened all around; and the interior

then presented the appearance of a dark and dismal dungeon, which was not, however, impervious either to wind or rain. The seats were placed across, and it was capable of holding from fourteen to sixteen persons, exclusive of the driver, who was seated in front. In this elegant carriage, over roads which presented obstacles at every step, and occasioned such a jolting, that every bone was almost forced from its socket, we travelled to Washington, the capital of the United States. On entering this place, we were struck with the air of desolation which reigned around; and I was about making an exclamation not very flattering to American pride, when the timely recollection, that it might produce an altercation with Mr. Mortimer induced me to be silent. We had had enough of American stage-travelling, and pursued our journey the same day to Alexandria by one of the packets which ply upon the Potowmac between the two places. A few hours' sail brought us to the future home of Mrs. Mortimer; and we were welcomed by her husband with an urbanity and a warmth, that for a time dispelled the prejudices which I could not but entertain in his disfavour.

The evening was spent cheerfully; fatigue sent us early to repose; and I retired, to reflect on the past and form plans for the future.

A RAMBLER.

THE PARTING.

(From "*Recollections of an Eventful Life.*" By a SOLDIER.)

We had been about three months in Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us.

As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was ordered that they should draw lots, to see who should remain. The women of the company to which I belonged

were assembled in the pay-serjeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made with "to go" or "not to go" written on them. They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene. The serjeant stood in the middle with the hat in his hand, the women around him, with their hearts palpitating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward from amongst the crowd in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called was the serjeant's wife—she drew "not to go." It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and her husband. She was not very well liked in the company. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew "to go." This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock-down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat, and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed "to go."—"Old Meg will go yet," said she, "and live

to scald more of you about the fire-side." A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. "She has the devil's luck and her own," said one of them.

The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced with a palpitating heart and trembling hand to decide on (what was to her, I believe,) her future happiness or misery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so, she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony, "Tell me, for God's sake, what it is!"—"Not to go," said he, in a compassionate tone of voice.—"O God, help me! O Sandy!" she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless in the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her, she was soon recovered from her swoon, but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband; when she perceived him, she seized his hand and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. "O Sandy, you'll not leave me and your poor babie,

will you?" The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, who said, "What are ye a' makin' sic a wark about? Let the babie get her greet out! I suppose she thinks there's naebody ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark!"

The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feelings evinced by those concerned. The Irish women in particular were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack, through the rest of that day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

We were to march the next morning early. Most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed

fixed in her mind that they would never use them in that way again, and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common, all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

The regiment fell in, and marched off amid the wailing of those who, having two or three children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated, that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so displeased at their conduct, that, in coming through St. Helier's, he would not allow the band to play.

When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them indeed it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy; but most of them seemed to feel acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. "Oh! dinna, dinna leave me!" she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the serjeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore. "Oh! they'll never be so hard-hearted as to part us!" said she; and running aft to the quarter-deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with her child in her arms. "Oh! will you no let me gang wi' my husband? Will ye tear him frae his wife and his ween? He has

nae frien's but us—nor we ony but him—and, oh! will you mak' us a frien'less? See my wee babie pleadin' for us!"

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favourable to her cause. "Oh! aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him! You have nae wife: but if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darling."—"My good woman," said the officer, "I feel for you much, but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament, and it is totally out of my power to help it."—"Well, well," said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, "it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babie! This day leaves

us frien'less on the wide world."—"God will be your friend," said I, as I took the child from her until she should get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word. "Farewell, then, a last farewell then!" said she to him. "Where's my babie?" she cried. I handed him to her—"Give him a last kiss, Sandy." He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. "Now a's owre! Farewell, Sandy! We'll may-be meet in heaven;" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow, his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that were killed in Portugal. What became of her I have never been able to learn.

HISTORY OF A COQUETTE.

(Concluded from p. 74.)

I CONSOLED myself for the defection of Squire Chase by directing my battery at the heart of Lord Listless, on whom, for some time, I tried all the arts of coquetry in vain; in fact, his lordship was regarded as a man completely invulnerable to every feeling but self-love. Inaccessible, however, as his heart was supposed to be, I at last found a way to it: I praised his taste in dress, consulted him about my toilet, and occasionally gave my opinion as to what colours were most becoming to his complex-

ion. By this means I succeeded at last in making him fancy himself in love with me; and as his rank on the one hand, and his reputed insensibility on the other, made him a very creditable conquest, I enjoyed the delight of leading him about in my chains, which I thought a little management would induce him to wear till I was tired of his homage. Soon after I had secured the peer, chance threw Mr. Doubtall in my way: he was a philosopher on Hobbes' system, and he maintained his opinions with

an obstinacy which piqued me into a desiré of convincing him that pain was not an imaginary evil, and I flatter myself that I completely convinced him of it before I had done with him. It was necessary to make my approaches cautiously, and to attack his heart by a show of deference to his understanding. O Mr. Editor, what fools are philosophers in love! I soon brought my stoic, who professed to regard every thing with indifference, to tremble at my frown; nay, I have actually seen him turn as pale as ashes at my giving a kind look to any body else.

As I considered the conquest of Mr. Doubtall's heart as the most glorious I ever made, I took the greatest delight in exhibiting him as my captive; but in riveting his chains I unluckily loosed those of Lord Listless, who, happening to be present one day at a dispute which I had with his rival on the doctrine of innate ideas, was struck with such horror at hearing me use a Latin quotation, that he abruptly quitted the room, and never could be drawn by any artifice to pay me another visit. As he was at that time the only ostensible pretender to my hand, Mr. Doubtall saw him retreat with great exultation, and seized the occasion to press for my consent to an immediate marriage. I evaded a reply as long as I could, but when I was at last obliged to speak, I told him gravely, that I was really shocked at his making so unphilosophical a proposal; for, thanks to the pains he had taken to enlighten my mind, I was above submitting to so senseless a yoke; and if he meant to preserve my friendship, he must talk no more about it. He tried in a florid ha-

rangue to gain my consent to a more philosophical connection; but I evaded it by declaring, that my object being what the grand object of every rational being ought to be, the promotion of general utility, I could by no means consent to a step which would divert, at least for a time, his energies from their proper source: but as I was determined not to leave him without hope, I added, that when he had succeeded in bringing the greatest part of the nation over to his opinions, I would then join him in setting an example to our converts of a rational union. One might reasonably suppose that such an offer as this would be received by a man of his principles with transport; but instead of that, he flew into a most unphilosophical fury, and as in his passion he made some very severe reflections on my conduct, I answered him with an asperity which brought on a violent quarrel, and we parted.

Being at a ball one evening, soon after I had lost Mr. Doubtall, I observed a young gentleman looking at me earnestly, but with perfect indifference. Surprised and piqued at the cold and scrutinizing air with which he eyed me, I inquired who he was, and was answered, "Oh! it is Sir George Worthy: he is lately come to his title and a very fine estate, which is a monstrous pity, for he is a sad stupid animal; indeed some people think him a Methodist." This last piece of information did not discourage me; I soon contrived to be introduced to Sir George, whom I found a man of sense, taste, and of morals more strict than men of fashion generally are, to which it was owing that he acquired the character of a Methodist. He was extreme-

ly particular in his ideas of women: he had heard that I was a coquette, and that made him treat me with a petrifying politeness, a hundred times more mortifying than rudeness would have been. I saw clearly that my usual weapons would here be useless; he was proof against all the artillery of blushes, looks, and smiles, and there was no enlisting his *amour propre* in my service, for he had no foibles apparently, not even, as I thought, a master passion. In short, any body but myself would have given up the case as a desperate one; but *nil desperandum* was always my motto. I laid down a regular plan of operations, and persisted in them, though for some time without any success: I began by assuming, when in his presence, a thoughtful air at times, soon afterwards I appeared to disregard the attentions of the fops by whom I was surrounded; my dress by degrees became more simple, and though it was in reality never less studied, yet it had an air of easy negligence: with all this, however, I gained very little ground, but chance stood my friend unexpectedly. I had secretly relieved a poor family; the circumstance became known to Sir George, and from that moment he regarded me with a more kindly aspect. This gave me fresh courage; as we grew more intimate, I affected to regret the past, and to be determined on an entire change of character: I made him my Mentor, pretended to consult him on all occasions, and in fine succeeded at last in completely conquering his heart.

But, alas! Mr. Editor, I was in the situation of many others, who work very hard to obtain a treasure, and do not know how to use it properly when they have at last got it.

No sooner was I sure of Sir George, than I began to look back with regret on the number of conquests that I had probably missed making while I was subduing him, and to long for an opportunity of spreading my nets for new admirers. Unfortunately, he informed me that he should be obliged to spend a few weeks in the country; and on the first evening of his absence I accepted an invitation to a fancy ball. It so chanced that he forgot some papers of consequence, and being obliged to return for them, he came to pay me a visit at the very moment that I had finished dressing for the ball. He flew to me with all the impetuosity of love, but stopping short, and surveying me with a look of displeasure, or rather of disgust, said, that as he saw he was evidently not expected, he would not intrude upon me. Stung at this speech, which was plainly levelled at my dress, or rather undress, for to say the truth I was rather fashionably than decently attired, I made a very haughty reply. He quitted the room with a silent bow, and the next morning I received a farewell epistle from him, written in a style which convinced me that all hopes of a reconciliation would be in vain.

His loss cost me the severest pangs I ever felt, and it was a considerable time before I could divert my chagrin by collecting round me again the group of triflers whose homage I had for some time appeared to disdain.

It would fill a volume instead of a letter, Mr. Editor, if I were to recount to you the history of all my achievements in this way; suffice it to say, that although I set out with a positive determination to marry before my power over your sex began

to decline, yet the habit of coquetting carried me on from conquest to conquest, till at last I was roused from the delightful dream of empire, by perceiving, that though I was still toasted, flattered, and admired, yet I was no longer proposed for. In fact, my character was by this time so generally understood, that nobody could be hardy enough to think of making a wife of me. My female acquaintance, who still dreaded, though they affected to despise my power, endeavoured to hasten its downfall by ridiculing me as an old maid, through my own fault. And here, by the way, I must digress a moment to observe, that I don't see there was any fault in the case: I might perhaps justly be accused of miscalculating my resources, or of want of tact in applying them, but to a point-blank charge of folly I never can submit; for surely, if the love of conquest exalts men into heroes, it may with equal justice be said to transform women into heroines. What are the achievements of warriors compared to the conquests of a coquette? Can the instinct which you dignify with the name of courage, that induces you to hazard your own lives and take those of others, merely to acquire what you call glory, be compared to the magnanimity with which we sacrifice our health, our comfort, nay, often the tender ties of love and friendship, in order to extend our conquest, not by spilling blood or devastating provinces, but by subduing the minds of our enemies, and forcing them to bless the hand that loads them with chains? Depend upon it, Mr. Editor, that a successful

coquette is a much more respectable character than any conqueror that ever existed, from Alexander the Great down to Napoleon le Grand. But I forget that I am not writing a vindication of my class, but a history of myself, which I beg leave to conclude by stating the motives which induced me to trouble you with it. In the first place, I think it an injustice to the class, not to give them that prominent place which they deserve among the sisterhood; and in the next, I think my adventures may be of service to the younger members of our class, who have not yet quite reached the verge of old maidenism, by inducing them to reflect in time, whether it may not be better to secure even one loyal and obedient subject in the person of a husband for life, than to risk being left at last in that most degrading of all situations, a deposed toast, deprived of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of empire; no train of admirers in public, no sighing adorers in private, no partners contending for her hand at the ball, no opponents eager to lose their money to her at the card-table. All this, Mr. Editor, I have felt; and I have charity enough to wish to prevent others from feeling it, unless they think they can console themselves with reciting to some humble cousin, or admiring waiting-maid, the long-past glories of those days, in which they shone in all the pride and power of conscious beauty, and broke hearts as easily as they cracked walnuts. I am, sir, your most obedient,

SEMAPHINA.

CHARACTER OF CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU.

NEVER did any one carry dissimulation farther than this minister: when he spoke in council, it was difficult, nay impossible, to tell to which side he inclined, so great was the seeming impartiality with which he weighed the *pros* and *cons*. The condemnation of Bouteville furnishes an example, among many others, of the address with which Richelieu veiled his real sentiments. Duelling, according to the ancient laws of France, was punished with death, but this was a penalty seldom enforced. Bouteville had fought twenty-one duels; twenty-one times he had received his pardon; and, as if in contempt of the lenity shewn him, he again transgressed. He had sought refuge at Brussels, with his cousin Deschappelles. After the commission of his twenty-first offence, the archduchess, who was governess of the Low Countries, solicited his pardon from the King of France, who replied that he could not grant it; but nevertheless for *her sake* he would take care, that if Bouteville entered France he should not be apprehended, provided that he did not appear at Paris, and especially at court. Piqued at this reply, Bouteville had the insolence to boast, that he would return to fight a duel in France, nay, even at the Place Royale in Paris, where the king resided. He had been followed to Brussels by Beuvron, who was anxious to fight him, in order to revenge the death of a friend of his, who had fallen in one of Bouteville's preceding duels. He appointed a meeting with Beuvron at the Place Royale, on the 12th May, 1627. They had neither of them any advantage over the other, but Des-

chappelles, Bouteville's second, killed Bussy d'Amboise, Beuvron's second. Bouteville and Deschappelles took flight immediately, but they were arrested at Vitry le Brûlé, and criminal informations directly filed against them.

Richelieu reported the case in the privy council, and used every argument that could be urged in favour of Bouteville. His birth, the services that his family and himself had done to the state, his bravery and intrepidity; he even found something to say in defence of his insensate passion for duels; in short, it was impossible to defend Bouteville in a more masterly manner than he did: nevertheless, he had previously determined that the rigour of the law should be executed. This fact is proved by the discontent he manifested at the sentence of the Parliament, in which, contrary to the usual custom, Bouteville was honourably spoken of, and only a third of his property confiscated, though the law directed that the whole should be forfeited. When Richelieu saw the sentence, he said, in an angry tone, "It is well to be related to the President de Mesmes." The president was father-in-law of Bouteville.

But the talents of the cardinal appeared to still greater advantage in parrying the blow aimed at him by Marie de Medicis, who, after having made his fortune, became his enemy, and sought to banish him from the court, by accusing him of being the principal author of the troubles with which France was at that time torn. When the council of state met to deliberate on the means of appeasing these troubles, Richelieu would at first

have excused himself from speaking on a subject that might be considered to affect him personally; but being compelled by the king's order to speak, he proposed at some length, and with a great deal of artifice, five measures that might be employed; but having examined each of these in turn, he reduced them to two. One was his own resignation, which he said he would not hesitate to propose, if it could be regarded as a feasible expedient, and one that could be resorted to without difficulty; but he took care to add, that with regard to it there were many things to consider; and he drew such a picture of the evils that might attend his quitting the helm of the state, as to prove very plainly, that the remedy was worse than the disease. He then, with great apparent confusion and timidity, passed to the other expedient, which was the exile of the queen mother. He displayed with great appearance of candour all the evils to which this step also might give rise; but, nevertheless, he ended by proving that it was the only one which could save France from the horrors of civil war.

Constantly surrounded by numerous and powerful enemies, it required all the address and the courage of which Richelieu was master, to baffle their efforts. Even these would have been insufficient to guard a man of principle, but the laxity of Richelieu in that respect is notorious: all means were good to him that were necessary for his safety or aggrandizement. He gave abundant proof of this in the manner in which he dispersed the powerful party raised against him by Gaston, the king's brother, who was at once the most constant and the most terrible of his

enemies. This prince was surrounded by confidants, counsellors, and favourites, who employed themselves without ceasing in plotting against the cardinal. Some of these Richelieu contrived to get banished, others he had arrested and put into the Bastille, and many of those whom he dreaded most, he caused to be condemned to death. While we hate his cruelty and dissimulation, we are forced to respect his courage and presence of mind. He gave a striking proof of these qualities in the manner in which he escaped the snare laid for him by Madame Chevreuse. This lady, who had great influence over Gaston, engaged that prince to go to the Chateau de Fleury, accompanied by several of his friends, to ask for a dinner of the cardinal. As they judged that Richelieu could not refuse the rites of hospitality to the prince, it was settled that the latter should, during the time of dinner, create a quarrel, and during the tumult stab Richelieu.

The cardinal was informed of this plan by the commander of Valançay, and without losing a moment, he hastened to Fontainebleau, where Gaston then was. "Monseigneur," said he, "I am informed of the honour which your royal highness designs me: however charmed I should have been to do the honours of my house to you, I consider it still more expedient to leave your royal highness at liberty to amuse yourself as you please; I have therefore quitted my house, which is entirely at your service."

One may easily imagine how confounded Gaston must have looked. As to the Duchess de Chevreuse, Richelieu took care not to give her any time to devise a fresh plot against

him, for he had her sent immediately into exile; a punishment which was certainly lenient enough for the mischief she meditated. Her fury, when she heard the sentence, passed all bounds; after having inveighed against the cardinal as the cause of all the evils which afflicted the country, she concluded by declaring, that she should still find the means of making him expiate all his crimes by his blood.

Of all the victims whom Richelieu sacrificed to his safety or his ambition, there is not one whose fate moves our sympathy more than that of the Marshal de Marillac, who, as well as his brother, was decidedly attached to the interests of the queen mother and Gaston. Marillac, De la Force, and Schomberg were at that time all three joint commanders of the French army; for, according to the singular custom of those times, they took the command each by turns for a day. Marillac was in daily expectation of hearing of the disgrace of the cardinal, which his brother, who was at court, had assured him would certainly take place very speedily. A king's messenger arrived with dispatches at the moment that the three marshals were going to sit down to dinner. De la Force and Schomberg were already arrived, but Marillac was not yet come. "Let us dine," said De la Force, "and we will afterwards read the dispatches with M. Marillac: it is his day."—Schomberg, more curious, read the dispatch, and finding that it was an order to arrest Marillac, he communicated it to Puysegur: both of them were greatly embarrassed. Marillac had that day the command, and besides his being in general beloved by the troops, he had brought with him

from Champagne 7000 men, who were devoted to him. Schomberg and Puysegur called a council of the captains of the guards, and informed De la Force of the contents of the dispatches. Some moments afterwards Marillac arrived, and ordered the captains of the guards to retire. "No," said Schomberg, "they must remain to assist me to execute the orders of the king."—"Sir," added the Marshal de la Force, "I am your friend, you will not doubt it, and it is as such that I beg you will submit to the will of his majesty without murmuring and with patience: perhaps it will end in nothing." He then shewed him the order.

"Sir," replied Marillac with great dignity and firmness, "it is not permitted to a subject to murmur against his master, nor to say that what his king alleges against him is false. I can with truth protest that I have never done any thing contrary to my allegiance; but the truth is, that my brother and I have always been the servants of the queen mother, against whom and her friends the Cardinal de Richelieu directs his vengeance."

Having obtained permission to see his nephew, colonel of a regiment of infantry, he charged him not to grieve for his fate, but to be always mindful of his last injunction, which was to serve the king faithfully. He begged of him also to tell all the officers of the troops who had accompanied him from Champagne, that if they ever wished to oblige him, and to give him pleasure, it would be by redoubling their zeal and devotion in the service of the king.

These proofs of loyalty and devotion did not, however, save the brave soldier from the fate prepared for him by his wily enemy. He lost his

head upon the scaffold; an act which will always reflect disgrace upon the memory of Richelieu, whose safety might have been secured as well by the banishment as by the death of his victim.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

It may be assumed as a certain fact, that almost every man has, at some period or other of his life, experienced in sleep a consciousness of every action he could have performed when awake. He travels over extended regions; he runs, walks, rides with freedom and agility, and not unfrequently seems endued with new and superior powers; he soars aloft, and is wafted through the air, or gently descending, he glides through the waters, and with such perfect command and security, that when he awakes, he is hardly persuaded it was but a dream. In opposition to these observations it is urged, that exactly similar effects are produced from disease: such is its influence in numberless cases, that the subject seems just as forcibly impressed, as from any ideas that could be received through the medium of the senses. Persons insane will persevere in exercises beyond their usual strength, seeming all the while to entertain no doubt that they are moving in carriages, on horseback, performing military exercises and evolutions, or buried in philosophical experiments. Multitudes of such cases will readily occur; and it is argued, that as the mind, in those examples, is evidently not disengaged from the controul of the body, so neither, in the other, is there any reason to suppose it different; the circumstance of sleep and insensibility being something not unlike disease, a state of suspension of many of the active powers. :

Some philosophers imagine that the mind never remains inert, that successions of ideas incessantly present themselves, and that thought is always employed. With respect, however, to this notion, it may be alleged, that it is highly improbable that dreams, which, according to the supposition, must perpetually occur, should be so seldom and so faintly recollected. To this it may be answered, that the same thing happens when we are awake. Let any person try to recal the whole train of ideas that has passed through his mind during the twelve hours that he has been stirring about in the ordinary business of the day: he will be able to remember particular essential transactions; but if he attempts to recover the mass of ideas that filled his mind for that portion of time, or even only a considerable part of the time, he will find it impracticable labour to trace the connection of his thoughts. The same broken confused assemblage will be perceived even by him who possesses the most retentive memory, as when he first awakes with that imperfect consciousness that is usually termed a dream. Were we to commit to writing, in the minutest manner, every idea our remembrance then suggested, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to collect such a number as would employ one hour to read over.

The popular belief, that dreams are a kind of preternatural admonition, meant to direct our conduct, is a notion extremely dangerous. As

nothing can be more ill-founded, it ought to be strenuously combated. Innumerable reasons might be offered; but it will be sufficient to say, that it is inconsistent with the general design of Providence; it would overturn the principles that regulate society. The benign intention of the Author of nature is in no instance more eminently displayed than in withholding from us the certain knowledge of future events. Were it otherwise constituted, man would be the most miserable of beings; he would become indifferent to every action, and incapable of exertion; overwhelmed with the terrors of impending misfortune, he would endure the misery of criminals awaiting the moment of execution. The proof, unanswerable and decisive, that dreams are not to be considered as prognostics, is, that no example can be produced of their successful effect, either in pointing out means of preventing harm, or facilitating benefit. Certain instances may be alleged, where the conformity of a dream with some subsequent event may have been remarkable; but we may venture to assert, that such discoveries have generally happened after the facts, and that fancy and ingenuity have had the chief share in tracing the resemblance, or finding out the explanation. If it be granted that thought never stops, and that the mind is perpetually employed, the wonder should rather be, that so few cases of similitude have been recorded. If millions of the human species through the whole extent of time have been, during their state of slumber, continually subject to dream, perhaps the calculators of chances would be apt to maintain, that near coincidences have probably

happened much more frequently than they have been either noticed or recollected.

Amongst the various histories of singular dreams and corresponding events, the following seems to merit being rescued from oblivion. Its authenticity will appear from the relation; and a more extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous and accidental circumstances can scarcely be produced or paralleled.

Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public-house in Portlaw, a small hamlet nine or ten miles from Waterford, in Ireland, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain, one of them a small sickly-looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours, next morning. After some time he went out courting with greyhounds, accompanied, amongst others, by one Mr. Browne, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at the above-mentioned green spot on the mountain, and calling to Mr. Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him what had appeared in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought little more about it. Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into the inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen

in his dream. When they had consulted with one another, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from quitting his house and going on with his fellow-traveller. He assured him, that if he would remain with him that day, he would accompany him to Carrick next morning, that being the town to which the travellers were proceeding, and near which the little man's relations lived. He was unwilling and ashamed to tell the cause of his being so solicitous to separate him from his companion; but as he observed that Hickey, which was the name of the little man, seemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him, and that the other had a ferocious bad countenance, the dream still recurred to him. He dreaded that something fatal would happen; and he wished, at all events, to keep them asunder. However, the humane precautions of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield, such was the other's name, prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring that, as they had long travelled together, they should not part, but remain together until he should see Hickey safely arrive at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much dissatisfied when she found that they were gone, and blamed her husband exceedingly for not being peremptory in detaining Hickey.

About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain,

very near the place observed by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterwards, from his own account of the horrid transaction, that as they were getting over a ditch, he struck Hickey on the back part of the head with a stone, and when he fell down into the trench, in consequence of the blow, Caulfield stabbed him several times with a knife, and cut his throat so deeply, that the head was almost severed from the body. He then rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took part of his clothes, and every thing else of value about him, and afterwards proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone, when the body, still warm, was discovered by some labourers who were returning to their work from dinner.

The report of the murder soon reached to Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and instantly recognised the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to dissuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once spoke out their suspicions, that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceased. An immediate search was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford, the second day afterwards. He was brought to trial at the

sizes, and convicted of the fact. It appeared on the trial, amongst other circumstances, that when he arrived at Carrick, he hired a horse, and a boy to conduct him, not by the usual road, but by that which runs on the north side of the river Suir to Waterford, intending to take his passage in the first ship from thence to New-

foundland. The boy took notice of some blood on his shirt, and Caulfield gave him half-a-crown to promise not to speak of it. Rogers proved not only that Hickey was seen last in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new shoes which Hickey wore had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old shoes which he had on at Rogers' house, were upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He described with great exactness every article of their clothes. Caulfield, on the cross examination, shrewdly asked him from the dock, whether it was not very extraordinary, that he who kept a public-house should take such particular notice of the dress of a stranger accidentally calling there? Rogers answered that he had a very particular reason, but was ashamed to mention it: the court and prisoner insisting on his declaring it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of his dream, called upon Mr. Browne, the priest, then in the court, to corroborate his statement, and said that his wife had severely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their house, when he knew that, in the short footway to Carrick, they must necessarily pass by the green spot on the mountain which had appeared in his dream. A number of witnesses came forward, and the proofs were so strong, that the jury, without hesitation, found the prisoner guilty. It was remarked, as a singularity, that he happened to be tried and sentenced by his namesake, Saint George Caulfield, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which office he resigned in the summer of the year 1760*.

* Frederick Caulfield was tried and found guilty at the Waterford assises,

After the sentence, Caulfield confessed the fact. It came out that Hickey had been in the West Indies twenty-two years; but falling into a bad state of health, he was returning to his native country, Ireland, bringing with him some money, which his industry had acquired. The vessel on board which he took his passage was, by stress of weather, driven into Minehead. He there met with Frederick Caulfield, an Irish sailor, who was poor, and much distressed for clothes and common necessities. Hickey, compassionating his poverty, and finding that he was his countryman, relieved his wants, and an intimacy commenced between them. They agreed to go to Ireland together, and it was remarked on their passage, that Caulfield spoke contemptuously, and often said it was a pity that such a puny fellow as Hickey should have money, and he himself be without a shilling. They landed at Waterford, at which place they staid some days, Caulfield being all the time supported by Hickey, who there bought some clothes for him. The assizes being held in the town during that time, it was afterwards recollected that they were both at the court-house, and attended the whole of a trial of a shoemaker, who was convicted for the murder of his wife. But this made no impression on the hardened mind of Caulfield; for the very next day he perpetrated the same crime.

He walked to the gallows with a firm step and undaunted countenance. He spoke to the multitude before the Lord Chief Justice Saint George Caulfield, on July 25, 1759, and executed on Wednesday, the 8th August following.—Vide *The Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1788.

who surrounded him; and in the course of his address, mentioned that he had been bred at a charter-school, from which he was taken as an apprentice-servant by William Izod, Esq. of the county of Kilkenny. From this station he ran away, on being corrected for some faults, and had been absent from Ireland six years. He confessed also, that he intended to murder Hickey on the road between Waterford and Portlaw; but though it was in general not much frequented, yet people at that time

continually coming in sight prevented him.

Being frustrated in all his schemes, the sudden and total disappointment threw him, probably, into an indifference for life. Some tempers are so stubborn and rugged, that nothing can affect them but immediate sensation. If to this be united the greatest ignorance, death to such characters will hardly seem terrible, because they can form no conception of what it is, and still less of the consequences that may follow.

LISBON AND THE PORTUGUESE.

Extracted from Letters written in 1821 and 1822.

(Concluded from p. 81.)

Feb. 1822.

THE Portuguese women are short in stature, almost universally brunettes, and if their faces were not animated by such beautiful eyes, one might boldly assert, that they were rather ordinary than handsome; but he who is not deterred at the first glance by a plain set of features will find in them many qualities to make amends for the latter. Fine hair and teeth, small feet, a majestic gait, vivacity in conversation, readiness at repartee, a *naïveté* in their demeanour, which holds a middle course between a silly or affected prudery and too great freedom, good natural talents, especially for music and dancing; these are qualities which none will deny them, though a stranger has but little opportunity to make himself acquainted with them, unless at places of public resort, where they will probably appear to him in a still more advantageous light. Considering the little intercourse which the female sex, and especially the un-

married portion of it, has with the other, one cannot very often help being astonished at the ease with which they behave themselves. If their conversation revolves around trivial subjects, this is certainly not to be charged to their account, but to that of the men, who know nothing better to entertain them with than *equivoques* and *double-entendres*; and who, either for want of instruction, or because they disbelieve the existence of female virtue, deem this sex far inferior to their own, and consider its improvement as beneath their attention.

Throughout civilized Europe there are not perhaps more unfortunate wives than the women of Portugal. The manner in which matches are made here is not much better than that prevailing in the East. Here also they are regarded rather in the light of slaves than free women. It may be safely asserted, that out of five marriages, scarcely one is the result of real mutual affection. Parents

sell their daughters to the wealthy, and concern themselves very little about the other qualities of a son-in-law: a previous acquaintance of the parties is totally out of the question. It appears that this practice has long existed in Portugal; for the Portuguese legislature has taken it into consideration, and confined the authority of parents within the narrowest limits. If a suitor solicits the hand of a young lady, and the parents refuse their consent, the lover, provided that he has arranged matters with his mistress, may obtain the assistance of justice to remove her from the house; he then places her in a convent, or with some female of his acquaintance, produces evidence before the court that he is able to maintain her, and the church dares not withhold the nuptial benediction, whether the father assent to it or not. I have seen many such instances, and experience teaches that these marriages are in general happier than those which are contracted by parents.

When the sex is treated in such a despotic, mistrustful, and degrading manner as here, it is no wonder that it should seek opportunities of retaliation. While the Portuguese husband scarcely knows conjugal fidelity even by name, his wife makes not the least scruple to risk her reputation. Young females, often by way of pastime, and often too in hopes of being released from parental authority, ogle every man they see, and return the salutations of perfect strangers, totally regardless of the opinion of their neighbours. The language of the hands supplies the place of words. It is quite customary here for a man who has thus exchanged amorous glances with a female, either from an

opposite house or from the street, to send her a *billet-doux*, though he may never have spoken to her in his life; and it is as common for the lady to return an answer, either favourable or otherwise, but in general a promise of marriage is the condition on which she appoints interviews. How many fathers and mothers repent having taught their daughters to read and write, as the forming of clandestine connections is thereby facilitated! With Argus-eyes the mother watches her daughters, when she drives them before her after mass like a row of organ-pipes, for the youngest always goes first, and the rest, be they ever so numerous, follow in rotation singly, never walking two together. While they pick their way with incredible skill, in silk stockings and shoes, through the mud in the streets, and, with downcast looks, seem wholly estranged from earthly thoughts, the young hypocrites will contrive to conceal in their bosoms, or perhaps in their handkerchiefs, the billets, which, in spite of all their mother's vigilance, their innamoratos find means to slip into their hands. Though far from attempting to justify the Portuguese females on the score of these secret connections, still I cannot help admitting, on the other hand, that they have frequently no alternative, if they would not remain all their lives under the paternal roof. Even in company they have no opportunity whatever of conversing with persons of the other sex; for their mothers escort them wherever they go.

Foreigners are not in ill repute with the fair sex at Lisbon; but the Portuguese seldom afford them access to their houses: indeed hospitality is not one of their virtues. The

term *estrangeiro*—foreigner—is frequently used in a somewhat contemptuous signification, as if foreigners were inferior to, or worse than, the natives. A Brazilian, in whose country hospitality is more practised, though the fair sex is kept quite as much secluded, lately expressed his astonishment to me at the answer of a Portuguese, to whose house he had been invited to see a procession pass along. “I thought,” said the Brazilian to his host, “that I should have brought a foreigner with me, but——.” Without suffering him to finish, the other replied: “You did quite right to come without him, for I have several daughters at home.”

The retired life which the fair sex is destined to lead, whether voluntarily or not, has, however, the effect of producing in the majority domestic virtues, which are more rare in the principal cities of Spain; but an ambition to shine is the more conspicuous in the Portuguese ladies, the

fewer opportunities they have of appearing in public. It is inconceivable how many fathers can support the luxury displayed by the female part of their families when they go abroad. Those who are really wealthy are fond of glistening in diamonds; but these are not requisite on all occasions, and a lady of rank is content with its being publicly known that she possesses them. On the other hand, at least one Indian shawl is an article without which a lady who has any pretensions to gentility would feel herself miserable. Among the women the prevailing fashions are the French, among the men the English. Whether the former, upon the whole, dress to advantage, I shall not pretend to decide; though if I were obliged to state my private opinion on that subject, it would be to the contrary. Here, as among all southern nations, the women are too fond of a gaudy variety of colours.

MADALENA, OR THE CONSEQUENCES OF ELOPEMENT.

To our fair readers in early bloom no service more essential can be rendered, than to assist their inexperience in discriminating the motives of their adulators; and we would beg leave to admonish an heiress, before she allows her imagination to be fascinated by the obsequious blandishments of a swain, whose fine person, showy accomplishments, and elegant manners are his sole estate, that she may spare herself a life of hopeless misery, by weighing against romantic credulity this sacred truth—that, in general, no sacrifices are so ill requited as the renunciation of prudence and filial duty, to become the dependent of a spouse, who, most

probably, was aiming at wealth, while he pretended homage to love. A fine fellow in pursuit of affluence as the means of commanding pleasures, and a husband in full possession of the prize, are two characters distinct as a fawning sycophant and a despot. The fate of Madalena Ormond has numerous parallels. Indeed the feelings and habits of a lady cradled and reared amidst opulence and refinement, and those of a man, who, since he could act for himself, has been struggling to support the appearance of a gentleman, must be so intrinsically different, not to say discordant, that manifold causes for dissension may be expected to arise in

their conjugal association. To remove those contrarities and assimilate their tastes, it would be necessary for both to new-mould their long-formed propensities and customs—a task which few indulged girls, or selfish men, will be likely to undertake.

Madalena Ormond was the only child of a plain uneducated pair, who, from small beginnings, by cautious speculation and unremitting frugality, accumulated an immense fortune; and notwithstanding their parsimonious habits, they spared no expense in giving Madalena an education suitable to her pecuniary rights, and to the distinguished endowments of her person and mind. Yet soon after she entered her teens, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond painfully apprehended they had not only lost all points of communion with a creature in every respect so dissimilar, so elevated above them, but that the dashing, fashionable, giddy heiress of all they had amassed with toilsome anxiety, might bestow herself and her property upon some artful pennyless admirer, who pretended to agree in her high-flown notions. To deter Madalena from a foolish marriage would perhaps be out of the power of a father: he could, however, take effectual measures to disappoint the miscreant who should steal her heart, while he designed to *filch* her purse.

Indulged at home, caressed and flattered at school, the aspirings of Madalena's noble nature had been excited only to puerile display; till, in her fifteenth year, she was invited to spend a vacation at the seat of Mr. Burlington, where a younger sister of Lady Susan Burlington also passed some weeks. Lady Jemima Milbourne was three years older

than Madalena Ormond: she perceived in the young heiress a generous and amiable, though misdirected mind, and without appearing to reprove, or to dictate, led her to some perceptions of merit and happiness superior to the ambition of excelling her schoolfellows as a musician, a paintress, a dancer, or to eclipse them in finery. Lady Melbourne was going to the south of France for the recovery of her health, and Lady Jemima saw her young friend no more, until lamentable changes affected her condition. She went home to celebrate her fifteenth birthday, and had been but a short time returned to the seminary at Hampstead, when the particular intimate of her father came to make known the sad tidings, that both her parents had been carried off by a putrid fever; and the contagion was so virulent, that they had forbidden their beloved child to be exposed to it in taking a last farewell. Not to have seen her fond father, her idolizing mother, before they expired, was a severe aggravation of Madalena's loss. Her passions were not violent, but her feelings were susceptible of poignant and profound impressions. Mr. Jessop wished her to accompany him to town for some months; but the governess, Mrs. Gilman, represented to him the danger of infection from the malady which had proved fatal to Mr. and Mrs. Ormond, and which still raged in London; and she assured him of her utmost endeavours to sooth and exhilarate the mind of her charming pupil. Mrs. Gilman literally performed this engagement, and a nephew of her late husband's was the most conspicuous personage in all the musical entertainments, or rural ex-

cussions, intended to amuse the heiress. Captain Gilman was about the age of thirty; and if a faultless form, with the most beautiful features, adorned by insinuating manners and graceful accomplishments, were sure indexes of merit, we might congratulate Madalena on her conquest. He had been educated for the medical profession, and attended a young invalid nobleman on his travels. The constitution of the titled traveller was supposed to have benefited much through Mr. Gilman's prescriptions and assiduous care; but averse to the fatigues that must be endured by a general practitioner, Gilman accepted a commission in the army, and had repeatedly been distinguished in military exploits.

Madalena's grief, composed and inobtrusive, preyed upon her health, and Captain Gilman recommended the most palatable medicaments to restore the lovely roseate of her complexion: he would intrust the ministration of cordials to no other hand; she ascribed her convalescence to his skill and attention, and he had continual access to his fair patient. We shall not deform and debase our pages by enumerating the artifices Gilman employed in making himself necessary to the happiness of an inexperienced girl; it will be enough to say, that the term of mourning for her parents was not half expired, when he convinced her that his prolonged existence depended upon her condescending to accept his nuptial vows. His regiment was under orders for foreign service, and unless his martial ardour should be restrained by calling the angelic Madalena his own, he would, as formerly, volunteer on every post of extreme danger; and since without her life

must be insupportable, he would seek death as the only remedy for his woes. Madalena, weeping, trembling, and overwhelmed by tumultuous emotions of tenderness and apprehension, was enticed by her lover to clope with him, and her destiny was fixed before her guardian, Mr. Jessop, overtook her at Edinburgh.

Gilman was now lord paramount of the heiress: he inquired of Mr. Jessop what allowance she was to have during her minority; and Mr. Jessop produced a duplicate of Mr. Ormond's last will, from which he read: "If my daughter Madalena Ormond shall not marry with the full consent and in presence of her surviving guardian, her income shall be limited to two thousand pounds per annum, to be paid to her quarterly; with an increase of five hundred pounds per annum for each living child born by my said daughter; and all the said sums shall be for her own use and at her disposal. The remaining property, of whatever kind, shall continue under the management of my executors, to accumulate for the child or children of my daughter Madalena Ormond until they are of age."

Gilman's face was in a glow of rage, but he commanded himself to say, "And if my Madalena shall have no children, will she not have a right to dispose of her inheritance?"

Mr. Jessop again read: "If Madalena Ormond, my foresaid daughter, shall die without heirs of her own body, the whole amount of my effects shall be vested in the following institutions: Three-fifths shall be appropriated for storing grain to relieve the poor in times of scarcity; one-fifth shall be paid into the funds of the Guardian Society; and the

other fifth applied to establish cheap libraries, adapted for the lower orders within the city and liberties of London and Westminster. The sagacious friend who advised this bequest has convinced me, that if the rule and direction of low-priced pamphlets belonged to one individual, he might sway the public mind to good or evil; and the regulation of instruments so powerful should not be left to chance, but ordered and controuled by the piety and wisdom of leading members of the community."

Gilman's politeness with difficulty constrained him to forbear interrupting Mr. Jessop. He seized the first pause, to inquire if Mr. Ormond's will restricted his daughter in case she became a widow. Mr. Jessop replied by reading from the duplicate: "If Madalena Ormond becomes a widow, her whole fortune shall revert to her own disposal. One rash marriage seldom fails to provide caveats to prevent a second folly."

Gilman blustered; but Mr. Jessop coolly reminded him, that the paragraph was read in answer to his own queries; and as this mild explanation seemed but to encourage the stormy passions of the benedict, Mr. Jessop shewed him, that a sober citizen, without going further than the Exchange or Temple-Bar to learn how the equipoise between individual dignity and respect to others should be adjusted, was fully competent to assert his manhood, though unaided by the phraseology or graces of high fashion. Madalena, in sorrowful alarm, interposed; but saw with secret anguish that the ceremony of marriage had taken from her the power of moving by a look, or a few words, her arbitrary spouse—a power she had fondly

hoped for ever to retain, and which one little week had, alas! destroyed. Gilman, in a harsh voice, told her he had no time for foolery; he must return to head-quarters with the utmost expedition. This excuse for abruptly leaving Mr. Jessop proved true. They travelled post to head-quarters, and Gilman waited on the commanding officer just as he received the route to Portsmouth for immediate embarkation. On the journey, Gilman apologized to his wife for the irascibility he had shewn, and obtained from her a considerable sum. Mr. Jessop gave her, as due of her usual allowance for pocket-money. At his return to their lodgings, he apprized her of the orders to embark; but mitigated her distress, by a proposal for accompanying him to Portsmouth, where, perhaps, they might be weeks detained by adverse winds, and even the embarkation countermanded.

Alighting at an inn on their way, Mrs. Gilman recognised Lady Melbourne's coach. Lady Jemima Melbourne observed her from a window, hurried down stairs, and warmly embraced her in the lobby; but her ladyship changed countenance when Madalena introduced Captain Gilman as her husband. However, she conducted both to Lady Melbourne, and they were invited by her ladyship to dine with her. While they retired to dress, the countess and her daughter expressed to each other their regrets for Madalena's imprudent marriage, and Lady Melbourne said she was too young and too volatile to have an establishment of her own during Gilman's absence. Her unreasonable fastidious dislike of her father's worthy city friends would expose her to the triumphant artifice

of unsafe acquaintances; her beauty, brilliant manners, and desire for admiration must add to the danger: she would be an agreeable guest at Melbourne Priory, and a residence there might preserve her from enervators. Lady Jemima assented with joy, and the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman put a period to the subject of conversation.

The influence and example of the ladies at Melbourne Priory led Mrs. Gilman to perceive the improprieties and risks attending giddy vivacity, and anxious thoughts about Gilman helped to dispose her for rational consideration. Each day brought a more salutary development of her excellent dispositions and fine understanding; and when Gilman returned from Egypt, deprived of sight by the ophthalmia, she became eyes to the blind; a guide, a support, and agent in business for the helpless; assuaging his impatience, and exerting her varied attainments to amuse his fretful despondency. He recovered the visual faculty; but the birth of a still-born son brought Mrs. Gilman to the verge of the grave. Before her recovery, Gilman purchased the majority of his regiment, and Mrs. Gilman had the pain of observing, that his medical skill was no longer at her service. He left her to the care of physicians and nurses, while he and his cousin, Miss Jervas, rode out together on favourable days, or played chess and read novels, if rain confined them within doors. Miss Jervas was said to be fourteen when she came to visit Mrs. Gilman. Her tall, well-formed figure might be the growth of more years, but her childish simplicity, sportive restlessness, and intemperate gaiety were more

suitable for half her reputed age. In showy attainments she was not deficient; and Mrs. Gilman hoped she could contribute in remedying the glaring defects in her moral and mental education, as Lady Melbourne and her daughter had conferred on herself an inestimable benefit of the same tendency.

The regiment was ordered to Naples, and Gilman seemed to rejoice that in a warmer climate his Madalena's constitution might be renovated. In her presence, but without consulting her, he asked Miss Jervas to accompany them to Italy. The climate of Naples was speedily beneficial to Mrs. Gilman's health; yet, soon after she was able to mix in society, a new and bitter sorrow preyed on her spirits. She saw proofs on proofs that Gilman was more successful in misleading, than she could be in guiding, the unprincipled Miss Jervas to amend her foibles. Though she endeavoured to save the infatuated young creature from utter ruin, and her husband from a criminal entanglement, she uniformly disdained and avoided the prying inquisitiveness of jealousy, nor did one upbraiding look or word provoke Gilman's unkindness. The British troops were ordered to Sicily; and, in a strange place, Madalena suffered contumely and insult in every shape that could assail a wife, who in private scrupulously guarded against contention, and in public studied to throw a veil of decorum over the profligacy, which all her gentle vigilance, all her enduring sweetness could not prevent. Not to think of her wrongs was impossible; but how to think of them, and how to act, she steadfastly submitted to the unappealable in-

junctions of duty. She did not deem Major Gilman's crime an exoneration from conjugal forbearance; but she considered also what was due to herself; and assigning as the cause for seclusion a recurrence of some of the ailments she suffered in England, she averted the degradation of appearing in public with a girl who had forfeited all right to unblemished society. Major Gilman often applied to her for the money she saved in retirement, and never was refused the accommodation; yet her heart was wrung to think that the expenditure would be grossly vicious.

Lady Melbourne employed her interest for promotion to the husband of her favourite, which, with his valour and conduct at the battle of Maida, procured him the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His intellectual superiority, his finished education, insinuating address, and professional renown, made him acceptable in the highest and best informed circles. The plaudits of news-writers in England spread his fame as an officer, and echoed the voice of Sicilian nobles, who extolled his graces, and prided themselves in being reputed his intimates. The ladies sung verses in his praise; and the populace almost worshipped a hero, whose affability, with elegant ease, descended to the very lowest that approached him. Speaking their language with fluency, Colonel Gilman often gained from the too much despised labourer or mendicant intelligence which directed his judgment, and entitled him

to ascendancy in military councils. More than one artist entreated leave to take from his face and person the most perfect models of manly beauty; and in most questions regarding warlike, erudite, or scientific affairs, the opinion of Colonel Gilman was quoted as ulterior authority. But the large and splendid space he filled in the public eye was at home changed to a gloomy *paramo*, frigid, barren, and tempestuous.

The delightful creature in gay parties is not always the most pleasant and endearing master of a family. Colonel Gilman was a tyrant to the best of wives, who raised him to affluence; he was the seducer of a weak-minded, puerile relation; a gambler; the slave of convivial excess, and of all the vices that follow inebriety. The pure heart of Madalena revolted at the most sacred affinity to an audacious libertine, and she dared not ask herself, if she still loved the man she must cease to esteem; but the consciousness of repentance for her ill-advised marriage superseded all further inquiry into her feelings, and she shuddered at the conviction, that the character of her husband was repugnant to all she held dear and venerable in rectitude and religion. In her twentieth year, with all the advantages of beauty and fortune, one rash step had made life to her comfortless and desolate; and her afflictions were of a nature that forbade complaint, or the relief afforded by sympathy.

(To be continued.)

GHOST STORIES.—No. V.

THE DRILLED GOBLINS.

WHEN Lieutenant-General de Pen-
navaire of the Prussian army, who
died in 1799 of a wound which he
had received near Breslau, belonged
to the regiment of cuirassiers, he
had occasion, while in quarters, to

form an acquaintance with a goblin pair. The following authenticated statement of this adventure is the more remarkable, as it proves that spirits cannot wholly divest themselves of earthly propensities.

Early one morning Major de Pen-navaire rang his bell for his valet. It was a considerable time before he answered the summons, and when he did appear, he looked like a man in a high fever. Being asked why he had staid so long, and not come at the first call, he replied, that a Kobold had almost worried him to death. This goblin, according to his account, had, the preceding evening, when he had gone into the garret to fetch a saddle, appeared to him, first large, then small, and with eyes like flames of fire: it had seized him with such violence as if it would have torn him piecemeal, a fact which the black spots on his arms sufficiently attested. He added, that he had indeed tried to defend himself, but against so formidable a being resistance was equally dangerous and unavailing.

Thus far the major, who was a Frenchman by birth, had listened quietly; but, with a smile, he now began in his broken German, the ludicrous effect of which cannot of course be communicated to any translation: "Harkee, Jean, thou art an addle-headed fellow: thy brains are full of Kobolds, or thou art a downright liar. I have never yet met with any goblins in my quarters. Thou must have been in thy cups yesterday, and then dreamt all this stupid stuff."

John. Begging your pardon, sir, I was as sober as your honour always is.

Major. Ha! rogue, hold thy tongue! I do get fuddled too now and then. But proceed with thy story.

John (shewing the black spots on his arms). Look here, sir! Here are proofs that I have not been *dreaming*, but that I have really been tackled by the goblin.

Major. Pooh! nonsense! If there be such a thing as a ghost, it cannot gripe one—a ghost has not flesh and bone—if it can gripe, it must have a body too.

John could not comprehend this reasoning: at any rate he was less disposed to believe it than his senses, which had too painfully convinced him of the existence of a griping goblin. He appealed moreover to the testimony of the coachman, that the garrets of the house were actually haunted. The latter, a courageous fellow, who would not have hesitated at the command of his master to grapple old Beelzebub himself, declared, that it was impossible to question the fact of the house being haunted by goblin, which could at pleasure make itself large or small; adding, that he knew it, but was not afraid of it, since it had never seized and gripped him as it had done his fellow-servant.

At this confirmation the major stormed furiously against his cowardly and superstitious rascals, and swore that "he would not suffer a Kobold which could make itself large or small to remain in his house, but would send it packing to h—ll." He was the more seriously bent on fulfilling this intention, as he learned, to his no small vexation, that the story of his house being haunted had already spread throughout the whole town, and, as is generally the case, had received many wonderful additions.

Accordingly, at an hour when the goblin was accustomed to play its

pranks, the resolute major, without saying a word to any one, but provided with a brace of loaded pistols, repaired to the haunted spot, and actually found what he hoped to encounter. A fearful figure, in white, was cowering in a dark corner behind a chimney. Our hero could distinctly discern only just enough to be satisfied that it was not a human being; because, though seated, it was taller than the flugleman of his company. "Haha!" said he, "this must certainly be Monsieur Kobold! Come forward, Monsieur Kobold!"

The spectre did not think fit to obey the injunction, but the major, to give weight to his command, declared, that unless the figure instantly complied, he would certainly fire. No sooner had the goblin received the second summons coupled with this menace, than, struck by the major's resolute air, it sprung forth from its dark retreat, and endeavoured to escape its disturber by flight. The cry of "Halt! or I'll fire!" soon, however, arrested its steps.—"Now, harkee, Monsieur Kobold, make yourself *grand*!" The gigantic figure accordingly increased its prodigious

dimensions, but not till the impatient major had cried, "If you not make yourself *grand*, I pepper you soundly!"—Of course the next experiment was the making *petit*—and these alternate orders were repeated without intermission. "'Tis a truly comical ghost!" said the major to himself, laughing:—"it can make itself *grand* and *petit*—let's now drill it a bit."

During this exercise the officer fancied that he could perceive another goblin-like shape in the obscure corner, "Halt!" he all at once exclaimed: "where Monsieur Kobold is, there must surely be Madame Koboldine too." The major guessed perfectly right. The Koboldine, enveloped in a white sheet, was likewise obliged to come forward, and as she too understood the art of making herself large and small, she had to go through the same course of discipline as her mate. It was one of the maid-servants who had assumed this disguise, to favour certain private interviews with the major's coachman, the natural consequence of which was, that in due time she presented the world with a little Kobold.

PARISIAN GAMBLING-HOUSE DINNER.

MEN of business commonly imagine that the studious know nothing of life: they regard us as a species of nightingales, who are out of their element unless in solitude and darkness. I must own that I was long of this opinion myself; and it was a real consolation to me to discover, that after all I was not so excessively learned. I have been thoroughly cured of this notion, however, since I have been at Paris. I have convinced myself, that we general geo-

graphers, by means of compass and the stars, find the pathways through the great world with more ease than your men of business with their special map can find the high-roads. Provided with a stock of philosophical knowledge, I contrived, notwithstanding my youth, to avoid all the snares of sharpers, and to withstand the allurements of pleasure. Many of my countrymen who boast of their knowledge of the world have not been so fortunate.

Mr. Corduroy, a rich Manchester manufacturer, of my acquaintance, was one day extolling his *laquai de place*, whom he described as the most honest fellow in the world. I came, heard, and on philosophical grounds concluded that the fellow was a rogue. When a young man, he had assisted in storming the Bastille; during the Revolution, including the imperial reign, he had been successively a coachman, *friseur*, water-carrier, porter, and *commissioinaire*; but since the Restoration he had followed the profession of a lacquey. Though fifty-six years old, he was still brimful of sentimentality. He declared, that the aim of all his exertions was to save so much money as would enable him to retire to the lovely village which gave him birth on the banks of the Loire, that he might there end his days far from the vices and depravity of Paris. He described to my friend all the various species of dissipation to be found in that dissipated capital, in order to warn him against them. He could not in particular depict the gambling-houses and those who frequented them in colours sufficiently black, and deplored the culpable means employed to lead strangers to ruin. He related, among other things, that at one of these establishments there was kept an open table twice a week for strangers, who were there right royally entertained. The magnificence of his description piqued the curiosity of his employer, who expressed a strong desire to dine for once at this decoy-house. The honest lacquey shrugged his shoulders, as a silent intimation of his danger. Next day, however, my friend received a polite invitation to dinner from the directors of the house in

question, inclosing tickets of admission for himself and two others. He requested me to accompany him. About five o'clock in the afternoon we repaired to the *hôtel* in question. With the confidence with which a virtuous man faces villains, I entered the house, that might with greater propriety be termed a palace. But—what a fool is man! and how easily is he dazzled by the grossest delusions!—such was the gravity, the solemnity, the decorum which pervaded this temple of Fortune, that I soon forgot the humour in which I had come, and was thrown for some hours into the greatest embarrassment. I fancied myself at the court of Philip II. and it required the aid of the champagne and other generous wines to restore to me all my self-possession.

We began indeed to feel some qualms in the street before we entered the *hôtel*. The most brilliant equipage, with tall *yägers* behind, drove up, and set down persons decorated with stars and ribbons. We were the only pedestrians. The porter, as we passed his lodge, inquired our business. We replied, that we had come to dinner. The porter smiled, and said, that no dinners were given here. My conductor shewed his tickets, and we were allowed to proceed. We entered an apartment on the ground-floor, where a dozen insolent menials were playing their wanton pranks. Mr. C. asked where the company dined. "Not here," was the reply. We left the place, and went up one pair of stairs, where at length we found the dining-room. My companion inquired of the attendants, who were engaged in laying the table, when dinner would be ready; but the scoundrels gave him

no answer. We went down again to the servants' hall. Being again asked our business, the tickets of admission were once more produced, on which one of these gentry took charge of our hats, and conducted us to the company. On entering, I remarked that several of its members looked gravely at my feet, and I perceived with consternation that I was the only one of the party who appeared in boots. I took a seat at a table on which lay several ultra newspapers, for the purpose of concealing my legs. After conning these journals for some time, a tall portly man, of a majestic figure, which reminded me of the description of Louis XIV. came up to me, and inquired who I was, and what was my pleasure. The chin of this personage was buried in his cravat, which was a bad sign: for those who are engaged in the study of mankind may take it for a rule, that people who muffle up their chins in cravats are to be trusted very little, if at all. I was instantly aware of my ticklish situation, and had the presence of mind to pretend not to understand him. As, however, it was absolutely necessary to give him some answer, I determined to reply in a language which he did not understand. But what language was that to be? The generality of Frenchmen indeed know none but their mother tongue, but gamblers are cosmopolites, they are polyglots. I therefore hastily dished up for him a lingual ragout, compounded of our English *Sir*, the German *Herr*, and the Italian *Signore*. This *olla podrida* produced the desired effect. The grand point namely was, to gain time till my Manchester friend, who had just left the room, should return. At length he

entered, and with pantomimic gestures I gave the inquirer to understand, that this was the man who could furnish satisfactory information concerning me. The portly gentleman—a marquis, as I afterwards learned, who is appointed by the society to which the house belongs, to do the honours of it—then asked my companion, who with several bows explained that he had brought me with him, who he was himself. My friend gave his name. The marquis replied, that he had not the honour of his acquaintance; on which Mr. Corduroy for the third time produced his ticket. The marquis then bade us welcome, and on learning that we were English, observed that he too had once been in London.

We were presently summoned to dinner. During my continental tour I had certainly seen several German courts at table, but I had only a bird's-eye view of them from the gallery. This was the first time that I had actually partaken of so sumptuous an entertainment. Well might it be denominated *royal*. Luckily I was not that day in a sentimental mood, otherwise I should not have been able to taste a morsel. I should have fancied that all these dishes were steeped in blood and tears shed by the despairing wretches and suicides who are daily plundered in the gambling-houses of Paris. I must, however, observe, that the whole party seemed to have excellent appetites, which was a pleasing sign of some remains of virtue; for consummate gamblers and sharpers live, it is well known, like anchorets, and eat and drink sparingly.

At the centre of the oval table was seated the marquis and master of the ceremonies, alike surpassing

all in majesty of person and dignity of demeanour. During the whole repast, his aids-de-camp were incessantly bringing him dispatches of all sizes, from duodecimo to the largest folio, with seals of corresponding dimensions. The marquis opened them, perused them without moving a muscle, and then handed them to a footman who stood behind him. It had the air all around him of a general's head-quarters. I asked my philosophy the meaning of this brisk correspondence. It replied, that these were innocent love-letters which the police exchanged with the marquis; for, be it remarked, the former is on the most friendly terms with the directors of the establishment, and they communicate to each other the result of their anthropological observations. For the rest, the conversation at table was dull enough, and I could not help quizzing the company in my own mind by way of pastime.

Dinner over, and having taken coffee, play began. My Manchester friend whispered me, that we could not certainly have dined any where in such style as we had done under fifty francs, and it would be exceedingly indelicate if one of us at least did not join in the game. I replied, "that if he chose to be delicate I could have no objection, but that I would not play," My companion accordingly took his seat at the table, and carried his delicacy to such a length, that he lost twelve hundred francs. Meanwhile, I had occasion to confirm observations which I had previously made on games of chance. The first is, that the gravity preserved by the keepers of the bank while following their rascally occupation is quite intolerable. They might sport a joke now and then: the

most venomous serpents have at least a beautiful skin. But in fact this provoking gravity is one of the mortal sins in which the innate demon of arrogance speaks most distinctly. Most assuredly, the ancient Roman senators, when the Gauls were before their gates, could not have assumed a more important mien, than a petty clerk in a passport-office puts on when he takes down a description of your person. This importance was always particularly obnoxious to me in bankers and other commercial men. To count and make money, and to calculate the profit, is to be sure a very cheerful business; but there is nothing sublime in it, and I cannot conceive why those gentlemen should assume such a pompous and imposing look. The second reflection which I am accustomed to make at tables where games of chance are played is this: If all the energy and passion, the emotions and exertions, the hopes and fears, the nocturnal vigils, the joys and sorrows, which are annually squandered throughout Europe at the gaming-table; if all these were spared, would they suffice to form a Roman people and a Roman history? But there's the rub! Because every man is born as a Roman, civil society seeks to unromanize him; and therefore we have games of hazard, and novels, and Italian operas, and masquerades, and lotteries, and routs, and attendances, and ceremonies, and the fifteen or twenty articles of dress, which, with salutary loss of time, we have daily to put on and off—therefore are all these things introduced, that the exuberant energies may insensibly evaporate. Fortunately, men have not succeeded in doing that with Nature which they have accomplished with their own kind; otherwise

they would long since have dribbled away the ocean in fountains, and frittered away volcanoes in Chinese fireworks, that they might have no more to apprehend from tempests and lava!

We returned home; I, refreshed in body and mind, but my companion exceedingly out of humour. He related to his honest lacquey what ill-luck he had experienced. This afforded me a fresh occasion for observing what amiable creatures the French are. A pedantic English moralist, who, like this *laquai de place*, had warned my friend to beware of gamblers, would have loaded him with reproaches, had he disregarded this warning, and thereby sustained loss, and would have said, "It serves you right! Why did you not follow my advice?" Our generous lacquey pursued a very different course. At first, after my countryman's recital of his misfortune, he smiled without saying a word, probably calculating in silence the amount of the commission he was to receive from the directors of the gambling-house. He then merely observed, "Don't fret, sir! you will have better luck another time." By way of cheering up his spirits, he related several anecdotes of gamblers, and among others the following: The marquis above-mentioned, formerly an emigrant, and who returned to France a beggar at the Restoration, had the good fortune to marry a rich wife. In one night he lost all he was worth at

play; at length he staked his wife's country-seat against an Englishman, and lost that too. The winner posted away immediately from the gaming-table in the middle of the night to the estate, four leagues distant from Paris, and very early in the morning rang violently at the bell of the house. The dogs barked furiously, and the gardener inquired what was his business at so early an hour. Regardless alike of dogs and men, the intruder proceeded at his leisure to inspect the premises. The gardener at length began to be rude; on which the Englishman seized him by the collar, and tumbled him out of the house, with this valediction: "Go to the d—! I have no occasion for you." The marchioness, roused by the scuffle, ran down stairs in a great fright, half dressed, and inquired of the stranger what was his pleasure. He replied, that he was merely come to take a walk in his park, and at the same time shewed her the paper by which the marquis ceded to him the estate. The unhappy woman died soon afterwards of a broken heart. The directors of the gambling-house, however, behaved very generously to the marquis, as they sometimes do to their victims, and appointed him to do the honours of that house, with a salary of one hundred francs a day.

What effect this story had on the mind of my friend I know not. It was very late: we shook hands and parted.

THE COMPLAINTS OF A HALF-PAY OFFICER.

Or, Was it so Twenty Years ago?

"Oh! the charms of a country town!" I exclaimed as I reclined in my easy chair after dinner. "The

same eternal park-chaise has passed my door at least half-a-dozen times within this half-hour. There must

be a ball in the town. I'll ring and inquire. Betty, what is there going on in the town this evening?"—"La, sir! don't you know? There's a ball given by the officers of the regiment to-night."—"Bless my soul! now I recollect, I had a ticket put into my hand by Captain Clatterheel the other day at the billiard-table, and I dare say it has lain in my great-coat pocket ever since." The pocket was searched, and forth came the ticket. I had not been at an English ball for near twenty years, having been most part of that time on foreign service. I was quite unused to these things, but I was taken by surprise, and half promised the captain; so I resolved to go, if it was only for the novelty of the thing.

Forthwith the black breeches and silk stockings are paraded (the latter being carefully examined by Betty), a waistcoat of superior whiteness selected from my scanty wardrobe, and the whole well aired; for as my Peninsular anecdotes had become stale, and as I had neither wit nor blarney to supply their place, these requisites for a dinner or an evening party had long slumbered in ignoble repose. The nether vestments, as I released them from their confinement, methought, assumed a fresher look than when I last drew them on; and the waistcoat, whose wrinkles had not for so long a period been smoothed by the good face of a rich neighbour, seemed, unconscious of its antique cut, to brighten up at the idea of again appearing in the ranks of fashion. But, alas! their owner did not appear the fresher or the younger for lying by! Time had left its crow's-foot traces on his visage; the autumnal tints of life had already be-

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speckled his head; and his frame could no longer boast the charms of true proportion. The waistcoat and its neighbour required to be slackened ere they could be brought to fit the increased dimensions of my waist, and what were once such intimate friends seemed now quite on distant terms. This breach it required no small effort to restore; for the shirt, not content with displaying the glories of the washtub in the dogs-ears and frill, seemed determined, like an officious go-between, if possible, to perpetuate the unfortunate separation; while, to increase the general discordance, the coat, taking its example from man, and proving its ignoble birth (for it owed its existence to a country Snip), by the airs it assumed, appeared, with a vulgarity truly provincial, to look down with contempt on the more unfashionable companions with which necessity had compelled it to associate. The stockings alone appeared quite at ease; they seemed to light up with superior gloss as they again found themselves at home on that limb which used to set all hearts on fire, and which yet stood forth in all the pride of manly beauty. In a twinkling I am dressed; for, thanks to the present fashion, all the trouble of ornamenting the person is monopolized by the fair sex, or by that non-descript, the dandy, which can be considered as of no sex at all.

Without considering the fashion of my dress, or that I was almost past the age for dancing, I entered the ball-room with the confidence, and, I trust, the air of a gentleman, though not of the modern school, where the Mandarin of a grocer's window is permitted to set the fashion

Y

of a bow. The room was nearly full, but the dancing had not commenced. As all eyes were naturally turned towards the door to criticize and pull to pieces the comers-in, I could not of course escape the notice of the company. Of those who knew me, some recognised me with a slight inclination of the head, others turned their eyes another way, and some tittered and exchanged looks. Those who knew me not I could perceive made interrogatories, in the answers to which I could distinguish the word "only," which magical sound effectually prevented a second look from those eyes which, I could observe, often rested on persons whose sole attractions were a title or a fortune. There is something wonderfully bewitching in rank and riches; for, with all my philosophy, I confess I never heard that a man had ten thousand a year or a title without taking a second look at him. I leave those with more reflection than myself to account for this feeling. The striking up of a quadrille announced the preparation for the dance. As I used to be esteemed a good dancer, and had once figured in the native country of the quadrille, I thought myself privileged to stand up. There was a time when I generally selected the plainest partner in the room. Whether this proceeded from vanity in shewing the contrast between their deformity and my handsome person, or whether it arose from a feeling of pity springing from a naturally kind disposition, or whether a mixture of both these causes might have influenced me, I leave others to guess. Now, however, I found the case altered. I felt a desire to dance with the prettiest and most distinguished partner in

the room. Can twenty years have made ~~this~~ revolution in my inclinations? I began, therefore, at the tip-top of beauty and fashion, and descended in a regular ratio till I reached that term of the series when I thought I ought to stop. But all were engaged, and for the whole night. Time was when I did not find the ladies so deeply engaged. Can twenty years have made such a difference? This reflection was followed by a sudden rising in my throat, but I gulped it down with a sigh. "*N'importe!* I will not dance, I will observe." My eyes were naturally attracted to a handsome couple, who danced extremely well. I expected to find all the optics in the same direction as my own; but, ho! they were pointed towards a pair who were excessively plain, and danced most abominably. Surely, thought I, they are looking at these people, and wondering how they can make such fools of themselves; for what else can make them turn from beauty and grace to deformity and awkwardness? A whisper from a brother *démiesolde* told me the cause. The couple I admired were poor "airy nothings," with scarce "a local habitation or a name," for they had neither possessions nor rank. They were in fact, according to the modern phraseology, *nobodys*. The others were good solid *somebodies*, whom every one knew, pretended to know, or wished to know, and possessing "local habitations" of no mean value or extent, and names of high sound and import. "But that very fat lady," said I, "who dances with such agility, and attracts so much notice, surely she is *somebody* of consequence?"—"You are mistaken," said my friend; "she is the least *body* in the room. They

are only quizzing her. Indeed, notwithstanding her apparent great size, so diminutive a body is she, that yonder dandy cannot see her without using his magnifying glass." Have twenty years, thought I, raised up this distinction between *somebody* and *nobody*?

The regiment which gave the ball had been at Waterloo. Medals in abundance depended from the button-holes of the officers. A stripling, who had never seen a shot fired till that day, and of course none since, wore one dangling at his breast. I had served through the whole Peninsular war; I had been thrice wounded; I had my constitution shattered, and was still only a half-pay captain, without any badge of distinction or merit. Without wishing to detract from the glory of the gallant army which achieved the downfall of the tyrant, I confess I felt mortified and dissatisfied, I might almost say disgusted. Here again I felt a rising in my throat, but I gulped it down as well as I could.

From such unpleasant reflections, I sought relief in the eyes of the fair. But, alas! those eyes shone not for me! I never encountered them, but they turned away, as if they scorned to waste their beams on such an object as a poor half-pay officer. I began to feel that I too was *nobody*. I then turned to examine the countenances of the fair, which I could the better do, as the sentinels, the eyes, were off their post. I could there perceive exultation, pride, hope, and occasionally a glimpse of joy, but it was the joy of triumph. I could see abundance of envy, mortification, and disappointment, mostly skinned over by a smile. But, except in the beam-
ing eyes of a mother as they follow-

ed a daughter through the mazes of the dance, I could no where see happiness or satisfaction. I thought I recollected that a ball-room was the very focus of pleasure; at least, my youthful anticipations had often told me so, and I stopped not to consider whether they had been realized. Is often the world so changed within twenty years? thought I. Here I must do my own sex the justice to say, that a better feeling seemed to animate them. There was among them, to be sure, abundance of vanity and affectation, but few of those angry feelings which I observed to ruffle the bosoms of the softer sex. A little reflection told me the cause of this difference. Man's scene of action lies not in a ball-room. In general, he attends it merely as a pastime; but woman has more serious business there. It is the arena wherein she tries her strength, and where her fate in life is but too often decided. If outdone in public, where shall she shine? Even that solace from the scoffs of the world, a home of her own, is often from this very cause denied her: for how few, unless favoured by Fortune, can hope, without passing with some degree of *éclat* through the ordeal of public opinion, to obtain the object of their ambition, a husband!

Next to the quadrille came the English country-dance, in modern language ycleped kitchen-dance, still kept up in country-towns for the accommodation of those who cannot dance quadrilles. A bride led down. She was in all the bloom of youth and beauty. It was evident that a deeper tint than usual suffused her cheek, and this was rendered still more apparent by the contrast of her dress. Yet no eyes but mine follow-

ed her as she sought her way modestly but gracefully down the scarce open ranks. On the contrary, I observed envious tosses of the head, aversion of the eyes, &c. among the females, and even some unpoliteness on the part of the males in blocking up the way. I endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this. She was the apothecary's daughter, or, in other words, she was *nobody*. The couple that followed were not so treated; they were *somebodies*. Said I to myself, Was it so twenty years ago? I felt a sudden glow of indignation, followed by a shivering of disgust. I retired hastily to my humble dwelling (where, come what will, I am *somebody*); and with a glass of grog and a cegar, sat down to meditate on the scene I had just quitted. The result of my cogitations was, that what I conceived to be an alteration in the world within twenty years, was in fact caused by viewing the same objects through a different medium;

that Mammon always was, and always will be, worshipped to the end of the chapter; that when I first entered the world, being young, handsome, and with good expectations, I experienced no neglect in my own person; that being then gay, thoughtless, and occupied with myself or some other admired object, I took but little notice of what happened to others; that being now comparatively old, and, of course, no longer handsome, with prospects blasted, and, of course, poor, I am become an object of indifference, if not of scorn, to the world; and that, under the influence of disappointment and disgust, I may perhaps view the practice and customs of society with a jaundiced eye. I retired to bed, dreamt of the vanities of human life, of Solomon, Socrates, Seneca, &c. &c. and rose in the morning, though only ten hours older, full ten years wiser than I was the night before.

B.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. X.

THE STRANGER GRAVE, OR MACKILDONICH AND THE SON OF ALPIN.

THE following fragment represents the vivid and unalterable sentiment of predilection for clinging to their own people in life and in death, which so firmly united the individual attachments of the Gael with the prosperity of their clan. A Macgregor, mortally wounded, escaped from the battle of Methven; and being pursued by a host of foes, retreated towards Glenorchy. He expired in a miserable hovel, and his body being found, was inhumed far from the graves of his fathers. His ghost is supposed to appear beside the bed

of heath where reposed his sworn friend, a Macgregor, with the patronymic Mackildonich. Breaking the temporary rest of the living, the dead bewails the estrangement of his mortal remains from the dust of his clan. Mackildonich removes the bones to the cemetery of his forefathers, and the troubled spirit retires to "his airy cave of peace." The ghost is supposed to say:

"Sweetly slumbers Mackildonich; while low, among the dust of strangers, lies Macgregor of the race of kings. No friend, no kinsman bends

over his unheeded grave. His dwelling is dark and lonely. The dry whistling grass and shaggy heath are the sole companions of mouldering limbs that hewed down ranks of the valiant in battle, and hung up to feed the eagles a host of the foes of Clan Alpin. Pale glimmers the silent moon over the unheaped cairn, where no son of Alpin ever made his narrow house; but he, that restless spirit, still hovers in the clouds of his own land. The blast of the forest drives fiercely; and as drops from the stern rock the living stream, the tears of a gloomy shade pour down for his own people, when he sails through the mist of a land of strangers. His people live among

their own woody hills, or they die and are mingled with the dust of their own tribe; but he that is scattered to the earth of strangers, is rootless as a withered leaf tossed by angry gales."

Faintly over the wild vanished the mighty beam of renown. Mackil-donich bore the warrior to the graves of his fathers of old, and in peace he lies in their earth. The nettle gray waves near, and the yew of battle is green at his head. The brave, the sons of the brave, stand around; they have piled his cairn to the skies. The cairn rises moon by moon, and heroes stand around, recalling the voice of his fame.

B. G.

NOBLE EXERCISE OF THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

MADAME DE SENEТАIRE, the widow of the heroic Guy d'Exupiris, retired to her castle of Miramont, determined to pass in retirement the first year of her widowhood; but, superior to prudery, and sanctioned by the company of an aged lady, her aunt, she did not decline visits from the families of suitable rank in its vicinity. After some months, several young gentlemen paid her avowed homage. She was one day in the balcony of her castle with a crowd of admirers, when she saw Mentail, the king's lieutenant, dragging to prison a number of Hugonots. Her eyes were filled with tears; but soon recollecting that briny torrents of compassion could be of no avail to the sufferers, and turning to the *preux chevaliers* of her circle, she said, "You have often complained that I give you no opportunity to prove your desire to serve me. If you are sincere, you will permit me to lead you to the de-

liverance of those victims. 'Tis true we are Catholics; these unhappy men differ from us in religious tenets, but they are our fellow-beings. It is for us to consider what they suffer, not what they believe." The nobles, thus called upon by all-persuasive beauty, never thought of deliberating.

They were soon accoutred, and the widow, equipped as an Amazon, was the first to mount her milk-white charger. Her golden-hilted brand gleamed in the sun, waving her followers to spur their steeds against Mentail. His troops were dispersed, and the captives set free. Enraged that a band led by a woman should compel him to resign his prey, Mentail collected a force of two thousand men to besiege the castle of Miramont. He was again defeated. Henry III. violently incensed by the disgrace of his officer, sent a chosen detachment of troops, with orders to

raze the castle of Miramont to the ground. When this news spread through the province, the nobility, gentry, and peasantry confederated to assist Madame de Senetaire, who was universally beloved. Henry, being apprized of the associations for

her defence, coolly reflected upon the hazard of embroiling his subjects for an unmanly vengeance against a woman, whose offence originated in humanity, the loveliest charm of her sex. He withdrew his squadrons, and the lady remained unmolested.

TIMBER-RAFTS ON THE RHINE.

THE most important branch of trade carried on at Dordrecht is that in timber, which is floated down the Rhine. The arrival of such a float affords an extraordinary and interesting sight to the stranger. Let the reader figure to himself, in the middle of a wide river, a raft composed of thousands of trunks of trees, large and small, and among them oaks which have attained the age of two hundred years, fastened together, and covered with a floor so as to present one level surface. Let him imagine this floating island inhabited, not by a handful of men who work it down the river by means of wind and tide, but by upwards of a thousand persons, having each their respective occupation. This enormous naval caravan is supplied with all sorts of provisions requisite for a passage of some weeks, and the duration of which is always uncertain. The captain and his family have a habitation commodiously arranged, and suitable to his rank and functions; while several other apartments, formed of deal planks, contain a greater or less number of the other persons. These

apartments are contrived with reference to their employments, in which the fair sex bears its part; and every possible provision is made for the general safety, especially in case of storms. As soon as this floating caravan has reached the place of its destination, the raft is taken to pieces and the timber sold. Some of these rafts sell for not less than 30,000*l.* sterling. The captain, who is generally commissioned to dispose of the timber, is of course detained some time, but his people immediately set out on their return on foot, in high spirits, and buoyed with the hopes of soon obtaining another job.

The consumption of provisions on board one of these rafts during the voyage from Cologne to Dordrecht is from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, forty to fifty thousand of bread, ten to fifteen thousand of cheese, twelve to fifteen hundred of butter, eight hundred or a thousand of smoked meat, and five or six hundred casks of strong beer. The wages of each man is about thirty shillings, besides his keep.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

FONTENELLE.

FONTENELLE was an admirable instance of literary longevity. In the

year 1751, after he had attained the age of ninety-two, he conspicuously sparkled among the *beaux-esprits* of

Paris. His attentions to the fair were enhanced by the vivacious gallantry of juvenile manners, and he often complimented them by repeating his own poetry, or extracts from other writers, with a fluency and precision which shewed that his memory was unimpaired.

ORACULAR SAYING OF THOMAS DE RYMER.

(From the *Inverness Courier*.)

What Gael is unacquainted with the oracular saying of Thomas de Rymer? or has not heard many of various interpretations assigned to his warning words, "When the cock of the north has feathered his nest, let the eagles of the isles whet their beaks and talons?" In former times, the growing power of the Gordon chief was supposed to occasion this premonition of the sage; but some of our rustic politicians have lately discovered, that the Emperor of Russia was denounced by Thomas de Rymer as *the cock of the north*, whose acquisitions should excite vigilance in the eagles, or the chiefs or rulers of the isles, the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

ELASTICITY OF THE FLEA.

A flea will spring two hundred times as high as itself. This astonishing power it derives solely from the peculiarly elastic structure of its members. Supposing a greyhound three feet long could spring in proportion as far as a flea, he would encompass the globe in 219,642 leaps. If he took one second to each leap, he would complete the journey in a few seconds more than two days and a half; but allowing fifteen seconds to each, it would take him $38\frac{1}{2}$ days.

HUMAN STATURE.

Mr. Hennan, of the French Academy, wrote an elaborate dissertation, to prove that our primogenitor Adam measured 123 feet, and Eve 118 feet, and that the human stature was by slow degrees diminishing. According to this hypothesis, the Esquimaux and other nations of the lowest stature must be the aborigines of the globe.

BRITISH CEDARS.

The power of cultivation appears in a remarkable manner, from the fact that Great Britain now contains more cedars than the country to which that wood is indigenous. The durability of that species of wood has been established by the fact, that on the discovery of a temple of Apollo at Utica, near Carthage, cedar timber was found in perfect preservation, though above two thousand years old.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

The vast block of stone, weighing more than 1339 tons, which now forms a statue of Peter the Great of Russia, was conveyed to Petersburg, a distance of two hundred and eighty-three miles, upon thirty-two brass balls of five inches diameter, on moveable hollow railways, of the same composition as the balls, by sixty-four men working two capstans.

ETIQUETTE OF FLORENCE.

So late as the year 1786, the etiquette of the court of Florence required the noblemen to courtesy to the grand-duke and duchess. Only foreigners, in consideration of ignorance, were permitted to bow.

TURKISH MANUFACTURES.

The Turks have no manufactures that can be styled peculiarly their own; but in making tobacco-pipes they excel other nations. Their dyers are eminent for the brilliancy of their colours, and there is one tint unequalled by any country. It resembles the scarlet extracted from cochineal, but is richer. Tradition tells, that the soldiers of the Cross taught the Gael to prepare a beautiful and indelible scarlet from a small yellow-flowered wild plant, called suku or red: perhaps it bears some affinity to the Turkish dye. At their turning-lathe the Turks employ their toes to guide the chisel, and they shew a diverting dexterity in those pedipulations.

DR. FORDYCE.

The late Rev. Dr. James Fordyce married a lady, whose paternal name was Cummyng. The description given of this marriage in a Memoir of her just published is amusing. Miss Cummyng had petitioned for a delay, out of which it was determined to surprise her. She was told that a party was expected in the evening. The guests were each saluted with an appropriate compliment; and the whole party appeared to be entirely at their ease, except that Miss Cummyng felt a beating at her heart, which she could neither define nor understand. She observed that the dress of her Cicero was as gay as the sober costume of a Scotch kirk minister would admit: his habit was entirely new, and he wore light grey silk stockings; gold shoe, knee, and stock buckles; and his full-curved wig was newly and becomingly arranged. A smile of chastened pleasure irradiated his serene counte-

nance, while an attempered joy shone in his fine expressive eye. Sir William Fordyce looked as he felt, delighted; the ladies were on their feet, when the doctor, calm and collected, approached Miss Cummyng, and said,

Best beloved, my Henrietta, our wishes are sanctified: fear nothing!" He took her hand; she grew very pale, trembled, and the tears started into her eyes. "Sister," said Sir William, taking her other hand, and with gentle force raising her from her chair, "all here unite to make you happy; and you are above affectionation." She was led to the chapel belonging to the mansion. It was lighted up and prepared for the solemn occasion. The mysteries of the day were at an end; the bride resumed herself; and every one knelt devoutly round the altar. The Dean of —, who had been engaged to perform the ceremony, began, and continued to pronounce the words with impressive solemnity, till the doctor had to say, "With my body I thee worship," when he substituted the words, "With my body I *then* honour." The dean repeated "*worship*;" the doctor repeated "*honour*." Three times the dean reiterated "*worship*;" and as often the doctor, in a voice which inspired awe, repeated "*honour*." The dignitary paused; a momentary red suffused his cheek, but he proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded.

WHITE MOURNING.

So late as the time of Henry III. of France, the dowager queens of that country were styled *reines blanches*, from the white mourning which they were used to wear. "Henry," says L'Etoile in his Journal, "went to salute the white queen." That queen

was Elizabeth of Austria, widow of Charles IX.

TALIESIN.

Talesin, the Welch bard, was a foundling. He was discovered, like Moses, a *castaway* on the waters, in a weir on the coast of Merionethshire. The infant bard was wrapped in a leathern wallet.

TUDOR VAUGHAN AP GRONO

Was a worthy of the brilliant era of Edward III. Without any title of hereditary or legal origin, he assumed the style of Sir Tudor ap Grono. The king, being informed of this presumption, sent for the eccentric self-derived knight, and demanded of him by what power he assumed a prerogative which belonged only to royalty. The Welchman replied, that "he preserved that right in virtue of the laws of King Arthur. In the first place, he was a gentleman; secondly, he had a large estate; thirdly, he was valiant and resolute; and if any man," he continued, "shall doubt my valour, I throw down my glove in test of courage, and stand

ready to encounter the gainsayer." The king was charmed by this intrepid defiance, and immediately confirmed the assumed honours. Henry VII. was descended from this illustrious knight, being the son of Edmund Earl of Richmond, son of Sir Owen Tudor, who was the son of this courageous Sir Tudor Vaughan ap Grono.

ANCIENT WELCH FORTIFICATION.

On the celebrated mountain of Pen Maen Maur is an ancient fortification, surrounded with a strong treble wall; within each wall, the foundation site of more than one hundred towers, all round, each about 18 feet diameter within; the walls about 18 feet thick. This situation must have been impregnable. The entrance, which is steep and rocky, ascends by many windings: one hundred men might defend it against fifty times their number; and within its walls there is room for twenty thousand men. This is supposed to have been a place of refuge before and subsequent to the massacres of the Cambrians by Edward I.

THE EMIGRANT: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A PLAGUE on all speculators, say I; more particularly on the speculator on change of climate! I had read, Mr. Editor, of emigration to America and to Van Diemen's Land, aye, and to other lands, until the goodly streets of London, the rows of houses, and shops from which the eye is regaled with prints and jewels, and the nose with mock-turtle and *à la mode de Paris*, became at length hateful to my senses: for, sir, I read of purling streams, new-mown hay, gip-

sy hats, unaffected innocence, and pure air, until the very atmosphere of Hampstead Heath offended my olfactory nerves, and even the Green Park seemed to me less verdant than a Kidderminster carpet. "I will leave," said I, "this abode of dirt, smoke, skim-milk, and knavery." I said so, and as I act as quickly as I speak, it was not long ere I commenced my operations. I must also tell you in your ear, Mr. Editor, that I am married; and that, long before

I read of purling streams, Mrs. Juggins, my deary that is, tried hard to inoculate me with a love of a country life, particularly of a life in that part of the country in which she was born and bred. But perhaps it may not be amiss to inform you how Jenny and I became acquainted. I was one day crossing Tower-Hill, when I beheld as pretty a country wench as ever fattened a pullet, accompanied by two males, whom I took to be her father and brother. She was about four feet three high, with a pair of blue eyes, cherry cheeks, a divine smile, white teeth, and a nimble pace. Her *accompaniments*, had I to describe them two hundred years ago, as coming from the distance of a hundred miles from London, would have given some play to my descriptive powers. As it is, it will be sufficient to state, that their dresses were only of the same cut as many of our would-be country gentlemen on the 1st September; not so well fitted indeed, but saving the bronze of their countenances and their gloveless hands, they might have been taken for Londoners, somewhat, 'tis true, behind the fashion. The lady was much more fashionably attired. I have said that you might have imagined them Londoners, and so you might until they opened their mouths: you then forgot it all in the difficulty of understanding their *patois*, which with some pains I managed to comprehend, as they came forward to address me, begging to know how they could obtain a sight of the Tower, the lions, and all that; and as I was never behindhand in civility when a pretty girl was in the case, I conducted them not only to see the beasts, but the Armoury and the Jewel-Office. Their gratitude for

the attention knew no bounds. They compelled me to visit them at their lodgings at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate; and at length getting on the blind side of Jane's venerable mamma, once, twice, thrice, I visited them at M——, and at length I married her daughter.

Jenny, as I have said, frequently urged me to live in the country; and while a tear stood in her blue eye, would tell me, she was sure I should be happy there, and she should be so happy too, that at length I became in love with a pastoral life. I could neither hunt nor shoot, but then I could read, and her father would bring me the newspaper every Saturday night; and then her mother—Alas! while we were planning and thinking of this journey, both her parents died: but then Jenny had a brother and his wife and two sisters, these would be such good neighbours! for they were only parted by some ten miles, to a countryman nothing, but to a Cockney a long way to a tea-party. Well, but my Jenny grew poorly, and her sisters were often poorly, and then they would write to each other such moving letters, and Jenny would be so glad to hear from them, that she watered every line of their letters with her tears; not that I ever saw ought but the *effect*, when she would blame the cold for the redness of her eyes. At length Munden began to tire, In-cledon ceased to charm, and the Park to please. Urged by the solicitude of Jenny and my fancied love for vernal scenes, I determined to live with our own people. A journey of one hundred and fifty miles with a wife, two children, a cockatoo, and a pug-dog, was a rather awful undertaking; but we were not to be daunt-

ed by trifles. It was not long before a proof of the bill, explaining our future designs, was put into my hands. "To be sold by auction, all that elegant and fashionable household furniture, plate, linen, and china, a piano-forte by Broderip, &c. &c. &c. the property of Andrew Juggins, Esq. leaving London." Surprised as we were at the splendid appearance which our humble furniture made in the catalogue, we were almost knocked up with disappointment when we heard that our goods had been knocked down for a sum less by a hundred pounds than we expected. But as we had wisely imagined that we must give "plenty for our whistle," we determined to make up for this deficit when we resided in the country, and this trouble was soon forgotten. What the poor wretch feels whose little all must go to satisfy a ruthless creditor, I can well imagine, for even in my situation I felt considerably annoyed at this parting with my household gods. 'Tis true, I avoided the scene as much as possible; but one day being obliged to speak to the modern Langford, I was compelled to behold my ancient friends tumbled over the floor.—Scarcely indeed had I approached the scene of action, when looking-glasses and chairs, once my own, met my sight, and the fellows who bore them, knowing them to have once been my property, gave me an impudent sort of recognition, as much as to say, "I have your ancient Larcs!" On the head of a ragged urchin, I recognised one of my rose-wood card-tables, at which many a "canne one partner" once sat: how often has its green baize been ruffled by the knuckles of the decided rubber-player, the three by cards or four by

honours men! There on a donkey's back came our best carpet, on which many an infant foot had danced. On the head of a tall Irishwoman flourished roses, geraniums, and myrtles, once bargained for by my deary at Covent-Garden market; while the immortal Pitt, Nelson, and George III. had become the property of a *vertu*-loving mechanic, who, in his haste to possess his king, had insensibly become his decapitator, and who, on seeing me, crossed the way, in hopes I might have been a mender of monarchs.

Thank heaven I could not say that I was without a ducat; for the money was presently handed to me, the duty paid, and soon after a post-chaise was at the door. Betty was perched on the dickey, with the cockatoo on her fist like an ancient falconer, or Leonora in the *Padlock*. Myself and Jenny occupied the chaise, Gertrude on her lap, Bobby occupied my knee, and Rover lay between our legs, save and except that ever and anon, with dangling and heated tongue, he strove hard for a share of the front window.

I shall not trouble you, sir, with the scenes of extortion and the little miseries which we encountered, as we posted all the way, until our arrival at M—: how often we paid for *fresh* fish and *young* chicken of olden time; how often we were informed "I'm ostler," or "I'm chambermaid;" how frequently we heard "Chaise on, next turn;" or how often I taxed the bills. Suffice it to say, that we reached in safety the house taken for us, and to which we were warmly welcomed by all our relations. To a man, sir, who has lived in a small genteel house in Pentonville or Walworth Crescent, with a front

garden of the size of a hearth-rug, and a back garden almost as big again, you may imagine that a large old house and half an acre or more of pleasure-ground must have been an acquisition. I was delighted, and for a time I was fully occupied in painting my dwelling, and having purchased the Gardener's *Mulum in Parvo*, in learning when to rake borders and plant box-edging. With the assistance of a gardener, I made my garden much prettier than that at Hornsey Wood, or my friend Duncan's at Highgate. But now for the sociabilities of the place. I had read in the novels of Smollett and Fielding

of the neighbourly conduct of people resident in small market-towns in the country, where, at the first inn in the place, a parlour was dedicated for a club, at which the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer met to smoke their pipes. I was fully aware that modern refinement had succeeded in banishing these friendly meetings; but yet there were such things as reading-societies and tythe-feasts, where, at least, I expected to give and take some little share of conviviality: but in this it seems I was mistaken.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NOBLEMAN APPREHENDED ON HIS OWN WARRANT.

THE yew, the holly, and the pine-tree produce their most thriving plants and most durable timber on the highest hills. This property is recognised by the ancient bards, who, in Gaelic poesy, call those trees "waving nurslings of the storm;" and, like them, it appears that the mountain garb has acquired distinction amidst the blasts of adversity. The act of Parliament prohibiting the Highland phelibeg and accoutrements, excited the public attention to their supposed analogy with independence of spirit, valour, and hardihood; and not only was the attachment of natives to their picturesque costume raised to enthusiasm, but southern noblemen and gentlemen caught the flame, and eagerly sought commissions in the 42d regiment. When the unavailing proscription was repealed, many southerners of conspicuous rank adopted the kilt as a light and becoming hunting dress; and Archibald Earl of Eglinton and the late earl led this fashion with

gay elegance and successful power. Their contemporary, the Earl of Dunmore, frequently passed the summer and autumnal months at Inverary castle, or at Glenfinart in Argyleshire, and generally wore the plaid manufacture of the country in appropriate style; professing, that besides being the most convenient attire for a sportsman, it procured to him amusing adventures. Of these we are enabled to give a specimen.

One morning, just as his lordship was setting off for the moors, an excise-officer applied for a warrant to apprehend a noted smuggler, who had dangerously wounded a supervisor while officiating in his duty. The delinquent was supposed to have passed from Ayrshire into the district of Cowal, and, as on former occasions, disguised as a Highlander, to be lurking among the hills. Lord D. granted the warrant, and proceeded in search of grouse, attended by his gamekeeper. He had hardly entered the shooting-ground when a young

fellows speeding along crossed his path. His lordship asked if any accident had happened, or if any dangerous illness urged his fleet steps to the doctor's residence. The lad, in broken English, said, he was dispatched on a joyous errand. Farmer Macarthur and all his people and cattle were at a shealing three miles up through the mountains: his daughter had come thither from the Lowlands, after an absence of six years, with a lady who took a fancy to her while but a little girl, and nothing was ever so lovely or so fine as Effie Macarthur; yet she was sad and tearful. Her father wished to make that same day a wedding agreement for her with a rich farmer, his nearest neighbour; and the foolish lassie was breaking her heart for a far-off *Sassanach* (*Anglicè* Englishman), whom she had promised to marry if her parents gave their consent. The Sassanach would follow her in a few days, and they intended to have a grand public-house in some part of the Lowlands. However, farmer Macarthur had decreed that Effie must give her hand to a man of his own country. Lord D. considered that he might derive more pleasure from interesting himself for the afflicted damsel, than by pursuing the heath-cock, a recreation he could have any day. He sent the gamekeeper on another course with the dogs, and took a zigzag track pointed out by the messenger for whisky to ratify the agreement.

By day the cottage of a Highlander is ever open, and all strangers are cordially received. The earl walked *sans cérémonie* to the shealing, and forgetting to stoop as he passed the lowly entrance, a contusion on his forehead gave a memento, perhaps not less impressive than the

admonition which Dr. Franklin tells us a venerable friend bestowed on him against a lofty carriage. With assumed awkwardness, his lordship pulled off his bonnet, making a rustic bow to a young woman, who, with inexpert fingers, was attempting to spin. Her beauty, her attire, and manners assured him she was the distressed fair-one he came to succour in her utmost need.

In a short time her father came in, and having welcomed the stranger, commanded Effie to put off her fantastic trappings, and get ready to appear in garments more befitting the daughter and destined wife of a farmer. The girl could not refrain from weeping: her sobs brought her mother from a little pantry, saying, it was of no real use to be in such haste; the agreement might be delayed a few days, and surely Effie asked no unreasonable indulgence when she begged that the minister should be employed to inquire John Robinson's character from the Earl of Dunmore, as his lordship knew the young man since childhood. The farmer listened with dogged contempt, as conscious of power to enforce his will—a power he was determined not to forego; but at the mention of Lord D. his stubborn composure kindled into wrath, and darting fiery glances at his wife, he exclaimed, “You silly woman, what business has Lord D. with our concerns?”

The wife mildly pleaded, “Your daughter told you her sweetheart was reared in that great lord's house, and only left it two years ago, when his lordship recommended him as butler to the lady, who, at her death, ordered so much money and all her clothes to Effie. Lord D. would

not send a bad servant to his own cousin."

"The lad may be a clever servant, and yet good for nothing in providing for a wife and children."

After a pause, the farmer muttered, "Perhaps Effie has reasons for bringing her cause before the earl. We are country bodies to be sure, yet we know what is likely to happen when great lords take notice of pretty gignets."

"O my dear father!" cried Effie, "it is killing to hear *you* speak such words. God forbid that I should wish to see Lord D.! I only beg you will not hurry on this cruel agreement, till you get some one you can believe to ask his lordship about John Robinson."

"And why am I to care whether John Robinson is good or bad?" retorted the farmer. "Do you think I will ever allow you to have a public-house far from me, and nothing to call your own except what is within four walls, in place of having cows and calves, goats and kids, sheep and lambs, covering a range of miles, joining my own tenement? Your outlandish John Robinson may take to drinking, and soon leave you a beggar. Many a man, sober enough in his early days, has turned out a drunkard in old age, if he was much in the way of temptation."

"All that know John Robinson," replied Effie in timid accents, "will testify his good conduct. I should do him injustice if I did not clear him of blame."

"Aye, aye," returned the farmer scornfully, "we are all good and wise till we are much tried; but, poor simple creature, let my gray head gain some credit from you while I say, that if you knew for one week

the misery of being tied to a profligate or spendthrift husband, and had any clear notion of the wretchedness of poverty, you would thankfully take the offer of spending your days with an honest industrious farmer."

The old farmer and his circle spoke Gaelic, which Lord D. understood, though he could imperfectly speak the language. To free all parties from restraint, and to learn how he could best interpose for Effie and his *protégé*, John Robinson, he answered the few sentences addressed to him as if he was ignorant of the Gaelic. The farmer repeated his injunction to Effie to strip off her gaudy dress, and borrow a homespun suit from her sister.

In her absence, the helpmate she was doomed to accept was most kindly greeted by the farmer. He was a squat, red-pated, middle-aged man, with none of that open cast of countenance generally pertaining to Highlanders. The old farmer plainly communicated to him Effie's partiality to a young Sassanach, and her reference to Lord D.

"Such a reference is not to be regarded," said the suitor. "Lord D. may have his own reasons for wishing her money to go to his favourite; and he may have other views: I would not take his word in such a case."

The earl could hardly repress his indignation, and he had no doubt that Effie's money was the most powerful attraction for this sordid wooer: but he must not carry off a prize so much above his deserts. The caroty-pated farmer added some jeering remarks upon Lord D.'s affecting the garb and the popularity of a Highland chieftain; but the old man sternly interrupted him.

"You must not speak disrespectfully of the earl under my roof. I never saw him; but his bounty saved many shearers from starving when they went south before the harvest was generally ripe, and among these was my sister. He speaks kindly and frankly to the meanest that come in his way, and no distressed creature ever left him without relief."

As the old farmer spoke, the younger inquisitively eyed Lord D. and beckoned to his host to follow him out. Before the two farmers reappeared, Effie came in, clad according to the orders of her father. Her mother soon joined her, placed a wheel before her, and was seating herself to similar employment, when Effie said, "Mother, I never saw you till now omit to offer a stranger a drink of milk."

The old woman went for the milk, and Effie whispered to Lord D.

Poor man, if you are afraid of pursuit, this is no safe place for you." Lord D. thanked her with a clownish bend of his head, and said he feared not to remain. The old farmer and his wife entered. The wife set bread and cheese and milk before the stranger, and the farmer pressed him to take time and eat a hearty meal. Lord D. was never fastidious: he availed himself of the hospitable invitation; and when he declined eating more, the farmer asked how it happened, that he, who neither understood nor spoke Gaelic, came to wear a tartan kilt and plaid. Lord D. indeed wore that garb, but then he knew all that was said, and could convey his own ideas in the language of Highlanders.

"I have lived so near Lord D." answered his lordship, "that I am infected by his freaks."

"His freaks!" repeated the farmer: "if you was not in my own house, I would tell you these words are uncivil. Lord D. has no freaks."

"Perhaps I know Lord D. better than you," said his lordship, "and he is no better than other folks."

"Don't provoke me to say you are worse than other folks," said the farmer, raising his voice; but recollecting he spoke to a stranger *under his own roof*, he continued in a calmer tone: "Can you tell me any thing of a young man whose father and mother died in a far-off country in Lord D.'s service?"

"If you mean John Robinson, I can tell you much to his commendation. His parents left some money, and he has added to the amount; a better behaved lad does not live."

Effie's crimsoned cheeks bore witness to her deep feeling while these praises were spoken; but the old farmer changed the subject, asking a variety of questions, to discover the name and abode of his guest. The conversation was broken by the tread of measured footsteps, and a corporal's command of soldiers, headed by Effie's suitor, surrounded Lord D. Effie's complexion changed to deadly pallor, and starting up, she involuntarily uttered, "Oh! do not hurt the unfortunate man!"

Lord D. had also risen in surprise, when the corporal roughly accosted him with, "Now we have you, and if you again attempt an escape, we shall stop you with a brace of bullets. Come along!"

"I must first know whither and wherefore," said Lord D.

"You are so innocent that you cannot guess!" said the suitor: "then you shall be told that, and may be more than you wish to hear, when I

bring you before Lord D. to account for the marks of a scuffle on your broken forehead."

"I shall be at Lord D.'s service," returned his lordship; "but I hardly expect to find him at home, unless he comes to meet me, his old friend."

"Friend! friend!" echoed the farmer. "Lord D. to be sure is a friend to all in the time of trouble, if they are not worthless: but you to call yourself *his* friend! you, a prisoner and a vagabond! It is a shame that you should dare to take his honoured name in your lips."

"Come on to the lodge, my lads," said the earl, "and see if Lord D. disclaims me. Yet I have a right to see your warrant, and to know of what I am accused."

"It is nonsense to let him stand chattering," said the suitor. "The rogue is only trying to gain time and to get off; but I am not going to lose my reward for giving information, so drag him away!"

"I can walk without your help," said Lord D. shaking off the rude grasp of the suitor with no gentle repulse. The old farmer attended, to see how the culprit would deport himself. At the back entrance to

the lodge the suitor inquired for Lord D. and was told his lordship had not returned from the moors, but would certainly arrive about the hour for dinner. The party might wait in the servants' hall, and take a jug of ale. As they passed to the hall, Lord D.'s household gathered to look at the prisoner; but how great was their astonishment to behold their lord in custody as a vagrant, if not a delinquent! To the great amusement of his lordship, an explanation altered the demeanour of the crest-fallen suitor; and the old farmer made very humble apologies.

"As for you, honest old fellow," said his lordship, "I have only to thank you for your rebukes, and for speaking of me better than I deserve; but I shall forgive your neighbour on no other condition than your promise to bestow your pretty daughter upon my very worthy favourite, John Robinson."

The old farmer assented. Lord D. ordered refreshments and some money for the party; and before ten days elapsed, his lordship danced merrily at Effie's wedding.

B. G.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

PIANO-FORTE.

Rossini's celebrated Overture to the Opera of "Matilde e Corradino," as performed at the King's Theatre; arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d. — (Hodsoll.)

THE slow movement of this overture of *Matilde e Corradino*, which

appeared at the King's Theatre last season, claims the connoisseur's attention. It is one of the most deeply conceived, stern, and contrapuntal instrumental compositions of the lively bard of Pesaro; and shews that, with all his mercurial gaiety, he can assume a grave countenance when he has a mind for it: it combines the scientific style of the old masters with the tints and graces of a more modern taste; and there are thoughts

in it which strongly reminded us of Beethoven's profound strains. The allegro is Rossini all over, and *over and over again*; for it is full of his mannerisms, and presents many reminiscences from his former works. The latter, we regret to say, is a feature which every successive production of this gentleman exhibits with greater force and frequency, and which has tended to diminish the number of his votaries, and to lessen in some degree the enthusiasm still fondly harboured by those whom his previous works had filled with delight.

The author is at this moment in the midst of us: he has been called from the scene of his earlier triumphs and of his more recent failures to a country fully sensible of his merits, and willing to honour them. He is engaged to write new works for our stage: we are anxious for their success. May we be permitted to offer two words of advice towards the accomplishment of these our sanguine wishes? We are the more induced to take this liberty, by the opinion we, and the majority of the public, have formed of the first opera—not a new one it is true—which has been recently brought out under his own direction. But for this latter circumstance, *Zelmira*, we make no doubt, would have proved a failure: the two or three pieces of real merit which it presents would not have been deemed an indemnity for the abstruse eccentricities, not to say more, the want of fresh melody, and the stunning noise of trumpets, drums, and trombones, which disfigure this composition. The overwhelming din of these instruments before and behind the curtain renders the choruses of thirty or more vocalists scarcely audible!

Vol. III. No. XV.

Whatever opinion the Continent may entertain of the musical taste of the English public in general, Mr. Rossini may be assured, that the bulk of the audience in the King's Theatre consists of persons capable of forming a most correct judgment in musical matters, little swayed by transient musical fashions, strictly impartial, and often fastidious critics. These audiences, he ought to consider, are familiar with everything classic in music: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven have for years constituted their almost daily musical fare; and of Rossini they have of late had such abundance, that the least repetition, plagiarism, or reminiscence will not escape unnoticed. Commonplace ideas of the Italian school, hackneyed terminations, cannot be expected to create sensation at the King's Theatre.

Melody, fresh, original, bloomy melody, will be the most essential charm by which a composer for that establishment can expect to fascinate his hearers. Next to that, we place the attraction of rich, select, and well-entwined harmony, as distant from the homely fare we are frequently doomed to endure at our national theatres, as it should be free from the eccentricities which form blemishes of the modern school, and which have crept into the more recent works of Rossini himself. Noise and clangour of wind instruments, brass and ass's skin, such as the opera of *Zelmira* is loaded with, will not enhance or maintain Rossini's fame in this country. These expedients, like paint in the other sex, while they momentarily conceal defects or imperfections, at the same time act as heralds of their existence.

A A

The above remarks, although not immediately applying to the article which gave rise to them, will scarcely be viewed in the light of a digression. The subject lies within our jurisdiction; and as the performances at the King's Theatre are not regularly noticed in our Miscellany, we thought ourselves warranted in taking the present opportunity of speaking a word or two in what we conceived to be the proper time and season: but our principal object in this instance has been a sincere and ardent wish for the preservation and the further advancement of a composer's fame, whose genius is justly appreciated in this country, and has no warmer admirers than ourselves. We feel anxious that his arrival in England should be viewed as an epoch by his future biographer: we are convinced that it only depends upon his will and exertions to return from our shores with increased celebrity, and with rewards adequate to ensure independence to his future career.

Favourite Airs selected from Rossini's celebrated Opera "La Donna del Lago," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an (ad lib.) Accompaniment for the Flute, and performed on the Apollonicon, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

This divertimento may be considered as a continuation, under a different name, of the several books of operatic selections published by Mr. P. under the title of *Fantasias*, and successively founded upon the *Magic Flute*, *Figaro*, *Tancredi*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, &c. all of which we have in their turn commented upon in terms of deserved approbation. The present collection and arrange-

ment from *La Donna del Lago* will, we are sure, be found equally attractive. It contains four or five of the most interesting airs of that opera, so far as their nature seemed most calculated for mere instrumental exhibition; but, in this respect, we wonder the elegant female chorus, "*Dinibica Donzella*," has not been admitted. This, and some other good melodies, however, may possibly have been reserved for another book, for which there is abundant matter left in the opera; and no one is more fitted for the task than Mr. P. He knows, in an eminent degree, how to preserve the true spirit of the airs, how to concentrate their harmony into a narrower yet perfectly adequate compass, and how to intersperse short, tasteful, and judiciously conceived digressions founded upon the original subjects. All the operatic selections which he has furnished are really valuable.

Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.—(Hodsoll.)

This is the sixth of the grand symphonies of Mozart, commencing with an allegro in G minor, followed by an andante, $\frac{6}{8}$, in E b, universally admired for its beauty and scientific construction. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement, like all his prior labours of this kind, is completely satisfactory, and by no means intricate. A thematic catalogue of his numerous adaptations of classic orchestral works, on one of the leaves in this book, met our eye, and filled us with surprise at the extent to which this gentleman's industrious perseverance has

already brought the collection; while, at the same time, it afforded a strong conviction of the success which has attended the undertaking.

Select Italian Airs arranged for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. V. and VI. Pr. 2s. each.—(Hodsoll.)

Select French Romances for the Piano-forte, by the same. No. VIII. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

No. 5. of the Italian airs consists of “Una voce poco fà,” from the *Barbiere di Siviglia*; and No. 6. contains the aria “Oh matutini albori,” from *La Donna del Lago*. In the former the slow and quick movements are given in their complete state, with scarcely any alterations or additions, and in a familiar and very satisfactory style of adaptation. The air from “La Donna del Lago,” besides a short introduction, not particularly characteristic or striking, has been treated with somewhat more amplification and episodical digression, and forms a very pleasing lesson.

The French romance, No. 8. is the well-known and favourite melody “L’Amour et le Temps,” with three variations, conceived in an agreeable, fluent, and properly diversified manner.

All these three publications are evidently written for scholars of moderate attainments, and they are entitled to unqualified recommendation in this respect, as combining the means of instructive practice with the attractions of good melody.

Spanish Bolero and Waltz, composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

The title leaves it in doubt how much of this publication is claimed by Mr. R. as his own composition.

The waltz probably not; for the subject, at least, is quite familiar to our ears. Be this as it may, the latter, as well as the bolero, are deserving of attention: their style is spirited and tasteful; the waltz has some pleasant divisions, an appropriate *minore*, and a well-conducted termination. The execution is not difficult.

A Serenada for the Flute and Piano-forte, in which is (are) introduced Mozart’s favourite Air “Là ci darem,” and “Cupid’s Dream,” an original Rondo, composed, and dedicated to Charles Nicholson, Esq. by J. Arthur. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

In the introductory andante, which may be viewed as offering the principal portion of the author’s own inditing, we have found nothing to attract particular attention; the movement bears a want of keeping and a stiffness which lead us to presume that Mr. A.’s experience in piano-forte composition is not of a matured description. The second movement presents Mozart’s air, and nothing more, plainly but fairly arranged. The rondo, which has “Cupid’s Dream” for motivo, although simple in construction and treatment, proceeds pleasantly and effectively enough: there are no harmonic combinations beyond those of a common description, but what there is, bears proper connection, and blends into a satisfactory whole. The flute, in this serenada, is indispensable; and this being the case, a greater degree of freedom and intercalatory action between the piano-forte would have been desirable: it sticks very closely to its companion.

An Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Landon, by John

Hopkinson. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

Good taste, and a familiarity with good models, are conspicuous features in these two pieces. The introductory andante, in particular, bears this recommendation: it is written with due feeling, and the distribution of the harmony evinces both a proper knowledge of theory and a tasteful tact in its practical application. The standard subjects in the rondo cannot be called new ideas, but they are united into a congruous, fluent, and interesting whole, and the various digressions are imagined in a classic manner; some indeed may be termed elegant. The episode in F, p. 5, l. 1, affords proper relief, the passages in the sixth and seventh pages are well devised, and the coda is in character.

ORGAN.

"*Cum sancto spiritu*," *Grand Chorus from Mozart's Mass, No. VII. arranged from the Score as a Duet for the Organ or Piano-forte*, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon, Organist of the Philanthropic Society's Chapel. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

A composition so truly sublime, and so ably brought under the limited compass of four hands, must be a treasure to those who have not had an opportunity of enjoying it in its authentic form; and to those who have heard it in full, the adaptation is well calculated to renew the recollection of their former treat. The care, the judgment, and the ability with which Mr. M'Murdie has accomplished his undertaking, are conspicuous throughout the duet, and entitle him to our thanks. The task was not one of an ordinary kind: the fugue

and the various subsequent contrapuntal colourings required the qualifications above adverted to, and a zeal for the art to put them into successful action.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"*Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song*." Part IX. Pr. 6s.—(Gale, Bruton-street.)

The present number brings the "Vocal Anthology" to half its intended career, which we believe has been attended with decided success, and certainly with considerable benefit to the interests of the art, by extending the circulation of many exquisite specimens of classic composition. The contents are as follow:

1. An ancient madrigal by Waelrant, a celebrated harmonist of the renowned Flemish school in the 16th century.

2. A song from *The Beggar's Opera*, "Would I might be hanged," in whose place we would willingly have seen something else.

3. Recitativo and hymn by Himmel, excellent.

4. A song by C. M. von Weber, the author of the "*Freyschütz*:" full of deep feeling and originality.

5. A quartett, "*Et incarnatus*," from a mass of Haydn's, in the best style of that great master.

6. An original duet by Mr. Cather, from a MS. opera of his composition, calculated to convey a very favourable idea of the whole score, although in the extract the harmonic treatment, here and there (e.g. p. 39, l. 1,) does not proceed with the desirable aptitude and smoothness.

Love wakes and weeps," *Cleveland's Serenade in the popular Novel of "The Pirate," set to Music, with an Accompaniment*

for the Piano-forte, by H. J. Baniſtér. Pr. 2s.—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

Mr. B.'s composition does not distinguish itself in any striking degree from many prior attempts to melodize these stanzas, which have met our eye. The introduction is in a very usual style; the beginning of his motivo resembles that of "Life let us cherish," and the words in some instances sit uneasy under the melody. The latter is regular enough, and propriety of harmony, under plain forms however, has been attended to. Imitatory passages, of mere transposition, like that in l. 2, p. 3, have become so common, that, in books on composition, they are designated by the nickname of *Rosallies*, from an old song under that title, which abounds in this contrivance.

"*County Guy*," the Poetry from *Quentin Durward*," sung by Miss Hammersley at the Royal Concert - Room and Libraries, Margate, composed by Augustus Voigt. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

Mr. V. has also joined the race after the MS. score pronounced to be lost in Sir W. Scott's novel; and he has certainly picked up a paper which may fairly enter into competition with any of those that have hitherto been produced as the result of the general search. There is freshness and considerable originality in the melody; and, generally speaking, the latter is conspicuous for its successful expression of the text, especially in the first stanza. Of this description are the words, "Ah! County Guy," also "But where is County Guy," &c.

FINE ARTS.



EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Directors of the British Institution have opened the Gallery this year with a good collection of the pictures of our own artists, for whose especial advantage indeed the Institution was formed. A collection, like the present, composed of such a great variety of subjects, and in styles so different and often contrasted, will naturally excite contrariety of opinions: some have said, that it is not the best which our artists have formed at the British Institution. Upon a subject so arbitrary as "the wild vicissitudes of taste," we have only to offer opinion against opinion; and we are free to confess, that so far from repining at the pre-

sent Exhibition, we think it furnishes on the whole a gratifying proof of the rapidly progressive advancement of our artists in the various walks of their profession. It certainly contains, and particularly among those furnished by the students, more numerous and diversified specimens of graphic improvement, than we remember to have seen on any previous occasion without the walls of Somerset-House. There are not, it is true, any very predominating pictures—"no towering genius bursts upon the eye;" but, we repeat, there is abundant proof of that laborious and toilsome study, under the direction and controul of wholesome precept, which

in general a surer presage of the attainment of ultimate and permanent reputation, than experience justifies us in anticipating from the sudden and impetuous bursts of an early and fervid imagination, however brilliant and rapid in its precocious and often delusive flight.

There are nearly four hundred works in this Exhibition, many of them by distinguished members of the Royal Academy; foremost amongst whom we were rejoiced to find Mr. Owen make his reappearance, and with powers unaffected by his severe and protracted indisposition. His picture, or rather portrait, of *Rough Joe*, a study from nature, evinces the unimpaired energies of his pencil. It is a study full of coarse and, at the same time, interesting expression; it conveys a great development of energetic character, and is portrayed with a firmness of pencil and truth of colouring, which, we repeat, attests the full retention of the admired powers of this excellent artist.

Iris and her Train.—Henry Howard, R.A.

“Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds.”

We are always delighted with Mr. Howard's poetical pictures; their brilliancy of tint, softened by such gradual transitions of tone, and displaying on the whole such an elaborate harmony of colouring, combine so many of the highest requisites for admiration, as to render eulogium superfluous. The grouping is sweetly composed; the buoyancy and aerial motion of the figures are in Mr. Howard's best style.

Conus, with the Lady in the enchanted Chair.—W. Hilton, R.A.

The subject is from Milton's “Co-

mus,” and to illustrate the following lines:

“One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and
taste.”

Is this the same picture, or a copy from it, that we saw in the last Exhibition at the Royal Academy? It is a work evincing great poetical conception and a fine eye for colouring; one which, we should hardly have thought, would have been permitted to pass from the walls of Somerset-House to the artist's private gallery. If it be not the original, it is a copy, and a good one too; but an artist of such inventive powers and genuine taste ought not to copy from *himself*. If it be the same picture, we noticed it in terms of just commendation in our article upon the last year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The Death of Tita il Matto, a noted Bandit of Val de Corsa—The Bandit of the Appenines—Goatherds in the Campagna of Rome—An Italian Scene—A Contadina and her Children.—C. L. Eastlake.

This artist attracted considerable attention in the Royal Academy last year by his views of Roman scenery. His pictures in this Exhibition partake somewhat more of individuality of character, and contain some very expressive delineations of local objects. The portraits of banditti are bold and original; that of the *Bandit of the Appenines* in particular is highly characteristic.

Mr. Eastlake possesses a peculiar and local tone of colouring, evidently the result of a close study of some of the best works of the Italian school; but he ought to take care lest the disappearance of novelty should give it a monotonous effect.

Colonel Blood's Attempt to steal the Regalia from the Tower of London.—H. P. Briggs.

"He went disguised as a clergyman, with two associates, and after beating the keeper, carried off the crown, globe, &c."—RAPIN'S *History*.

This is a very clever picture, painted in the same style as the artist's *Guy Fawkes*, in the Academy last year. The determined energy of Blood, and the struggles of the overpowered keeper, are expressively portrayed: the colouring, though in general good, has in one or two parts of the back-ground a hardness which might have been avoided.

The Interview between Lady Jane Grey and Dr. Roger Ascham, in 1550.—H. Fradelle.

"Dr. Roger Ascham, on a visit to the family of the Marquis of Dorset, at his seat at Broadgate, found, at his arrival, that Lady Jane Grey was alone, the rest of the family being engaged in a hunting party; and gaining admission to her apartment, he, to his great wonder, found her reading the *Phædo* of Plato, in the original Greek, which she perfectly understood. She observed to him, that the sport which her friends were enjoying was but a shadow, compared with the pleasure she received from this sublime author."—See Miss LUCY AIKIN'S *Memoirs of the Court of Queen ELIZABETH*.

This is a beautiful little picture, and in the artist's best style of elaborate finishing: the expression of the accomplished and unfortunate lady is mild and intelligent; that of the doctor is respectful and contemplative: the folds of the dresses are broad and tasteful.

Maternal Affection.—W. Etty.

A beautiful specimen of Mr. Etty's composition and exquisite colouring; the maternal expression is portrayed with great delicacy and tenderness, and the *Titianesque* (as Mr. Fuseli would call it) tone of colouring predominates with powerful effect. This

experiment to unite the Venetian style of execution with simplicity has succeeded, contrary to the precept of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Spartan Boy.—T. Stewardson.

In this little portrait there is a good deal of sombre and expressive character.

A Park Scene, with Sportsmen and Springers, and a distant View of Leeds Castle.—Miss O. G. Reinagle.

This is a pretty landscape; the colouring bright and agreeable.

Carolus, the Hermit of Tong Castle, Staffordshire.—W. Hobday.

The expression deep and contemplative; the attitude grave and imposing: parts of the drapery are well cast, but that behind the head looks unseemly, as if detached.

The Inquisition: a Sketch.—Ph. Corbould.

A repulsive subject, with many redeeming points in the execution: the *chiaro-scuro* is well managed.

Cottages in Scenery.—S. V. Bone.

The scene is natural, and well painted.

Atalanta and Meleager.—George Arnold, A. R. A.

"Her bow the lovely Atalanta strained,
The well-spiced dart forsook the quivering yew,
And to the distant mark unerring flew;
Close at his ear the shaft a passage found,
And the first blood ensued the fair one's wound."

This is a very clever composition, from Ovid's story. The landscape is rich and beautiful, and full of pleasing masses, contrasted and relieved with great skill. The grouping is also well managed.

Sunset.—Wm. Lewis.

This artist has a good deal of merit, and this picture in many parts exemplifies it, but it is deficient in clearness of tone.

Solton Priory, Moonlight.—T. C. Hofland.

Mr. Hofland has several very excellent landscapes in this Exhibition, and that, the name of which we have prefixed, is a very superior production; the effulgent reflection of light through the ruins is beautifully portrayed, and the foliage is painted in Mr. Hofland's best style.

Partridge-Shooting.—J. Barenger.

A bright-coloured and pleasing landscape.

Cupid and Psyche.—Richard Westall, R. A.

This is, in point of colouring, a rich and glowing picture; the drapery is exquisitely wrought, and the general effect poetical and delicate.

Valentine.—Henry Singleton.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."

The character is taken from Shakespeare's play of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," and the artist has embodied a very spirited representation of it.

A View near the Town-Hall, Guildford.—Charles Deane.

This is a very well executed view, and in fine perspective: the colouring is a little too bright and sparkling for mere architectural objects.

Christ Instituting the Sacrament.—Wm. Brockedon.

A calm and solemn air, a plain and chaste tone of colouring, corresponding with the subject, characterize this picture.

Wild Boars attacked.—H. B. Chalon.

A good animal painting, full of spirit, and well coloured.

A general View of the Inthronization of his Most Excellent Majesty King George IV.—Frederick Nash.

This picture was, if we mistake not, in the Royal Academy. It is a correct representation of that part of the magnificent ceremony of the coronation which took place in Westminster Abbey.

Song of Death.—H. Corbould.

The subject is from Burns's Poems: the principal figure is well drawn, and full of character: the colouring is in many parts creditable to the artist.

Fruit and still Life.—N. Chantrey.

This artist has two very pleasing little pictures in this Exhibition: they are soft and delicate representations of fruit and flowers, touched with a skilful hand.

The Interior of a Stable.—E. Childe.

A very well executed sketch, both in drawing and colouring.

Felpham Mill.—P. Dewint.

This is a clever landscape: the colouring clear and natural.

Skating on the Serpentine River, Hyde Park.—J. J. Chalon.

There is a great deal of bustle in this picture; but the colouring, probably from its unavoidable whiteness, has a monotonous effect.

Syrinx.—John Martin.

Again we have, in Mr. Martin's new work, the same splendid colouring as in his former pictures, but too vivid for any scenery of which nature suggests to us any recollection.

The Social Pinch.—A. Fraser.

A good piece of grouping, and full of national character.

Miss E. Jones's *Little Rosette* and *Jacquelin*, Miss H. Reinagle's





end of March. One is a mantle of pale cinnamon-coloured cloth, made moderately wide, and about half a quarter shorter than the dress: it is lined with bright rose-coloured *velours épingle*, and finished round the edge by four very narrow folds of the same material: the pelerine, which is round and rather large, is edged to correspond, as is also the collar; the latter is made in the demi-pelerine style. This mantle is a very elegant and appropriate walking envelope.

The other novelty is a pelisse of grass-green levantine, trimmed with *pluche de soie* of a darker shade, intermixed with satin, to correspond with the pelisse. A broad band of *pluche de soie* goes round the bottom of the skirt; it is surmounted by a row of acorns, formed of intermingled folds of satin and *pluche de soie*. The pelisse fastens up the front by hooks and eyes, and is ornamented with a single row of acorns. The bust of the *corsage* is without ornament; the back full. The *ceinture* is of *pluche de soie* edged with satin, and fastened by a gold clasp, in the form of two hands interlaced. Long sleeve, of an easy width, simply finished by a bias band of *pluche*: full epaulette, arranged in the form of an acorn, and composed of an intermixture of satin and *pluche de soie*. The collar is shallow, stands out from the neck, and partially turns over.

Black bonnets are still fashionable in promenade dress, but not so much so as those that correspond in colour with the mantle or pelisse. They are now of an extremely becoming size; the Mary Stuart brim seems more in favour than the close cottage

front, lately so prevalent: the latter, however, is still frequently adopted in morning costume by many *élégantes*.

Merino, of the very fine and thin kind, so much worn in France, is now in great favour with us for high dresses in carriage costume. We have seen some of these gowns trimmed with three broad wadded satin tucks, each edged with a flat trimming in hard silk. They are disposed in deep festoons, the hollow of each festoon being filled with a satin star edged with velvet.

Poplin high dresses, trimmed with broad bands of velvet, through which are drawn satin puffs, of the crescent form, are also a good deal worn in carriage dress.

The only novelty that we have remarked in head-dresses is a bonnet of white *velours épingle*; the inside of the brim is entirely covered with broad blond lace disposed in flutings, and projecting about an inch from the brim: this edging of lace is surmounted by a scalloped band of shaded pink velvet. The brim is in the Mary Stuart style, but smaller than they are generally worn; low oval crown, ornamented with knots of shaded pink velvet and plumes of down feathers tipped with pink; rich white *gros de Naples* strings.

Morning dresses are now very generally made without collars, and in many instances not quite up to the throat: they are worn with *collarettes* of worked muslin, or of our imitation of foreign lace. Sometimes a *demi-fichu* with a deep frill, which falls over, is substituted for a *collarette*. An English lace *cornette* or *demi-cornette*, of a simple and becoming form, is an indispensable ap-

pendage to morning dress. The materials for gowns have not varied since last month.

The trimming of a white *gros de Naples* dinner dress struck us as being very novel and pretty: it is composed of lozenge puffs of blond net; they are made very full, edged by a bias band of pink satin, attached by bows of the same material, and ornamented with a small rose composed of velvet in the centre of each puff. We should not omit to say, that this trimming surmounts a very broad wadded satin tuck.

We have seen some dress hats made with a double brim; the lower one small, a little pointed, and rather narrower behind than before: the

upper brim is of the same shape, but turns up; the crown is very small and low. These hats are composed of blond net; some are embroidered in gold, silver, or steel: when that is the case, they are ornamented with feathers. Those that have no embroidery are adorned with flowers. A wreath of flowers placed between the double brim is partially seen through it, and a small bouquet is attached to one side of the crown.

Fashionable colours are, various shades of brown; those called *Trocadero* and bear's ear are much in favour; cinnamon and mouse colours are also fashionable; and different shades of rose colour, citron, lavender, deep blue, crimson, and azure.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE court mourning for the late King of Sardinia, which is at this moment very generally adopted by the greatest part of our *élégantes*, gives a good deal of uniformity even to promenade dress: I mean only as to colour, for there is no particular material expressly used for the mourning; velvet, silk, and satin being in equal estimation. The pelisse or *manteau* is generally of velvet; the bonnet of the same material, with black feathers; and the gown of silk or satin, trimmed with gauze, crape, or fur. Trimmings of this last material are now very much in favour, even for mourning dresses. Sable, chinchilla, red fox, and grey squirrel are most in favour, but ermine is supreme *ton*: those ladies to whom expense is not an object, have their mantles or pelisses entirely lined with it.

The newest *chapeaux* have the crown in the form of a diamond: these hats are trimmed with marabouts, each angle being placed between two of these feathers; a full bouquet of marabouts also ornaments the front: the crowns of other bonnets have a fulness at the bottom and top, of about an inch broad, and between these ornaments is placed a garland of flowers, or a rouleau of curled feathers. The crowns of bonnets are still low, and the brims something smaller than they have lately been worn; they are made to stand a good deal out from the face, and the strings are always attached inside of the brim.

The most fashionable bonnets for ladies who do not observe the court mourning, are composed of an intermixture of velvet and satin, of two very strongly contrasted colours; their only trimming is a full bow with long ends placed just over the left

ear. Those *élégantes* who dislike this mixture of colours, wear velvet bonnets trimmed with a broad band of striped ribbon round the crown, and a large cockade of the same ribbon placed at each side. The mantles or pelisses worn with these bonnets are velvet, to correspond in colour, or coating; satin and levantine being now used only for linings, for which the former is most fashionable. The hoods of pelisses and the pelerines of mantles are now much longer; their trimming consists generally of an edging of the lining: some are, however, trimmed with fur; but this is rarely the case, except, as I before mentioned, when the mantle is lined with ermine.

Dinner dress consists of a gown of *gros de Naples*, levantine, or velvet: the *corsage* is ornamented by a drapery in folds, which, sloping down on each side of the bosom, is confined at the bottom of the waist and on the shoulders by bands of jet beads; or, if the wearer is not in mourning, of coloured satin. Short sleeve, made very full, and confined to the arm by a band; a row of *cornets*, a sort of trimming which sticks out in such a manner as to remind one of the quills of a porcupine, forms a half-sleeve. The trimming of the skirt consists of a broad satin rouleau, surmounted by a deep row of *cornets*, over which are three satin rouleaus.

The most fashionable evening dresses are of black tulle, or *crêpe* over satin; they are spotted in general with jet stars; and the trimming consists of a mixture of the same material as the gown, with jet ornaments and plumes of cocks' feathers.

White, rose, Trocadero, and azure crape, gauze, or tulle, over satin, are the materials used by the few *élégantes* who appear out of mourning. The favourite trimming is an intermixture of flowers and tulle: the tulle, quilled in a full *ruche*, and wreathed with roses, forms a very light and pretty chain; it surmounts a broad rouleau, to which bouquets of flowers are attached at regular distances.

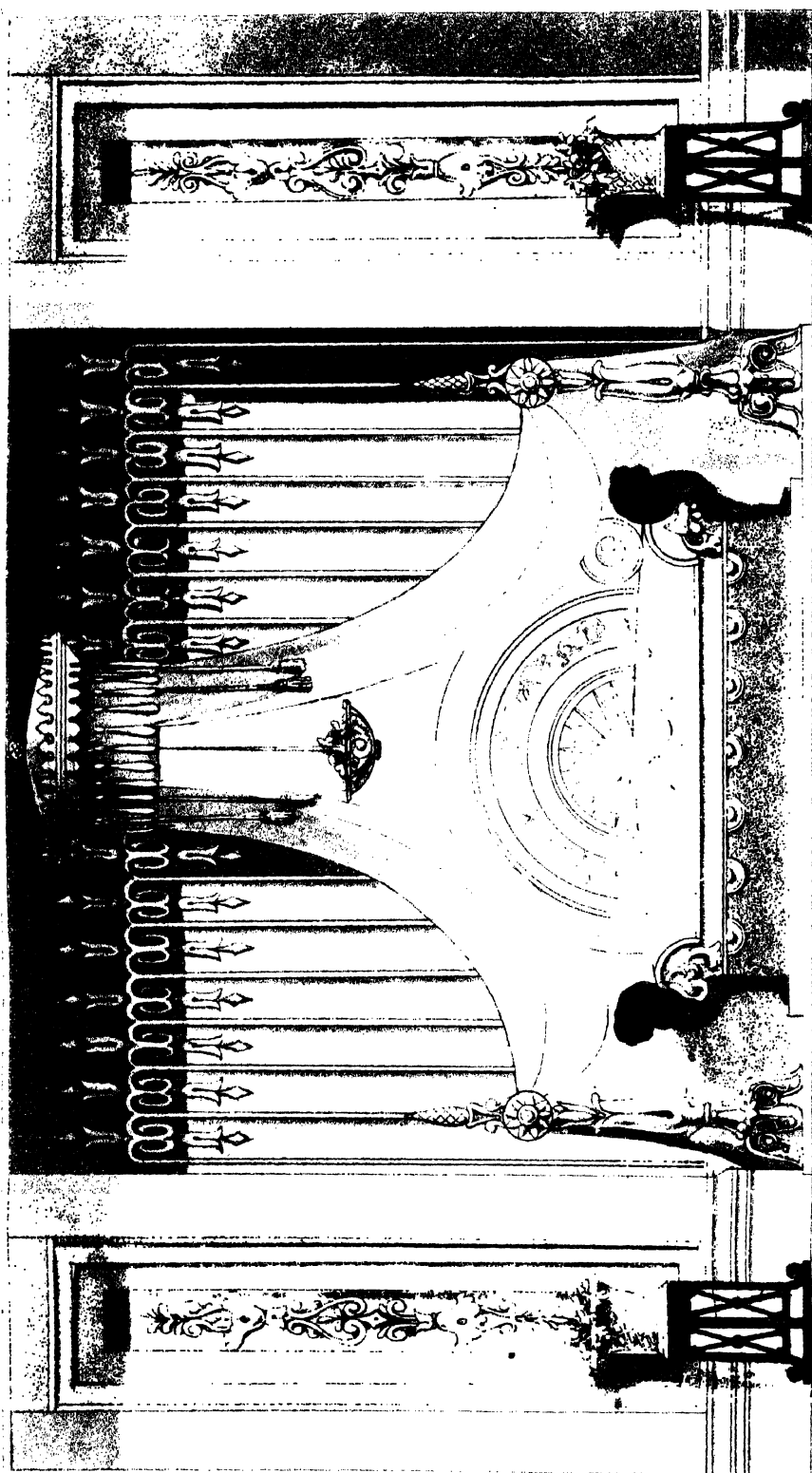
Very young ladies, if they do not appear in mourning, have gowns of white or rose-coloured *crêpe* trimmed with *bouillonné*, made very full, and interspersed with rosettes of another colour. The sleeves and the trimming of the *corsage* correspond. The rosettes must be of similar colours with the flowers which form the *coëffure*; and the bouquet is now an indispensable appendage to full dress.

Mourning head-dresses consist of white satin hats with black feathers, or black ones with white plumes. An ornament, in the form of a reed, in jet, placed rather far back, and a plume of black cocks' feathers in front, are also fashionable. White marabout plumes, mixed with gold ornaments, are much in favour with ladies out of mourning, as are also flowers. A favourite *coëffure* consists of three bouquets of roses of different colours, one placed just above each ear, and the third inserted between the two large knots of hair on the crown of the head.

Those ladies who appear in colours, wear Trocadero, lavender, citron, azure, rose, and crimson.

Adieu! Always your

EUCLIA.



FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A FRENCH BED AND DECORATION OF THE CHAMBER.

THE end of the apartment being sufficiently recessed to receive the tripod supports of the drapery, they stand in the situation represented in the annexed plate during the day-time, but at night they may be drawn forward with the curtains, so as to canopy the bed in as ample a manner as may be desired, and thus obtain a larger inclosure than is usual with this article of furniture. The bed itself is prepared to draw forward on rollers, either accompanied by

the semicircular back or otherwise, as by a simple means it is readily attached or liberated.

The colour of the apartment being a light blue, the draperies would harmonize if of a delicate fawn or pink, lined with white. The basket is intended to contain artificial flowers, and each tripod would be decorated in a similar manner. The chairs and other furniture should be designed in a corresponding style.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, under the patronage of, and dedicated by permission to, the King, *Views and Illustrations of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton*, by his private architect, John Nash, Esq. This work will consist of Picturesque Views, highly finished in colours, as facsimiles of the original drawings, chiefly made by Mr. A. Pugin, of the entire building and principal offices, taken from the gardens; also views of the chief apartments, as completed with their furniture and decorations. The whole will be illustrated by plans and sections, accompanied by descriptions, explanatory of the building, the relative situation and appropriation of the apartments, and of their splendid furniture. Specimens of this work, which will be finished in the first style of elegance, and of which only two hundred copies will be printed, may be seen at Mr. Ackermann's, where also subscriptions are received.

Mr. Ackermann is preparing for publication *Four Views of Edinburgh*, taken from the most interesting points of that picturesque city.

The third number of *Views in Germany, Tyrol, and Italy*, from lithographic

drawings by Messrs. Harding, Westall, and Hullmandel, will appear on the 1st of March.

Of the *Britannia Delineata*, the fifth number is ready for delivery.

Mountain Rambles, and other Poems, by G. H. Storie, Esq. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, will be published in a few days.

An historical romance of peculiar interest, to be called *The Prophecy*, by the author of "Ariel," "Wanderings of Fancy," &c. &c. will very shortly make its appearance.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will shortly publish, *A Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont in the Year 1823, and Researches among the Vaudois*; with Illustrations of the very interesting History of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps; with an Appendix, containing important Documents from ancient MSS. in one vol. 4to. with maps and other engravings.

Mr. Solomon Bennett has issued the prospectus of a work, to be entitled *The Temple of Ezekiel*, or an Illustration of the 40th, 41st, 42d, &c. Chapters of Ezekiel: to be published in a 4to. vo-

lume, and illustrated with a ground-plan and a bird's-eye view of the Temple.

Mr. George Cruikshank is engaged in illustrating two volumes, entitled *Tales of Irish Life*, written, from actual observation, during a residence of several years in various parts of Ireland; and intended to display a faithful picture of the habits, manners, and condition of the people.

Mrs. Lanfear has a small volume nearly ready, entitled *Letters to Young Ladies on their first Entrance into the World*; to which will be added, *Sketches from Real Life*.

The series of sketches or tales under the title of *Sayings and Doings*, which are on the eve of appearing, in three volumes post 8vo. are understood to proceed from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hook.

Miss Benger, author of the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots* and of *Anne Boleyn*, is engaged in another biographical work, of which Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the most interesting of the StUARTS, forms the subject.

It is well known that Galland's French translation of the collection of the *Thousand and One Nights*, from which the versions into other European languages have been made, was so imperfect as to contain only the smaller number of those celebrated tales. The public will therefore learn with interest, that Mr. Acker-

mann has in considerable forwardness a translation of that part of this collection which has not yet appeared in an English dress, from a complete copy of the original, which the eminent Oriental scholar, Mr. von Hammer of Vienna, was fortunate enough to meet with during his diplomatic mission at Constantinople.

Mr. A. A. Watts is preparing for publication a new edition of his *Poetical Sketches*, which will include *Gertrude de Balm* and other additional poems.

The Account of Mr. Bullock's Travels and Discoveries in Mexico is expected to appear early in spring, under the title of *Six Months in Mexico*.

A new edition of the *Plays of Shakespeare*, from the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Reed, with notes, original and selected by Mr. Henry Neele, is announced. It will be illustrated by engravings from original paintings by G. F. Joseph, A. R. A. engraved by Charles Heath and other eminent artists.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin will publish in April next, *The Library Companion*, or the Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort in the Formation of a Library, in one very large 8vo. volume.

A highly finished and accredited likeness of Mrs. Hannah More, engraved by Worthington, from a painting by H. W. Pickersgill, A. R. A. will be published in a few days.

Poetry.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S TALE."

As Love and Wit, at eventide,

Were chasing bees in Pleasure's bower,
They captur'd one that strove to hide
For safety in a passion-flower.

Wit cautiously withdrew the sting,
And tipp'd an arrow's point anew;
Love plum'd it with a silken wing,
And bath'd the barb in honey-dew.

Said smiling Love, "This shaft will be,
Thus plum'd and pointed, sharp and fleet;
And, though severe its wounds, through thee
This honey-dew will make them sweet."

While laughing o'er their skilful art,
They saw dark Terror gliding by;
And letting fall the gilded dart,
Wit whisper'd, it was time to fly.

He found the dazzling shaft, and stain'd
Its brightness with a darker hue,
Resolv'd to mingle all it gain'd
Of others' power with Terror too.

The magic dart of Love and Wit
And Terror's gifts, can never fail
To pierce, yet please, while launches it
The poet of "The Pilgrim's Tale."

M. C.



ADVERTISEMENTS for MARCH 1, 1824.

[To be continued Monthly.]

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(See Article HALL'S PATENT STARCH.)

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THESE Pills (entirely vegetable) are unrivalled in cases of Headache, Loss of Appetite, Noises and Giddiness in the Head, Lowness of Spirits, Flatulency, Obstructed Digestion, together with all Affections of the Liver and Bilious Disorders. These Pills contain not one atom of mercury or mineral, and are so peculiarly mild in their action as to require no confinement or alteration in diet. The most delicate females find them materially beneficial to their general health; and all who have used SYDENHAM'S PILLS pronounce them the most SAFE, MILD, and EFFECTUAL FAMILY MEDICINE extant. Nothing can prove the superiority of these Pills more than the numerous Cases communicated by persons of the highest respectability, and the countenance shewn them by the first Medical Characters in present practice. Naval and Military Men, Persons residing in hot climates, those leading sedentary lives, and Commercial Gentlemen, will find them a certain assistant to repel the attacks of disease arising from neglect, intemperance, the want of exercise, or the effects of climate. One Pill taken at the hour of dinner is admirably calculated to assist digestion, correct excesses of the table, and give a healthy action to the stomach. In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.; and for the use of families and for exportation, large boxes, by which there is a considerable saving, at 11s.

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Kensington Lace-Works and Manufactory,

SANCTIONED BY SPECIAL WARRANT, AND GRACIOUSLY PATRONISED AND VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS SOPHIA, and the DUCHESS OF KENT.

The Productions of this Manufactory are respectfully announced to the Nobility, Gentry, and Fashionable World, as far surpassing all others in every desirable requisite for Lace; being transparently clear, without the necessity of starching, or any injurious process to render them so: they are of the most beautiful Texture, and the Designs by the first Artists, Native and Foreign, retained peculiarly for this Manufacture in every elegant Novelty of Costume, as Robes, Dresses, Palatins, Pelerines, Scarves, Veils, Fichus, Shawls, Trimming and Flouncing Laces, Edgings, Footings, Caps, Sleeves, Handkerchiefs, Nets, Plaitings, and every other Article of Fashion, both White and Black, at the real manufacturing Prices; therefore cheaper than even the common Productions.

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MACASSAR OIL.

DEAR girl, I own thy face is fair;
I own thy heavenly form is fine;
And fairer face, or finer air,
We seldom see, dear girl, than thine!

But wouldst thou those bright charms improve,
And bloom still lovelier, O my love!
Wouldst thou become still more divine,
Oh! tend that auburn hair of thine!

The flowing ringlets, let them deck
The Parian whiteness of that neck:
In graceful softness let them fall,
And be my Emma beauty all!

Accept then *this*, and every grace
That decks the Queen of Beauty's smile,
Shall beam round thy angelic face—
'Tis ROWLAND's pure MACASSAR OIL.
FLORIAN.

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opposed in their progress to celebrity by prejudice
and unbelief. The amateurs of personal attraction
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cellence, by the use of

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a Cosmetic of vital importance to the support of
Female loveliness. Powerful of effect, yet mild of
influence, this admirable specific possesses Balsamic
properties of surprising energy. It eradicates
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and all cutaneous Eruptions, gradually producing a
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The KALYDOR is equally indispensable in the
Nursery as at the Toilet. Warranted perfectly in-
noxious, it may be used by the most delicate La-
dy with the assurance of safety and efficacy. To
MOTHERS NURSING their OFFSPRING, who
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of sore Nipples, which it immediately relieves, and
gives, in all cases of incidental inflammation, im-
mediate relief; cools the mouth of the Infant, and
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KALYDOR will be found excellent beyond prece-
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by most Perfumers and Medicine-Venders who
vend their celebrated MACASSAR OIL.

Observe, none are Genuine without the signa-
ture, "A. ROWLAND & SON."

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eminent of the faculty is the most convincing proof
of the superior efficacy of this preparation, which
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ROSE and ACIDULATED ROSE LOZENGES; and
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

APRIL 1, 1824.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
**To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.*

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

A Lesson for Fathers and the Frolicsome Duke in our next.

We shall endeavour to gratify a Querist in an early Number.

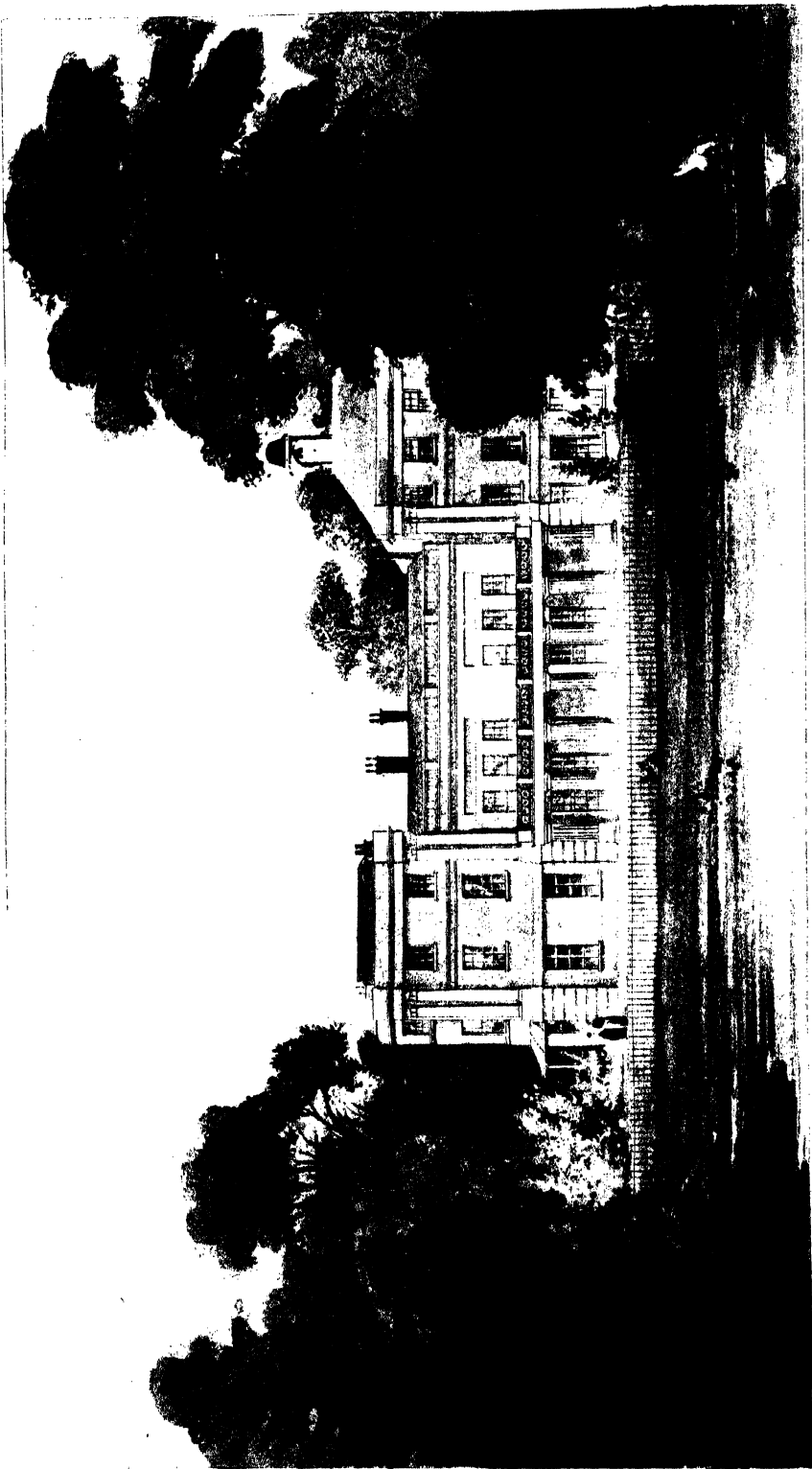
The notice, respecting the omission of which a Civil Inquirer complains, was introduced in a preceding Number, in the place appropriated to such articles.

The able communication of X. X. would be more suitable to the columns of a newspaper than to our pages, from which political and religious discussions are alike excluded.

Longbow seems to have mistaken his powers: strength (or rather coarseness) is not the only qualification requisite for "shooting folly as it flies."

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

APRIL 1, 1824.

N^o. XVI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

ST. MARGARET'S, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CASSILLIS.

THIS beautiful villa, the South Front of which is represented in the annexed Engraving, is situated on the banks of the Thames, in the parish of Twickenham. It bore at one time the name of Isleworth Park, and at another the New Park of Richmond. The old house belonged successively to the Countess of Charleville, Lord Muncaster, and the Duchess of Manchester. The whole property, with what was called Twickenham Park, was purchased by Francis Gosling, Esq. who added a portion of the park to the grounds of St. Margaret's. This has been rendered classic ground by the residence of Sir Francis Bacon, who here passed many of his happiest days: here he pursued his first studies in the great book of Nature. Here imagination may picture to itself the great man making the meads

|| and neighbouring glades his study, far from the scenes of bustle and ambition that surrounded him in maturer life. Here he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth; and it was here that he had hopes of forming a mineralogical society, as appears from a paper in the British Museum, wherein he observes:—
“ Let 'Twitnam Park, which I sold in my younger days, be purchased, if possible, for a residence for such deserving persons to study in, since I experimentally found the situation of that place much convenient for the trial of my philosophical conclusions, expressed in a paper sealed to the trust, which I myself had put in practice, and settled the same by act of Parliament, if the vicissitudes of fortune had not intervened and prevented me.”
This society he intended to be for

Vol. III. No. XVI.

C c

the express purpose of exploring abandoned mineral works.

After Sir Francis sold the estate of Twickenham, we find that it passed through various hands, and at last became the property of Lucy, the admired but extravagant wife of Edward Earl of Bedford. She gave it, in 1618, to Sir William Harrington, who sold it to John Lord Berkeley of Stratton. It was purchased, in the year 1743, by Algernon Earl of Mountrath, from whom it passed to Sir Wm. Abdy. The estate being divided into lots, and put up to sale, the greater part was purchased by Francis Gosling, Esq. who pulled down the old mansion in Twickenham Park, and attached a considerable portion of the grounds to St. Margaret's, as has been before stated: but this beautiful villa, as it now stands, owes its present splendour and delightful arrangement, both in the house and grounds, to the noble proprietor, who has displayed great judgment in forming out of old buildings, by combining them, the very delightful villa that now constitutes the chief ornament of Twickenham Park, and of the view down the river from Richmond, from which it is seen to great advantage.

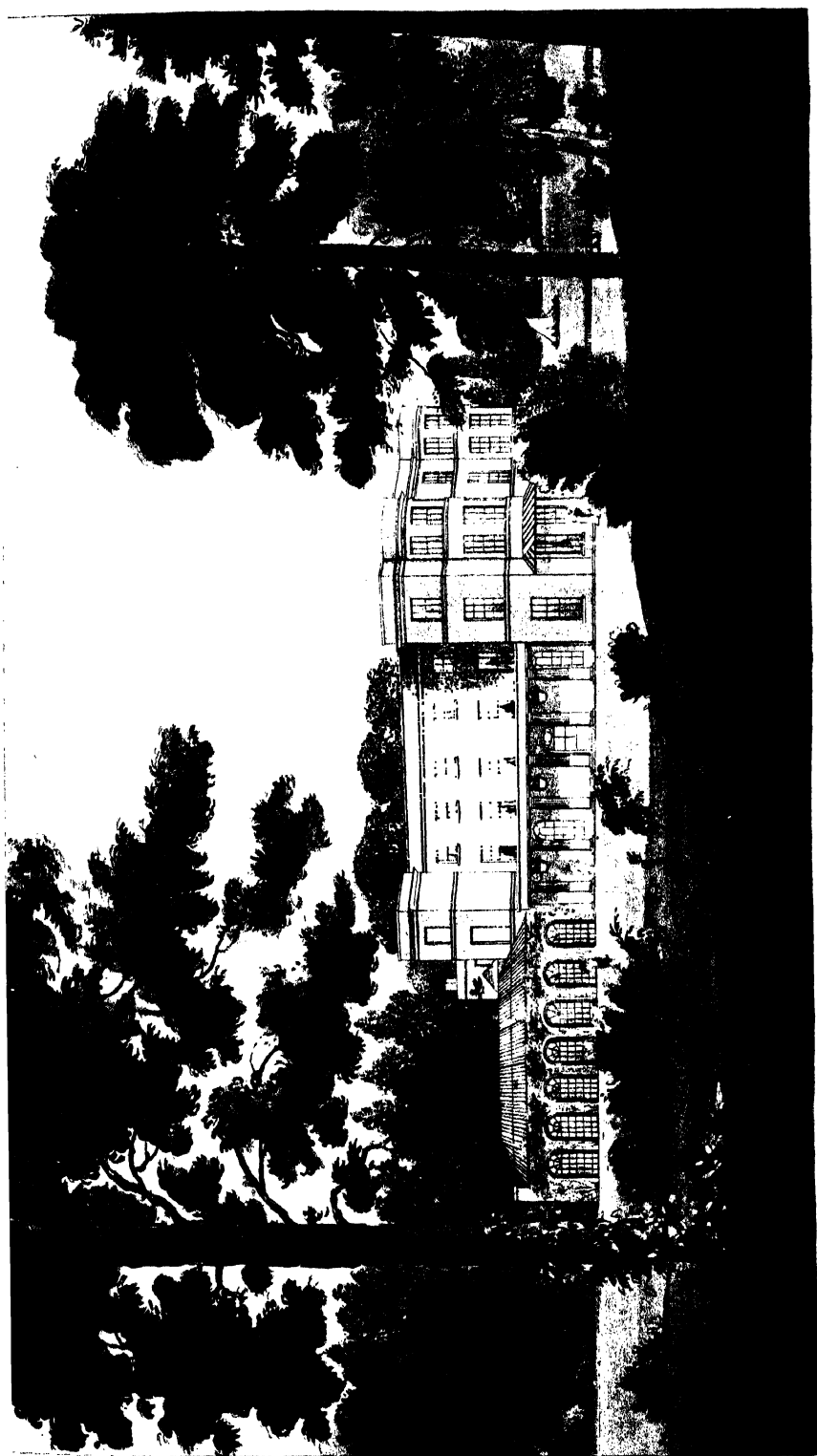
In the interior arrangement, fitting-up, and combination of furniture, it vies in elegance with any thing of the kind in the kingdom. In fact, it is so exquisite and chaste, that in admiring the suite of apartments, we forget the splendour that pervades it. The Dining-Room occupies the east wing, extending along the south front: it is a fine room, lofty, and finished with a dome, from which is suspended a beautiful chandelier. Several fine pictures, by the old masters, ornament this apartment, as well as the

charming anti-room which connects the suite of apartments. The Drawing-Room also contains some fine paintings; and connected with it is a boudoir of singular beauty.

The Drawing-Room occupies the west wing, commanding views over the Thames to the south; while the windows to the west reach down to the ground, laying the apartment open to the verandah and pleasure-grounds, which form a fine foreground to the sweetest view. The silvery Thames in all its beauty is seen issuing from beneath Richmond-bridge, which is surmounted by the far-famed Richmond-Hill, gemmed with villas rising from luxuriant woods up to the very top. The middle distance is composed of delightful meadows of the richest verdure, embellished with some fine trees; while the other side of the river is ornamented with villas. These, combined with the pleasure-boats and craft that are continually gliding along the polished surface of the Thames, form a scene seldom rivalled.

A terrace-walk extends along the water to a pleasing octagon pavilion, at the extremity of the grounds, from which the views are equally delightful. Isleworth, with its ivied church, backed by the rich woods of Sion, appears to great advantage from this spot. From this walk the home scene is full of interest, commanding a sweet lawn, embellished with an elegant green-house to the right, while to the left the out-houses are formed into the semblance of a chapel, surmounted with a picturesque tower.

The lawn is divided by a bridge of considerable magnitude, overgrown with ivy, which has all the appearance of bold Gothic ruins; while



through the arches is seen a fine avenue of limes of considerable length. The whole has a sequestered and monastic appearance, that well accords with its name of St. Margaret, which seems to imply that the spot has been dedicated to religion.

The walks and drives over the bridge extend to the Entrance Front, which furnishes our Second View for this month. It is equally pleasing with the South Front. A colonnade extends from side to side, and is so

connected with a very delightful green-house as to form a pleasing and dry walk, when the weather prevents out-door exercises. This green-house is most judiciously arranged, not only affording a perpetual spring walk, but being an elegant screen to the offices.

The kitchen-gardens are extensive, well walled, and abounding in fruit-trees, possessing also a handsome range of hot-houses and lime-pits.

THE LOITERER.

No. VII.

I WAS acquainted some years ago with a Frenchman who used gravely to insist that the English in general, however well informed they might pretend to be, were very imperfectly acquainted with their native language. I remember we used to contest this point very obstinately; but one only of the arguments that he employed is present to my recollection, and that is, the frequent misapplication of the term *honest fellow*. I had forgotten my acquaintance and his singular opinion altogether, till they were recalled to my mind by an invitation I lately received to dine with a party of honest fellows. Three of these gentlemen were successively announced to me by my host as an honest fellow, a very honest fellow, and the honestest fellow in the world; and certainly when I came to make inquiries into their respective claims to these titles, I could not help acknowledging, that those people who bestowed it upon them might be fairly said to fall under the Frenchman's censure of not understanding English.

Mr. Gizzlemore, the honest fel-

low, is remarkable for drinking more wine and saying fewer words over it than any man in England. He is now about forty-five, and in the whole course of his life has never been distinguished by any other circumstance than the two I have mentioned. He has a very good estate, from which nobody but his wine-merchant derives any benefit; and a number of poor relations, none of whom have any reason to complain of his partiality, since he treats them all with equal neglect. No one would think of asking his opinion on any other subject than the quality of wine, and nobody would ever dream of requesting any favour from him, unless it was to assist their judgment in purchasing it; and yet this animal, such as he is, is very generally complimented with the title of an honest fellow.

It is now some years since Bob Ranter exhausted both his fortune and credit; but he is, as he himself says, a man of ways and means, which he proves by keeping up a very stylish appearance without a sixpence of revenue. He has a very numer-

ous acquaintance, all of whom he contrives to lay under contribution in some way or other; but his happy assurance and ready presence of mind enable him to do it with an ease and spirit which veil, if they cannot entirely conceal, his being a mere spunger. Bob is celebrated for his obliging disposition; that is, for his readiness to assist any frolic, however mischievous or unprincipled, and for his invincible good-humour, which is nothing more than an utter want of shame and sensibility. Such are the two qualities which make nine-tenths of his acquaintance declare that he is a very honest fellow.

Dick Dashall, destitute himself of fortune, had the good luck to marry a most amiable woman with a very fine estate. He always treated her in public with the greatest respect and affection. No lover could be more gallantly assiduous in *shawling* her up before he suffered her to venture out of a warm room, nor more careful in preventing her being incommoded by a crowd in getting to her coach: consequently he was regarded by every body as a miracle of a husband; and when he seduced the wife of his best friend, it was generally allowed that the fault must be on the lady's side, because it was impossible such a fine open-hearted fellow could be guilty of deliberate treachery. Yet this fine fellow had laid close siege in private for months to the wife of his friend, while he totally neglected his own; but the world would not believe it, any more than it would credit the report of his leaving a girl, whom he had seduced, and her child, of whom he was the father, to starve at the very moment that he placed his name at the

head of a patriotic subscription, to which he contributed a large sum; that is to say, on paper, for he forgot to pay it. He has, however, credit for generosity, because he has been known to assist those who are as profligate as himself; and for spirit, because he once challenged a gentleman, who said he had acted dishonourably in seducing the wife of his friend: so that go where you will you are sure to be told, that he is generous, spirited, open-hearted, and, to crown all, the honestest fellow in the world.

If this is not a perversion of language I don't know what is: but these are not the only instances of the kind that have fallen under my observation. The term sneaking fellow is very often expressed where honest ought most certainly to be used: this is the case with Sam Softly, who is a good husband, an excellent father, a warm friend, and, in the strictest sense of the word, an honest man; but some peculiarities of manner, a quaintness of expression, and a strict business-like manner of settling with people, so as neither to cheat nor be cheated, occasion him to be characterized by the generality of people as a poor-spirited creature, a miserable animal, in short, a sneaking fellow.

I am afraid that it is not the men alone who are chargeable with this perversion of language; the ladies, dear souls! are not wholly exempt from the same fault. Mrs. Drudge-well is declared by all her female acquaintance to be the best creature in the world. Is it her piety, charity, or generosity, that has procured her this character? Not at all: she owes it to her being the convenient friend, or rather sycophant, of all those with whom she is connected.

Ever occupied in attending to her own interest, and sensible that nothing so effectually promotes it as those little nameless compliances which cost the persons who make them nothing but their dignity and independence of mind, she is always at the orders of her friends; always ready to go on their errands, to act as a spy on their servants; in short, to perform any servile office that

may entitle her to a dinner, and to the appellation of the best creature in the world.

My memory would furnish me with instances enough of the same kind to exhaust the reader's patience, only that, fortunately for him, a fit of indolence induces me to postpone the subject to some future opportunity.

N. N.

MADALENA, OR THE CONSEQUENCES OF ELOPEMENT.

(Continued from p. 150.)

THE lady of the eldest captain had been Mrs. Gilman's most intimate acquaintance in the regiment, and through her influence with Lady Melbourne, Captain Wortesly was appointed major. In a moment of the most agonizing perplexity, Mrs. Gilman had recourse to Mrs. Wortesly; and the worthy old lady seconded her views, without prying into the circumstances in which they originated. Colonel Gilman had told his wife, that the British troops were ordered from Sicily to Portugal: she must return to Britain, and Miss Jervas would be an agreeable companion during his absence. Mrs. Gilman was shocked by the latter part of the colonel's communication; but desirous of parting, as she had lived with him, on amicable terms, she suppressed the emotions of offended delicacy, and only replied, that she hoped he would not be much appalled, though his good genius should take her semblance on the banks of the Tagus. He gaily said, he must hail such an apparition as his better angel. Mrs. Gilman told Mrs. Wortesly she wished to smuggle herself to Portugal, and surprise the colonel when the debarka-

tion took place. Mrs. Wortesly had never separated from her affectionate husband, and was therefore more easily induced to assist Mrs. Gilman's innocent stratagem. She was indeed surprised, as Colonel Gilman's unkindness had partly transpired, and his free behaviour with Miss Jervas had not escaped notice: however, when Mrs. Wortesly heard she was returning to England, Mrs. Gilman's avoidance of being her fellow-passenger was sufficiently accounted for. The transport in which Major Wortesly was to sail was crowded with men; at least Mrs. Wortesly assigned this as a reason for begging to have a state-room in the frigate in which Colonel Gilman was to sail to Portugal. She said a crowded ship would bring on a severe paroxysm of her haunting foe, the asthma; and Colonel Gilman, the quintessence of politeness to every lady except his wife, insisted that Mrs. Wortesly should occupy his large state-room, and declared it was always his intention to sling his cot in his cabin. Mrs. Gilman was to get on board in the evening, disguised as one of Mrs. Wortesly's attendants, and to have a bed in the same

apartment. Colonel Gilman bade farewell to his lady, and left Miss Jervas wholly in her power; but she employed the opportunity to benefit that unhappy girl, not to retort injuries. The widow of a commissary clerk had been chiefly maintained by Mrs. Gilman's bounty since the decease of her husband: she was going home with her children, and furnished with ample funds to pay all expenses for Miss Jervas. Mrs. Croisdale took charge of her, engaging not to part from her till she saw her safe at the house of her father, who had some appointment in the customs at Deptford. Miss Jervas accounted for her violent grief by saying, she had taken a long farewell of her dearest female friend, a Sicilian lady; and complaining of sea-sickness, went to bed. She knew nothing of the arrangements between Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Croisdale, and both supposed Mrs. Gilman was going to England, though she might be unfit for attending to Miss Jervas on deck. Mrs. Wortesly came to drink tea with Mrs. Gilman, as the fleets were not to weigh their anchors till early next morning; and as soon as darkness assisted the projected masquerade, the colonel's and major's ladies left the vessel which was bound for England; and though they were obliged to pass through the great cabin, where Colonel Gilman, with several officers, sat over their wine, Mrs. Gilman was not recognised.

A contrary wind still detained them in the harbour, and uproarious merriment in the cabin kept the ladies awake. When morning was a little advanced, a bustle upon deck informed them that the seamen were hoisting the sails. The easy motion

of the frigate assured them that the wind was fair, and she made great way. The stupifying oblivion of intoxication continued to hush the cabin till the first hour after noon, when the ladies were roused by Colonel Gilman ringing his bell. The door of the state-room had been left ajar by Mrs. Wortesly's servant, the wife of a soldier, and they could hear the colonel tell his valet to bring his *secretaire*. Profound stillness again disposed the ladies to slumber, when a half angry exclamation from Colonel Gilman and the coquettish laugh of Miss Jervas announced her vicinity. Her gaiety soon changed to a doleful remonstrance at Colonel Gilman's cruelty, as he imperiously charged her with disobedience to his injunctions, and presumptuous folly, which had frustrated his endeavours to send her home with a soldered, if not a sound reputation. She was now blasted to all intents and purposes; and if Mrs. Gilman deigned to inquire for her, she must be convinced of incidents, that, till then, she only suspected; and the uneasiness occasioned to her was to him very offensive. Observing the poor castaway in tears, he continued to say, that having madly reduced herself to a rueful plight, she should bear in mind, that a pretty face was all the barrier between her and friendless penury. She ought not to dim her fine eyes with tears on any account, unless pearly drops from lustrous orbs could dissolve the heart of a stripling Philander; but Horatio Gilman knew the sex too well to melt at an eye-stream, or to be dazzled by an eye-beam. Miss Jervas, sobbing and wringing her hands, fell at the feet of her relentless deluder, vowing that his favour was all the

world to her, and she must cling to him for ever. He bade her remember he had a wife.

"Yes," said the wretched girl, rising from the humiliating posture he did not even assist her to quit; "yes, alas! yes, Colonel Gilman had a wife when he swore by every sacred name to love his cousin for ever!"

"For ever!" repeated Gilman in a manner that pointedly derided Louisa's common-place expressions. "Can you have been such a simpleton as not to be aware, that all men become sages as soon as their passions are sated?"

The miserable Louisa could offer no reply but tears; and, after a pause, Colonel Gilman, without one touch of pity, begged she would be more reasonable than to expect him to remain in folly or lunacy beyond the period usual to other fugitive lovers. Louisa upbraided, implored, expostulated, but her destroyer was inexorable; in short, Mrs. Gilman heard enough to assure her, that the most injured wife is not so pitiable as her guilty rival, setting wholly out of the question the immeasurable difference between conscious innocence and conscious shame. The colonel rang for his valet, and ordered him to do up his little state-room in a minute, and to take Miss Jervas's trunks thither, giving notice when all was ready: Poligni might shift for himself among the colonel's retinue; and at his peril to be quick in preparing the state-room. He soon returned to say all was arranged for the lady. He came just as Colonel Gilman had finished telling Miss Jervas he would place her at dinner beside the young and opulent Ensign Haddacombe; and he recommended to her to call

up all her charms for conquest. She saw that her betrayer was determined to rid himself of her, and in despair followed Poligni to the little state-room. Poligni returned to attend his master.

While dressing, Colonel Gilman vented his chagrin in a violent *tirade* against that teasing encumbrance, Louisa Jervas. He compared her bold encroachments with the sweet submissions of Mrs. Gilman, who never persecuted him with her unalienable right to his adherence, and swore his own Madalena was myriads of times more beautiful than Jervas; being also transcendent in accomplishments and understanding. He almost confessed he had been infatuated in preferring a silly, yet mercenary creature, to a wife who evinced the most disinterested regard for his happiness. Flashings of admirable good sense and good feeling broke through the mists of sensualism in Colonel Gilman's discourse with the wily Italian, who tried to foment the passions that made him a confidant of his master's low pleasures; and Mrs. Gilman too surely knew, that though he did her justice in the contrast with Miss Jervas, because he was now disgusted with her, it must be in vain to hope he would not soon be involved in guilt with some new object.

Mrs. Wortesly had overheard so much from the colonel's own lips, that reserves on the condition of Miss Jervas could be of no use; nor could Mrs. Gilman endure to consign her to irreclaimable depravity without one effort to save her: she therefore asked Mrs. Wortesly to interfere. Her age fully sanctioned her in seeing the unhappy girl, to prevail with her to admit a respectable serjeant's

wife to bear her company, and to sleep in her room till they should reach land. Mrs. Wortesly was authorized to promise her all necessary comforts on board, and to be placed with a pension in a convent, till she could be sent to England under proper guardianship. Mrs. Wortesly was detained from going to talk with Miss Jervas, for Major Wortesly came from his transport on regimental business. A boisterous gale prevented his immediate return, and Colonel Gilman invited him to dinner. Mrs. Wortesly went to the state-room to offer her services to Miss Jervas: she was not there. She had dressed herself gaudily, and was on deck, surrounded by the junior officers. Mrs. Wortesly made several efforts to meet her alone, and went late at night to her state-room, but did not find her. A storm of two days' continuance kept Major Wortesly from leaving the frigate: the cabin continued to be a scene of intemperance; and Major Wortesly, not to incommode Mrs. Gilman, accepted Colonel Gilman's offer to sleep in his cot a few hours, waiting the first abatement of the gale to get back to his transport. Major Wortesly agreed, as if he was unwilling to disturb his wife by rising very early. The second night the ladies slept profoundly: before day they were called up by yells of "Fire! fire!" from many voices. Half undressed, they hurried to the cabin; all the gentlemen had left it, and they proceeded to join the affrighted group on deck. Mrs. Gilman could not see her husband; but she had the piercing grief to hear the gray-headed first lieutenant of the frigate say to him, that if he had not so furiously counteracted the attempt to

employ the soldiers, they could have hindered the flames from reaching the powder-magazine; and she could gather from the half-frantic replies of the colonel, that he and his party, hearing the unusual commotion, had sprung to the deck, and that the colonel violently commanded the soldiers to desist from the measures pointed out to them by the first lieutenant. The sailors continued to work as directed, and prevailed with the soldiers to recommence cutting off the communication between the flames and the powder; but Colonel Gilman abused, threatened, and irritated them, till they and the sailors seeing no other chance to save themselves, lowered the boats, and left Colonel Gilman and the officers to their dreadful fate. What a hideous picture was presented to Mrs. Gilman! The colonel, emerged from the place occupied by his valet, where he had been securing some gold coin and papers, which he was fixing round his waist, while he uttered the most tremendous imprecations on the men who seized the boats, and he kicked about whatever he found on deck. Others of the inebriated officers were ejaculating the awful name of that Great Being whose most precious gift they had deformed and suspended by intemperance. Others prayed earnestly for deliverance, and in the next moment reproached heaven for their perilous situation. Some exerted themselves manfully to assist the gentlemen who retained their senses, and then in despair threw themselves prostrate, lamenting their inextricable calamity. The captain of the frigate seemed to be sobered by the call on his efforts, and he contributed to the utmost of his power in the judicious means adopted

by the old lieutenant and Major Wortesly, to retard the progress of the flames; but a column of smoke bursting forth near the powder-magazine warned them to provide for their lives. Colonel Gilman and the officers, who were bewildered by hard drinking, leaped overboard, and one of them, in a transport of phrenzy, drew the captain of the frigate with him. Major Wortesly and the old lieutenant hastily lashed together some spars and planks, to form a raft for the ladies, who, in delirium, continued pouring water upon the boards, without attending to what was passing around them. With much difficulty they were called to a perception of their danger. The raft was launched overboard with great effort; the ladies were lowered upon it from the cabin-window, and suffered themselves to be lashed firmly to the raft, which the lieutenant and Major Wortesly undertook to steer.

They had not gained the shore, when an explosion that seemed to shake the very foundations of the deep, bereft the ladies of recollection. Cries and groans announced that scattered pieces of the exploded frigate had fatally reached many who were swimming for their lives. A splinter mortally wounded the old lieutenant, and in the last convulsions of nature he nearly overset the raft. The ladies were held fast by the cords that bound them to the spars, and by the involuntary grasp by which all will cling to any instrument for safety. Major Wortesly, still master of himself, preserved the raft from being ingulphed, when, by lurid gleams of moonlight, he saw, among billowy chasms in the water,

the jagged points of shelving shingles near the coast. Mrs. Gilman recovered a little from the icy chillness that overspread her body, when the foaming surges washed over her, and the shock of the horrible explosion made all her blood retreat to her heart.

The first renovation of her faculties-discovered to Mrs. Gilman, that she and her companions in misfortune had been cast upon the flinty shore. They were all bound to the raft, and she heard the roaring sea close beside them: dread of being swept into the watery vortex quickened her pulse, and restored a little warmth to her members. It was a feverish glow of terror; but it enabled her to use her hands in groping to loose the cords which confined her to the spars. With the aid of a knife, which the major chanced to have in his pocket, and with an exertion never before essayed by fingers so delicate, she at length succeeded in setting herself at liberty; and in like manner she extricated her friend. Mrs. Wortesly was restored to sensation, and joined in her friend's endeavours to restore the major to animation. After some time he attempted to rise; but sunk down immediately, saying, in broken accents, his last hour drew near. His voice failed; yet his wife and Mrs. Gilman continued the application that had restored him, and he again spoke to require a promise of Mrs. Wortesly to preserve her life for the sake of their grandchildren; and besought Mrs. Gilman not to allow her friend to remain in the cold beside his lifeless corpse. He raised his feeble hand to point out to the ladies a light to the north-west; and again entreat-

ing his wife to take care of herself, his words became inarticulate. Mrs. Wortesly bewailed her loss, and Mrs. Gilman joined in silent tears. They were soon convinced that the gallant spirit had sought a happier sphere, and drew the mortal remains as far from the shore as to be beyond reach of the tide. Mrs. Gilman had perceived the lieutenant's wound must have been mortal: in seeking to chafe his forehead, she found his skull fractured and his neck mangled. She proposed to Mrs. Wortesly to move his body further from the beach; the only testimony they could give of gratitude for his presence of mind in devising and executing the resource to which they were indebted for escape from the frigate. Having performed this last mark of respect for the corpse of the lieutenant, Mrs. Wortesly again embraced her venerable husband, with the most piteous lamentations for her bereavement. Mrs. Gilman allowed her to vent the natural emotions of sorrow, and then reminded her of the promise to preserve herself for the sake of her grandchildren.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "my Wortesly, the most excellent, the most beloved, never required of me but the wisest conduct; and I will try to be worthy of such a husband."

Mrs. Gilman was now more feeble than her widowed companion: she was exhausted by severely taxing her strength. A noble enthusiasm inspired Mrs. Wortesly; by the effect of sympathy it was soon imparted, though in an inferior degree, to Mrs. Gilman. They had slippers when they rushed to the deck of the frigate, but these were lost in the sea: yet they felt not the rocks lacerating their feet, nor the tempest of

night piercing their thin and drenched garments; absorbed in their affections, they walked in darkness through ways unknown, and guided only by the light pointed out to them by Major Wortesly. The glimmering ray conducted them to the back window of a large building; and looking through a pane of coarse glass, they saw a candle almost burnt out; but perceived no inhabitant. They went round to an open door. Silence, deathlike and ominous, reigned around. The ladies supposed that the inmates of the house were asleep. The open door fronted that chamber which contained a light; it was visible, as that door was likewise unclosed. They entered, and beheld surgical instruments, bandages, unguents, and phials, strewed on the floor. Several wax candles and dressings for wounds lay on a table. Mrs. Gilman lighted one of the wax candles, as their friendly conductor had nearly wasted to the socket of the candlestick. "Oh! for a little fresh water!" said Mrs. Wortesly.

Mrs. Gilman quickly lighted another candle, and ran through a long passage to awake the family. She was repeatedly intercepted by French uniforms, torn and bloody. She was exceedingly terrified; but the paleness of Mrs. Wortesly's countenance and her hollow voice were still more alarming, and anxiety to obtain assistance for her overcame all selfish considerations. She proceeded till she reached another open apartment, where a spectacle was presented, branding the Portuguese with the odium of ruthless vindictive cruelty. Men stiffened in their gore heaped the pavement in this lofty hall. "O my God," said Mrs. Gilman, "we are in the house of massacre! Had

I not been a rash girl, what misery should I have shunned! But can I forget Colonel Gilman is perhaps no more, and my dear friend to all appearance dying?"

Mrs. Gilman banished her regrets and fears with the idea of Mrs. Wortesly's extremity; and looking wildly around, observed a cistern, with several flaggons ranged on a shelf over it. Plunging one of these in the water, she took it up nearly full, and with desperate courage passing the mangled bodies, made her way speedily to Mrs. Wortesly.

She lay on the ground, and on examining her features and taking her hand, Mrs. Gilman had the direful certainty, that life had fled from her only companion in this abode of horror. She fell on her knees, and, almost in distraction, exclaimed, "Father of mercies! am I alone in this frightful place? Oh! take, take me to thyself!" Voices reverberating through the edifice overcame Mrs. Gilman's forced intrepidity. She fell, seemingly inanimate, beside Mrs. Wortesly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

At the close of an election in Lewes, in 1775, the Duke of Newcastle was so pleased with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck, and kissed him. "My dear friend, I love you dearly; you are the best man in the world; I wish to serve you; what can I do for you?"—"May it please your grace, the exciseman of this town is very old; I would beg to succeed him as soon as he shall die."—"Aye that you shall, with all my heart; I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, fly to me, my dear friend, be it night or day; insist upon seeing me, or waking. If I am not at court, never rest till you find me: not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear worthy good soul as you are; nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were closeted together." The voter had swallowed every thing with rapture, and scraping down to the ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The latter took

his leave of this troublesome world in the winter following. The instant the duke's friend was apprised of it, he posted off for London on the wings of eager expectation, and reached Lincoln's-Inn Fields about two o'clock in the morning.

The King of Spain, about this time, had been seized with a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, that he could not survive. Among these the duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the first moment of receiving this intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic Majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, the duke could not retire to rest till he had given directions to his attendants to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes—his grace has just gone

to bed; but we are directed to awake him the moment you come."—"O God bless him! I know the duke told me I should always be welcome, by night or by day! Pray shew me up." The happy voter was scarcely conducted to the door when he rushed into the room, and in the transport of his joy cried out, "My lord, he is dead!"—"That is well, my dear friend; I am glad of it with all my soul: when did he die?"—"The morning before last, an' please your grace."—"Why, so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown; the lightning itself could not have travelled half so fast as you. Tell me, best of men, how shall I reward you?"—"All I ask for in this world is, that your grace would be pleased to remember your

kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him!"—"You, you blockhead! you King of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let us look at you." By this time the astonished duke drew back the curtain, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with anger and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest might have been easily forgiven, but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the King of Spain was dead became a matter of resentment. At length the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth, and when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a rank more suited to his desires—he made him an exciseman.

GAELIC RELICS.—No. XI.

CEANEACH MACCEANEACH, PRIMOGENITOR OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

RELICS of the bards are extant in poesy, and in the measured prose they sometimes employed, not only in their *ouarskals*, or new stories, which is the literal sense of that term, but in relating the deeds of heroes; and these have perpetuated the memory of valorous leaders belonging to all the clans. They exhibit the Gael with all their peculiar features of character in full action. Other details are flat and inanimate, compared to such living portraits of heroes and heroines of the olden times. No doubt an early acquaintance with those spirit-stirring records has contributed to kindle "the soul of fire" in their descendants; and we may hope the translations will, at least, have no enervating tendency. The pious and exemplary Dr. Blair often said, that the poems of Ossian should

form a part of every juvenile library, as they were eminently adapted for instilling, not merely the military virtues, but the noblest principles of rectitude and generosity in all conditions of life; and to shew the fair sex, that energy of mind is perfectly compatible with the most enchanting beauty and feminine sensibility. With a very sincere feeling of inferiority in respect to the powers of genius, the translator hopes the merit of exalted sentiment belongs to each of the productions which a feeble hand attempts to invest in a more modern drapery.

The relic now given offers salutary hints to the rulers and people of every land. It consists chiefly of a good-humoured contest between a mainland and island bard, concerning the comparative import-

ance of equestrian and maritime exploits. The contest seems to have been intended to amuse a superannuated chief, desponding because of incapacity to head his warriors to "the field of fame." The translator would rejoice to know, that relics of the bards and poets of the early ages, throughout the British dominions, were collected for the press. We are not less Britons than Highlanders; and there are few among the natives of the mountains who are not zealous for the honour of the three kingdoms and their dependencies. The Gael are now acquainted with the sister realms; and though they dearly prize their own wild scenery, they emulate and admire the rich culture and decoration of the south, and they regard the inhabitants as brethren. Woe be to the Gael who could be so illiberal as to mark a line of separation! His countrymen would disclaim him. We hope and believe there are few such narrow-minded beings; and the first personage in the empire has given a gracious pattern of universal conciliation. The translator was induced to give some early characteristics of the clans, because best acquainted with those antiquities. There is one

which will affect every reader and sensibility with the most delightful and home-felt associations—the name of Mackenzie—the elegant monitor of the higher classes, and their imitators, who "ministered to minds diseased" with skill so exquisite, and medicaments so palatable, that the patients mistook, and still mistake, each salutary potion for a sumptuous banquet. "The Man of Feeling," "The Man of the World," "Julius de Robbignac," "The Mirror," and "The Lounger," are imperishable

monuments of this mental art of healing under the most pleasing form. They that took up the volumes to kill time, found their understandings illumined, and their hearts improved.

The origin of the patronymic from which the name of Mackenzie arose, is said to have been a premature exploit of valour performed by the young chief while superintending the preparation of a feast to succeed a hunting match. The Gael were of opinion, that "to yield the sport of their shaggy dogs to a foe" was indelibly disgraceful; and when a gigantic race of freebooters attacked the boys of Kintail, the youthful chieftain, with singular address and courage, disappointed them of a prey. The Fiannachael were adventurers from the far Northern Isles, who took possession of a cave, still accessible in Catthlu, or Sutherland, and to this day called Uamor Fraishgail. It is situated in the parish of Tongue; and it is twenty feet wide at the entrance, reaching near half a mile under-ground.

The eagle of Morven's rocks bends proudly from the sky to behold his feathers waving over the brow of Fingal and his heroes; but loftier was the boast of the dun-sided sons of the forest, when their antlers drove away the fierce rovers of ocean, or laid them in blood on the land of trees. Ceartnach, ancestor of the bard of this song, was foster-father of age and youth, while the chief of Kintail and his men at arms were distant far, reaping the harvest of renown.

"Shall the praise of them that rest beneath their cairns, and the deeds of our own hand, be all our thought and speech?" said the white-haired grandsires of ruddy-checked boys,

all impatient for that age when the glory of battle shall gleam on their towering helmets."

"We settle as the sickly mist of fenny pools, without a breeze to move our stagnant blood," said the youths. "Give our kindling eyes to behold the sport of our shaggy dogs in the chase. Ceartnach is to us in place of our absent chief. Wills he that our sinews may stiffen before they finish their growth?"

"Three days, and we awaken the stately browsers of the wilderness," said Ceartnach.

Lo! the cheek of age has reddened in returning joys of youth, when the dogs, bounding with their fleet steps, and wild with the pride of the chase, call forth all the echoes of Kintail to proclaim the dawning day, till hushed to silence the watchful hound attends on the gliding pace of the deer-stalker, concealing amid thickets his contracted form. The young chief, an eaglet before a flight of mountain falcons, the young chief gives command to the hope of his vassals to dig the pits, and heat the stones for an evening feast. Many browsers of the forest have bled between the rising and setting suns of two autumnal days. Piles of antlers are collected to adorn the halls where circles the shell of joy and resounds the song of friendship. The third evening declines; but scarce has the orb of light dipped his beams in the sea, when a frowning host from the northern den of robbers winds down the steep. Tall on steeds reft from the kings of the world, not in open fray, but in shameful deeds of rapine in darkness, they seek a hidden course from the south.

"Come the hollies of our cliffy mountains to share our sport?" said

the young chief in the quick perceptions of his opening soul. "No, this is a roaming band of the Fiannachael; and shall the giant spoilers boast in other lands, that their horrid faces, with gusts of fury, bowed the young oaks of Kintail to the earth, that we fled before the boding storm? Shall the gnashing teeth of them, our fathers spurned from the board of welcome have power over the sport of our shaggy dogs? The dumb stag-hounds of my father would howl in grief for our shame; and shall his son, and the sons of his people, live to mourn the stifling of their hardly whispered fame? or shall our deeds be known among the brave? The brave die, or live in the brightness of renown. Let the faint dawn of our valour ascend to noon-beams of joy in wars to come! Let us fall, or grow as early buds stricken by a furious squall from the north, and the wind that has shook our branches shall increase our strength!"

"We stand firm by our chief in the struggle of men," said the youths, their eyes flashing the awful fire of their growing souls.

"Our dirks and our knives are but as blades of grass beside the long lances of the foe," said a fair smiling boy. "Among you all I am lowest in station; but my spirit is high. These arms shall strike at the feet of the rovers, and they shall fall in their pride."

"My trust is in the light of my soul, and in the horns of the deer," said the young chief.

They withdrew to the skirts of the forest, to burst forth as lightning from a dark cloud. The robbers approach. They press the half-sodden venison between cloven blocks of oak. They carouse; they scoff at the fearful

hunters that rolled no signs of war on the spoilers of their gladsome chase, and fled from the threats of armed strangers. The Fiannachael lay aside arms and armour, to mingle in savage dance. Loud pours the shouting blast from the woods. The shock of antlers is terrible on every side; the robbers fly, affrighted, before the sounding fays of the groaning oaks. The war-cry of childhood has reached their grandsires. The sons of rapine meet death in their flight. Their spoil is laid at the feet of the young chief.

"My first beam of renown shall not be dimmed by the plunder of robbers," said the high-hearted youth. "The prancing steeds alone are my portion. They shall exalt the name of Kintail, and my boast shall be *cean each* *."

"Mighty on their steeds of flowing mane, Ceaneach, and his son Macceaneach, rode before the chiefs of every land. No dark prow of ocean could strive against their power; and thou, bard of the isles, my words of truth are known to thee. Yield, therefore, the fame of wave-tossed planks to lofty headed steeds that traverse all the plains, or climb the hills, brave in heart and secure in tread."

So spake the mainland bard; and replies the bard of the isles:

"Truthful, all truthful, were thy praises of Ceaneach and Macceaneach; but high should have been their fame, though no steed had ever neighed or pranced in Kintail. Half their mighty deeds were done in wide-sailing ships, and if doubled the amount of barks and riders of the deep, so should have grown doubly renowned for the chiefs. The blasts

* Equestrian leader.

of winter are on the whistling dry grass of the hills; bleak and desolate are the glens. Like the bosom of swans, the wreathing snow is glossy and cold, and a feathery covering from vapoury skies repairs the waste made by noon-day beams on the white garb of the earth. The river sleeps beneath an icy shroud. No tufted heath, no winter berry is seen on the moors or mountains; dark green pine glitters in the frosty light, and the heath-fowl draw near to the sheltering abodes of men. The light-footed roe and timorous hare descend from mossy hollows of the crags; for hunger urges them to venture life, in shunning death by famine. Heap the ingle with sweet-smelling birch, and let sounds of mirth fill our halls. Our board is rich in plenty, whether we repose on land, or skim the waters; and while favouring gales advance our floating castles, we send round the *quech* of remembrance to the lovely dwellers of our souls. The hoofs of the horse are sunk in the snow; he struggles, he staggers, he falls, and the bruised rider wishes for the nobler steed whose strong ribs and unyielding back fear no wreathing discharge of the fleecy clouds. She plunges in the billows without dismay or care. She rears her tall limbs to the skies as she bounds along in her might with spreading wings. Never can lack of food retard her travel, nor scorching thirst sink her heart. The briny wave is her cup of joy."

"May the kindest spirits of the deep guide her prow!" said the aged chief. "Glad be her return to our haven! and may the horsemen of Kintail for ever decide the strife of contending clans!"

"Mine be the steed warm with the

fire of high mettle!" said the mainland bard. "He arches his graceful neck to the caressing hand of his rider. His full eye looks the response of affection, and his kind heart speaks in neighings of grateful tone. I mount his back to-day, and at such or such an hour I promise to return: the fleet limbs of my steed are a sure pledge for my words. No angry genii from the foamy surge, nor the grinning ghost puffing his chilly breath over the clouds of ocean, nor the white-haired pale *glashtii* that hides in caverns, and bursts forth to flutter through wooded hills, sending squall on squall to contend with the sounding currents, can impede my course. My friends behold me depart, assured of my speedy return. They look from their lofty towers to watch my approach, and are not disappointed."

"But my friends are with me," rejoined the island bard. "With united heart and arm we ply the oar, or set the swelling sail. One spirit of bravery defies and overcomes the hazards of the deep; and one joy sparkles in our glances at the feast of shells."

"For sinking of the heart, no leechcraft equals the mouth of song," said the aged chief. "The *fir searmonacha** from Isles of Holy Vigils came to offer comfort to the sad chieftain, a lingering light of his race, disabled by gathered years, when his spirit, as the flame kindled in a forest of dark green pines, burnt in eagerness to lead his thousands to the wars of Ross. He listens to the shaven crowns with folded hands; but they retire to their cells of gloom, and the bards give his soul to other times in beams of gladness."

"With age ascends the multiplied

* *Fir searmonacha* means preachers.

deeds of renown," said the island bard. "The aged live again in their race; and the chief of Kintail hath daughters of loveliness shining in the castles of the mighty leaders of clans: but when the lord of Catthu sat feeble amidst his grey falling locks, his heart trembled for Neamhnuid, the one beam of his joy.—'Seer of times to come,' said the weak-voiced chief, 'hie thee to Ceaneach Macceaneach, the early conqueror of the Fiannachael, that now say, Ours shall be Neamhnuid, the pearl of beauty, and Catthu shall mourn for the white tossing of her arms in the Uamor Fraishgail. Catthu, the brother of her that bore him to Ceaneach, seeks a visit in armour from Macceaneach. Let the steeds of Kintail cross the rich waving grass of Catthu, and his warriors wade in blood from the opening of the Uamor to dark recesses of the den of spoil. My ships shall await him in the eastern harbours.' As winged arrows, Macceaneach led his steeds across the country; because the seer had glimpses of a pearl wrenched from the parent shell. The ships of Catthu spread their sails to bear in pride the western light of the valiant. He throws his powers upon the tall fleet of Oilteil. But the outstretched arms of loveliness in all her tears, over the side of a bark cutting the waves with rapid course, excites the rage of Macceaneach. He pursues her hasty retreat to the Uamor. Horrid faces issue from the den, and gigantic forms in gleaming armour lift the spear. The rustling arrows of Kintail wind in blood among the falling Fiannachael. As muddy gurgling from a mountain-flooded by rains of autumn, the current of life descends from heaps of the slain:

but another and another furious band is arrayed before the cave, and the wild tumbling struggle of men inclines against Kintail. Firm as wavelashed rocks of his own coast, Macceaneach, a path of fire amidst the roar of danger, sends from his flashing eyes the terrible beams of a growing soul. With a glance to the west he perceives his steeds galloping to the fight. They neigh with eager impatience for the tumultuous strife, and the riders dash upon the shrinking Fiannachael. The men of Cathu join their strokes of death; the Uamor no longer vaunts of her tall people. Frowning ghosts on the wing of dark red clouds are conveyed far to the north. The gloomy circle of Brumo is their home; while lovely in her humid eyes, the pearl of Cathu is folded in the arms of Macceaneach. He saved her from the dreadful grasp of Oilteil, and Kintail rejoices in her smiles. The race of Macceaneach and Neamhnuid, offspring of heroes, shall be for ever the summer sun of their people, the dark hurricane of the desert to their foes. Their deeds, as streams of light, have rolled through unnumbered generations. Their ships bear the treasure of every shore, and their mariners are the strength of Kintail."

"The treasures wafted by winds

over blue heaving billows, and the strength of unshaken lands, would fail," said the mainland bard, "if the shining garb of war on stately steeds had never spread the renown of Kintail. But why contend for separate fame? As vapours float to thin air before the rising day, so the strife of words between friends gives way before the beams of wisdom. Our steeds and our ships are joined in honour—the two hands of power to our clan—the dreadful vaults of thunder to scatter and consume our foes."

"It is not our steeds nor our ships alone that brighten the leader among assembled chiefs," said the aged chieftain of Kintail. "The soul of valour in our people is the light of our paths. They urge our steeds in the contest of men and the clangour of battle. They guide our ships through eddying currents, and stride in unconquered might amidst fields of death, or seas of danger. The people give light to our renown."

"The chieftain is the soul of his people!" shouted both the bards with one voice. "Age may bleach the hair and weaken the sinews of a hero, but his spirit, like the holly of his mountains, grows aloft in strength and beauty."

B. G.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE following narration is not only interesting, as affording a remarkable illustration of the valuable qualities of man's most faithful brute dependent, the dog, but must also tend strongly to convince even the most sceptical, that there is not only a general, but a particular Providence,

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permitting, directing, and overruling all natural events.

A respectable surgeon, who resided on the borders of Cheshire, proceeded, on the 30th of December, 1782, to Heaton, near Manchester, to render professional assistance to a lady during her confinement. By

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this duty he was detained till about twelve o'clock in the night of the 1st of January, 1783, when the doctor, being anxious to return home, and, moreover, remarkably attached to the exercise of walking, determined to set out immediately on foot, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his patient, who reminded him that it would be extremely dangerous to travel at so late an hour, on account of the many drunken people on the road. He likewise declined the offer of a horse, and the company of a servant as a safeguard.

It was a frosty starlight night, and nothing particular occurred to him on his way from Heaton to Manchester; but on passing Mr. Swann's warehouse, nearly opposite to the New Cross, a large buff-coloured mastiff came snuffing about his legs and heels. He at first conceived that the dog was the protector of the warehouse, and had mistaken him for a thief; and having in his practice repeatedly witnessed the dreadful effects resulting from the bites of dogs, became greatly alarmed, lest he should be torn in pieces by him. Aftersomewhat recovering from his apprehensions, he spoke in soothing terms to conciliate the animal, and proceeded slowly into Oldham-street, but was astonished to find that the dog still followed close to his heels. Being about half-way along the street, the surgeon desired him in a commanding manner to be gone: to this he paid not the slightest attention. When opposite to the Infirmary, he endeavoured by severe threats to induce the animal to leave him, but with no better success. Perceiving that the dog evinced no resentment at such treatment, the surgeon resolved that he would not in-

terfere with him any more; and the animal, in the same manner, still continued to follow him.

In walking along the footpath on the right-hand side, which was separated from the high-road by posts and railing, at a little distance from Shooter's Brook, he saw four men in the road going towards Manchester, two abreast, about twenty yards from each other. When the two first had passed him, he observed the others creep under the railing; and, on looking back, perceived that the first two had got into his rear, and were fast advancing: thus he was completely surrounded by them. One of the first two, who had crossed over in his front, on the surgeon's near approach, stretched out his arm to collar him, and called out "Stop!" The doctor struck the aggressor's arm, which caused him to miss his hold, and replied, "Stop! for what?"—"Get into that house, and we'll let you know," answered one of the villains, pointing to a new unfinished house, without doors or windows. The surgeon told them that if he met with any further interruption, he would set his dog at them; but this threat did not in the least intimidate the ruffians: two of them advanced to lay hold of him, on which he called to the dog, "Heigh, lad, seize 'em! seize 'em!" The animal immediately flew upon the breast and throat of the foremost, levelled him instantly with the ground, and in falling, he knocked down the other. The surgeon conceiving that this was the proper moment to retreat, ran as far as the Robin Hood Inn at Bank Top, where his faithful strange companion came up with him, out of

from the contest. Gratitude to his deliverer now

made the surgeon desirous of retaining his new friend; and between Chorlton-row and Rusholme he experienced another slight interruption from a man who had something upon his shoulder, which the doctor believed to be a gun, and who called out to him to proceed no further. The surgeon told him, if he advanced much nearer to him, his dog should tear him in pieces, as he had done two villains near Shooter's Brook. This menace had the desired effect; and having reached his home, he examined his singular friend and protector very minutely, gave him plenty of victuals, and took him into a stable to rest till morning, with a particular injunction to that part of his family who were waiting up, to desire the servant when she went to the stable not to let the dog escape. This caution, however, was not communicated to the servant, who opened the stable-door in the morning as usual, when he rushed out, terrified the poor woman, leaped over the yard-gate, and was never seen afterwards; neither could it be ever

traced to whom he belonged, whence he came, or whither he went.

Though this narrative may to some appear improbable, yet we are assured that every circumstance contained in it is strictly true.

An instance of a similar nature occurred several years ago near Leeds. One Sunday night, about half-past ten o'clock, Mr. Thomas Robinson, of Little London, near that town, was returning home from Leeds, when he was joined by a large dog, who fondled upon him, and accompanied him on the way. Without paying much attention to his canine companion, he proceeded to cross the lonely fields between Potter's Almshouses and Grove-House, where he was attacked by a footpad, who, seizing him by the collar of his coat, demanded his money. Then it was that he discovered the value of a friend; for the dog of his own accord laid hold of the robber, who, finding himself thus unexpectedly assailed, quitted his grasp, and was glad to effect his escape without his booty.

LETTER TO JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

THE following letter is extracted from the manuscript papers of the late WILLIAM COMBE, Esq. to whose pen the *Repository* has been indebted for many of its pages. It is addressed to Rousseau, whose aversion to society, we might almost say misanthropy, is well known, evidently with a view to awaken in his bosom more kindly feelings, and to reconcile him with his species. Whether it has ever appeared in print we have now no means of ascertaining: as a relic worthy of the author of *Dr. Syntax*, our subscribers will, we are confident, be gratified with its preservation in our Miscellany.—EDITOR.

I WRITE to you from that world which you call a desert! If you have, by any means, discovered it to be the habitation of monsters, I pity and lament you; while I cannot but congratulate myself in having made so great a progress in my journey through it without the same fatal experience.

But surely the man who lives in a corner of the world should not determine so rashly of the whole race of men! His retirement, in a great measure, exempts him from all intercourse with it; and if he will people a world he does not see with monsters that never existed, the world

and its monsters must be the offspring of his own fancy, the coinage of an enthusiastic brain, which, brooding over its own gloomy visions, produces images equally destitute of pleasure and reality.

You will ask me, if I have not known unjust and ungrateful men: these you will tell me are the monsters of the world; these are the beasts of prey which make it a desert. I will acknowledge, my friend, that I have experienced injustice and ingratitude; but, at the same time, I must inform you, that I have been the happy object of kindness and benevolence. I have known more of the latter than the former, yet I do not call the world a Paradise; you have experienced more of the former than the latter, and you persist in declaring it to be a desert. You are like the Arab or the Ethiop, who, having seen nothing but his own barren plains and sandy shores, may imagine that the whole globe bears the same dreary appearance; but he who has ventured beyond their dusty limits into the world, and seen the fertile gardens of it, will deplore their

He who examines only one or the other will form false ideas and idle conclusions. The moral, as well as the natural world possesses very different and opposite qualities: the good and evil of the one are like the fruitful and barren scenes of the other; and the mixture is, I doubt not, essential to both.

You will, perhaps, ask me again, if I have not experienced the injustice and ingratitude of which you complain; and I answer by another question, whether you have not met with the contrary virtues? I know you have. But, waving the subject, and getting away from the perplexi-

ties which must ever attend the questions concerning the existence of evil in the world, I only wish to press this opinion upon your conviction—that as there is an undoubted mixture of good and evil, it is our duty and our interest to make that use of them both which may best contribute to our own welfare and honour.

I write to a philosopher; and in order to give him every advantage, I mean, for once, to reason upon the principles of that philosophy which assumes the power of rising superior to popular opinions and religious professions. This philosophy, I believe, will allow, that the good and evil in the world is the contrivance of the Supreme Governor of it; that it is the result of infinite power and wisdom. If this be granted, good and evil must be necessary to that beautiful whole of things, whereof we ourselves are such a considerable part.

The First Cause you will acknowledge to be good; and it cannot be an attribute of goodness to create sensible beings to be miserable: the good and evil of the world therefore are our own to receive or cast from us; and this being the truth, we have no right to complain of our own doings, because, if we are miserable, we must be the fabricators of our own misery. But this by the way. I do not purpose, believe me, to enter the lists of disputation with such a powerful antagonist as yourself, were you even disposed to so great a condescension as to join with me in the discussion of any subject wherein I might differ from you: but I sincerely wish to extricate the world and its inhabitants from the disgrace which you have thrown upon them

both; or, at least, to excuse myself for having a better opinion of those with whom I am to travel that journey in which you and I and all mankind ~~are~~ engaged. We are, my friend, on the high-road of life; and surely nothing can be more conducive to our comfort than to think well of those who travel with us. For my own part, I should consider that man as the greatest enemy to my peace, who should endeavour to persuade me that those I love, for whom I feel the most tender sentiments, and who have long been the objects of my best affections, possess the basest natures. You cannot confide in mankind, and you retreat from them. I shall not inquire whether the fault is in you or in them; it is sufficient, as you love them not, that you retire from them. In this you are at least consistent; and if you are really satisfied, I have no right to aim even at correcting an opinion, which, however contrary it may be to mine, you have sanctified to yourself.

But though I cannot allow the world to be a desert, I will meet you half way—I will call it a solitude. Indeed I feel it to be one; and I believe, that at some period or other of existence, either from the loss of friends, the change of fortune, the infirmities of nature, or the close of life, this is the situation of every human being. I am at this moment, like you, in a crowded and populous city, where pleasure is the object of universal idolatry; where all are fluttering towards the same enjoyments, and involved in the same dissipations: yet I feel myself alone amid all the tumults of it. I therefore ~~recommence~~ my letter. I write to you from this solitude, the world;

or, I should rather say, from one corner of it to another. Believe me, my friend, that if your letter had not afforded me a subject, I should have been very much at a loss how to have addressed, or what to have said to you. Time and chance have so ordered matters with me, that it is long, long since I have written a letter of friendship or sentiment. My pen is so unaccustomed to the business, that it trails heavily along the paper, and I scarcely know how to conduct it to those pleasing purposes of affection which were once its best and dearest office. When we first knew each other, I was surrounded with a crowded throng, who called themselves my friends:—my friends they were while Fortune rode in my chariot with me: but I do not complain. Fortune did not abandon me, I deserted Fortune, and, with the goddess, the crowds which surround her altars. In leaving Fortune I lost, it is true, a few pleasing though shadowy connections; but I was restored to myself, and to myself I have lived almost the whole of that interval which has fled away since we were wont to pass so many pleasant hours together. My former life is a vision, which is now almost effaced, and there is little left of it but the ghosts of friendships now no more; and when I venture to open my lattice and look into the world, I miss so many of those faces which were so pleasant to behold, and see others so changed by time and sorrow, that I am disposed to shut my window in haste, and withdraw from so mortifying and sad a prospect.

The man who has for some years lived in retirement, finds the world on his return to it to be more a soli-

tude, than even that corner wherein he had nursed himself in obscurity. They who live in the hurry of it, when one connection fails, supply themselves with another, so that the rotation of the human race passes on without their making any observation upon it. But he who, like myself, makes a casual return to the large society of mankind, finds himself, as I do, alone. Of the numerous bands of friends which he left in the world, some, like myself, have retired from it; some are distracted amid the cares of it; others are labouring under the pressure of disease; many are changed by a long series of troubles; and the greater part are sheltered from care, disease, and trouble in the grave. Thus he finds himself in the midst of the crowded world; pressed as he may be in the throng of it, he is still alone. In this solitude am I. New parts are performing upon the stage by actors whose names I never heard, whose voices I do not know, and whose language I do not understand. Amid this scene of things so truly uninteresting to me, what can I procure either of sentiment or intelligence which will be a fit offering for you? I look into the world; but what is to be found in a solitude? When I ask my heart, my heart has nothing but good wishes: they, I must acknowledge, have some little merit, for they are accompanied with truth and sincerity. I do not flatter, because I do not mean to insult you. Flattery is the offspring of interest and deceit; and I can have no inducement to flatter a man who has it not in his power to gratify me in any thing which flattery is used to procure; and wherefore should I try to deceive him who

prefers poverty to riches, and obscurity to fame?

I may now tell you, that I most sincerely admire and respect those talents with which God has blessed you, and how much I wish that you would employ them during the remainder of your life to the noble purposes of virtue. Of the power which your pen has over the human passions, *Heloise* is a striking but sad example: the pleasing poison which pervades every page of those alluring volumes has ruined so many innocent minds, that it is your duty to hold forth an antidote to its disastrous power. I doubt not but your purpose was virtue: vice, however, has been the consequence of it. Exert your powers in counteracting the effects of your darling work! Yes, I would counsel you to become an unnatural parent. I conjure you, in the sacred name of virtue, to hasten and destroy your favourite offspring! O Rousseau, if deformity in your hands becomes lovely, how would you adorn beauty! If you could make vice appear amiable, what irresistible allurements could you give to virtue! You have the peculiar art of bending the passions of your readers to your will. I do not wish you to aim at extinguishing them, but to direct them to the noblest objects of this world, and the most sublime hopes of the next.

You believe in an immortal state: what then can be so noble an undertaking as the endeavour to make mankind and yourself worthy of its happiness? You believe that you are an accountable being; and do you not think that you will one day be asked why, while your works are making havoc in the destruction of

innocence throughout great part of Europe, you are copying music in a garret, instead of counteracting by your utmost and continued exertions the pernicious effects of them? You believe, nay, you assure me, that you have every reason to believe that your life hastens to its period; and can you employ the close of it with more honour and comfort, than by discovering new sources of benevolence and goodness? In such an employment there is consolation for every distress, and a balm for every wound. You complain of misfortune and affliction: O Rousseau, love mankind and be happy!

But if, from habit and a peculiar frame of mind, you feel sometimes an irresistible propensity to tears and lamentation, weep over human errors; lament human infirmities; lament, but cease to rail at them! Railing does no good to any cause, especially to that of virtue. Again I repeat, Rousseau, love mankind and be happy! To prove this assertion more fully, I must have recourse to an unpleasing subject—I must speak of myself. I have neither fortune nor friends; I have neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister; I do not possess the more endearing ties of life, and those which are supposed to conduce most to its felicity—I mean the connections of marriage and of children: and yet, without all these various objects of human pursuit, I am happy and contented, perfectly resigned to my lot and condition, and should exceedingly repine at the being obliged to change it with any one person in the world, however loaded and adorned he might be with honours, riches, and greatness. I pity every one's infirmities; I laugh with those who laugh, and weep with

those who weep. I adore Virtue wherever I find her, and pray that she may soon take up her dwelling where I find her not; and while I have the flame of universal friendship to warm my heart, and the ray of fancy to cheer my solitary hours, may heaven, in its good pleasure, shower down titles and coronets upon those heads which are aching for them, and leave me, in its mercy, to obscurity and to myself; and when I shall die, if perchance a kindred spirit should wish to perpetuate my name beyond the grave, may he write upon the stone that covers me, "Here lies one who was a lover of mankind;" or if I could deserve that title which contains the sum of human good and perfection, "Here lies a Christian." If therefore you would love mankind, become a Christian. You will tell me, that you are already of that denomination, and that you breathe its spirit of comprehensive and universal benevolence. If that be the case, why will not Rousseau practise it? Why will he withdraw himself from the pleasures and duties of social converse? Why, when he might be exercising his surprising talents for the delight and instruction of his fellow-creatures, when he might be dispelling the mists of error that encircle truth, and giving to virtue its most engaging dress, why is he cynically retreating from the world, and copying music in a garret? Why does he give up the duties of a Christian for those of a machine? These are questions, my dear Rousseau—but it is time for me to draw to a conclusion.

As we are situated in this world, in all human probability we shall never meet each other again. My eyes, I fear, have looked upon you

for the last time; they will behold you no more; and as in my vainest moments I can have no reason to suppose that you will give me any written acknowledgment of this long letter, I must consider it as a last farewell to you. Adieu! my dear

friend! Consult the dignity of your nature and your character. Cease to act unworthy of your nature as a man, and your character as a Christian. O Rousseau, I bid you once more adieu! My last valediction is—love mankind, and be happy!

NOTIONS OF UNCIVILIZED NATIONS RELATIVE TO WRITING.

It is amusing to contemplate the effects produced on the minds of savage nations by the arts and inventions of civilized life, many of which would have appeared not less astonishing and supernatural to our ancestors four or five centuries back, than they do at present to the unenlightened children of Nature. By some of these, the communication of facts and thoughts by means of writing has been deemed nothing less than enchantment and magic.

We are informed that when the Missionaries in Labrador read to the Esquimaux a declaration of friendship from the governor of Newfoundland, they shrunk with affright if the paper was offered for their inspection. They supposed it must contain a living principle, since it could convey the thoughts of a man so far distant; and that this invisible spirit might happen to take offence and chastise them, though they had not intended to provoke him.

Mr. Mariner has given an entertaining account of the embarrassment which Finow, the King of the Tonga Islands, felt, on learning that writing was capable of communicating sentiments. It was a letter written by the former that involved him in this inexplicable puzzle. After the purport of it had been explained to him, he took up the letter, and

examined it again and again; but it afforded him no information. He thought a little within himself, but his thoughts reflected no light upon the subject. At length he sent for Mr. Mariner, and desired him to write down something. The latter asked what he would chuse to have written: he replied, "Put down me." He accordingly wrote *Feenow*, spelling it according to the strict English orthography. The chief then sent for another Englishman who had not been present, and commanding Mariner to turn his back and look another way, he gave the man the paper, and desired him to tell what it was. He accordingly pronounced aloud the name of the king, on which Finow snatched the paper from his hand, looked at it with astonishment, turned it round and examined it in all directions, at length exclaiming, "This is neither like myself nor any body else! Where are my eyes? where is my head? where are my legs? how can you possibly know it to be I?" and then, without stopping for any attempt at explanation, he impatiently ordered Mr. Mariner to write something else; and thus employed him for three or four hours in putting down the names of different persons, places, and things, and making the other man read them.

This afforded extraordinary diver-

sion to Finow, and to all the men and women present, particularly as he now and then whispered a little love anecdote, which was strictly written down, and audibly read by the other, not a little to the confusion of some of the ladies present; but it was all taken in good-humour, for curiosity and astonishment were the prevailing passions. How their names and circumstances could be communicated through so mysterious a channel, was altogether past their comprehension. Finow had long before made up his opinion of books and papers, and this as much resembled witchcraft as any thing he had ever seen or heard of.

Mariner in vain attempted to explain, but his knowledge of the language was yet too slender to enable him to make himself clearly understood. Finow at length imagined that he had discovered the mystery, and observed to those about him, that it was very possible to put down a mark or sign of something that had been seen both by the writer and reader, and which should be mutually understood by them; but Mariner immediately informed him, that he could write down any thing he had never seen. The king directly whispered to him to put Toogoo Ahoo, the King of Tonga, whom he and his brother had assassinated many years before Mariner's arrival. This was accordingly done, and the other read it; when Finow was still more astonished, and declared it to be the most wonderful thing he had ever heard of.

He then desired him to write the name of Tarky, chief of the garrison of Bea, whom Mariner and his companions had not yet seen, and who was blind of one eye. When "Tarky" was read, Finow inquired whether he was blind or not. This was putting writing to an unfair test; and Mariner told him that he had only written down the sign standing for the sound of the name, and not for the description of the person. He was then ordered to write, "Tarky, blind in his left eye," which was done, and read, to the increased astonishment of every body.

Mr. Mariner then told him, that, in several parts of the world, messages were sent to great distances through the same medium; and being folded and fastened up, the bearer could not know any thing of the contents; and that the histories of whole nations were thus handed down to posterity, without spoiling by being kept. Finow acknowledged this to be a most noble invention; but added, that it would not do at all for the Tonga Islands, as there would be nothing but disturbances and conspiracies, and he should not be sure of his life perhaps another month. He confessed, at the same time, that he should like to know it himself, and for all the women to know it, that he might make love with less risk of discovery, and not so much chance of having his brains knocked out by their husbands.

ACCOUNT OF MADEMOISELLE DE LAUNAY, AFTERWARDS MADAME DE STAAL.

This lady, who was born without fortune, received, through the benevolence of a lady who had adopted
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her, a very brilliant education; but, deprived by death of her benefactress before she had attained her six-

teenth year, she was obliged to accept a situation much below her merits, that of *femme-de-chambre* to the Duchess of Maine. One part of her employment was to do needle-work, and nothing could exceed her embarrassment when she was required to make a set of *chemises* for the duchess: until then she had done only fancy works, and she had not the least idea of cutting out such a garment. Apprehensive of betraying her ignorance, she set about her task with fear and trembling; and when the duchess went to put on her *chemise*, she found upon her shoulder that part of the sleeve which belonged to the elbow.

Mad. de Staal, in speaking of the duchess, said, "I have a hundred times admired the patience with which this princess, whose temper was naturally quick, supported my blunders. The first time she asked me for a glass of water, in my hurry to obey her, I threw the water over her, instead of putting it into the glass. I was extremely short-sighted; and this defect, joined to the flutter in which I always found myself whenever I approached the duchess, made me seem devoid of all understanding, so that I did not perform the most trifling thing properly. One day when the duchess was dressing, she asked me for the powder: I took the box by the lid, which of course came off in my hand, and the box falling on the toilet, the powder was scattered all over it, and on the princess, who said to me, in a very gentle tone, 'When you want to lift something, it will be better to take it by the bottom.' I took care to remember this lesson: but, alas! I was not more fortunate for attending to it; for, some days afterwards, when she

asked me for her purse, I took it by the bottom, and was astonished when I saw the hundred *louis* which it contained rolling over the floor. I could not help exclaiming, 'Ah, good heaven! I no longer know in what manner to take hold of any thing!'"

A circumstance soon occurred which shewed the talents of Mademoiselle de Launay, and procured for her the favour of the duchess, as well as that of many persons of distinction. A young lady had, by the advice of her mother, pretended to be possessed by a demon, and Fontenelle had been the dupe of the imposture. Mademoiselle de Launay wrote to him on the subject; and the wit and pleasantry with which she rallied him on his credulity, gave him a high opinion of her talents. He shewed her letter, spoke of her advantageously, and from that moment she was considered in the first circles as a *bel-esprit*. The Duchess of Maine made use of her talents in all the *fêtes* which she gave at Sceaux. All the arrangements and the decorations of these parties were directed by her taste: she was even pressed into the service of the Muses; she wrote a comedy in verse, which was performed on one of these occasions.

This career of gaiety was, however, interrupted by an event as unforeseen as it was cruel. A conspiracy was discovered against the Duke of Orleans, then regent: the Duchess of Maine was implicated in it; she was shut up in the castle of Dijon, and Mademoiselle de Launay was sent to the Bastille. In speaking of this event, she says, that the sudden manner in which she was carried off had so completely deprived her of all presence of mind, that she did not

think of taking with her even a change of linen; and a few days afterwards, she was obliged to get her *femme-de-chambre*, who had accompanied her, to wash in a hand-bason her cap, neck-handkerchief, &c. while she herself was obliged to make a *coiffure* of a white pocket-handkerchief. What a costume to receive for the first time the visit of a gentleman to whom she was a stranger! She was, nevertheless, obliged to admit him; for it was the governor of the Bastille, who, in spite of the *dishabille* in which she was forced to receive him, was so smitten with her charms, that he wholly devoted himself to the task of lightening her captivity by every means that he could devise.

This gentleman exhibited a singular instance of the blindness of love: he told Mademoiselle de Launay, that all her fellow-prisoners were so charmed with her, that they could talk of nothing else, and that wherever he paid a visit, the discourse ran wholly upon her. He was not conscious that the subject was always introduced by himself, and the others, who were naturally desirous of giving him pleasure, followed his lead. The captivity of Mademoiselle de Launay took place in December 1718, and it was not till February

1720, that she regained her liberty, and became again attached to the suite of the Duchess of Maine. Shortly afterwards, she was addressed by the celebrated Dacier, who had been some time a widower; but this offer was not agreeable to the duchess, who insisted upon her espousing Monsieur de Staal, lieutenant in the Swiss guards. The duchess most probably made this match from the desire of placing Mademoiselle de Launay in a station that would justify the princess in elevating her to the rank of her lady of honour, which she became immediately on her marriage. It does not appear from the portrait which Madame de Staal has left us of her husband, that he was of a character to attach a woman of her lively and ardent temper. "Naturally well disposed, and free from the stormy influence of passion, he constantly did right, as much perhaps from temperament as principle. His temper was always equal; his views were sound, because they were neither obscured by passion nor prejudice. His ideas were rather just than abundant; he spoke little, but always to the purpose. In short, he might be characterized as a man with whom one could not justly find fault, but in whose society one never felt any lively emotions of pleasure."

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON THE ARRIVAL AND CELEBRATION OF NATAL DAYS.

How various are the feelings excited in the human mind by the arrival of a birthday! In infancy, to be sure, it is not properly understood; but the effect and impressions of a birthday in very early life are nevertheless well remembered, and often with a sensation approaching to bit-

terness, by the adult, the middle-aged, and the old. When surrounded perhaps by a splendid party; when all that wealth can purchase loads and decorates a man's table; when music, vocal and instrumental, strives to lull his senses; when beauty and friendship appear to unite to make his birth-

day a happy one: yet how often does the person thus attended by all that the world would deem desirable, look back with envy and regret to his humbler boyhood; to the simple additional plum-pudding or apple-pie, and to the invitation of two or three cousins or schoolfellows, that alone marked his natal day! And why is this? Not because he is a bad man; not because he is in want, for the very reverse of want is probably his situation; not because he is without a friend, for he may have many, rare as they certainly are: but because his life is in the wane; because age has begun to blanch his hair, and to rob him of his faculties and enjoyments, he looks back to the brightness and beauty of all that early youth presented to him; to the remembered hour when he wished to be older, *much older*, than he was, that he might become *a man*—now, alas! he is *an old man*!

The case I have put is that of an old man, but not a guilty one. To the tainted mind in advanced age, the coming of a birthday must be perhaps the most hateful thing that can be imagined: willingly would such a being forget that he had ever been young, innocent, and happy; willingly would he cease to remember, that a fond father and mother had bent over his infant form, and breathed a prayer to heaven for his welfare and happiness, when the youthful anniversary of his birth returned. Then his hopes and feelings were buoyant; he looked forward himself with anxious hope to the completion of their prayers: but now, on looking back, he either beholds a wretched void, where good might have been done, but was neglected, or he sees every variety of

crime and wrong fill up the melancholy space of his departed years; he hears the groans and sighs of the widow and the orphan whom he has injured, the execrations of the wronged and ruined friend, or the dying shrieks of some fond woman who trusted to his honour but to perish. What *can*, what *ought* to be such a man's feelings on his birthday? Just what they are, depend upon it.—He has that within which *can* and will tell him of all the injuries he has done, with deep and desolate aggravation.

There is something very delightful in witnessing the careless and happy feeling which pervades the youthful mind on a birthday. Surrounded by friends (young and old), all of whom are wishing health, happiness, and success to the beginner of life, he thinks of little beyond the enjoyment of the moment; or if he does, it is perhaps only to wish for another such celebration and day of jollity and mirth; unknowing that the time will too soon arrive, when he may either wish his years to be stationary, or that they could travel back with him to youth and youthful pleasures.

“When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And as youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.”

There have been men egotistical and vain enough to boast in old age, that were their time to come over again, they would live and act just as they had lived and acted; but I apprehend that the number of such boasters is very scanty. Generally speaking, men only regret that they cannot live over their days again,

that they might be able to act very differently from what they had done. Who is there among us that has not something to mourn over — time wasted, love spurned, good counsel neglected, talents misapplied, wrong desires cherished, or some such thing, even though it may be very short of direct crime, yet enough to make them sorry they have not time allowed for reparation? Men with feelings such as these are apt to exclaim with the poet:

"Oh! give me back those joyous hours,
When life's gay path was deck'd with flow'rs,
And grief was but a name,
And I'll relinquish all the joys
That manhood boasts; they teem with noise,
And oft are fraught with shame.

"Not so the pleasures boyhood knew:
On wings of bliss the moments flew,
The blood with rapture tingled;
And never with the smile of joy,
To fill the breast with base alloy,
The pang of sorrow mingled."

A man about the middle of life is perhaps, if happily married, and with a few children, the most placid and calm on his birthday: he is not too old to enjoy the gaieties allowed to his friends, his offspring, and his servants on that day; neither is he old enough to be melancholy and peevish at the lapse of time; he has "Love's true light to guide him" through this vale of trouble and of tears; he is happy

"In that dear home, that saving ark,"

which keeps man from the overwhelming turbulence of the floods of sin and passion that the world is too full of: for when all without is darkness and tempest, he can turn to that one blessed bosom, which will shelter him to the best of its ability, and hush his wounded spirit into peace.

J. M. LACEY.

CONCENTRATED SUNBEAMS.

Address of the Solar Company.

IN this moist and variable climate, where the damp of the air extends even to the animal spirits, every one complains of the state of the atmosphere. For a great part of the year, time has its wings so befogged, that it appears scarcely to stir. Phoebus goes muffled up in a close carriage, reserving the light of his countenance for the antipodes; the dripping hours move tardily along, and all nature seems oppressed with *ennui*. And is it not enough to drive one mad, to be pent up day after day in a close suffocating room; or, if one ventures out of doors, to be compelled to expose those delicate organs, the lungs, to the laborious task of pumping in and out a mass of *hydrocarbonated* fog, of consistency sufficient to choke a chain-pump, or to be cut into slices

and melted down for soft water?

"Oh! for the clear skies of Italy!" exclaims my Lady Sensitive. "Oh! for a few beams from that sun which I used to wish at the devil full ten times a day!" cries the shivering Nabob. These *desiderata*, which, for the greater part of the year, appear altogether out of the reach of the inhabitants of these islands, it is the object of the *Solar Company* to supply; and for this purpose they have, with the permission of the East India Company, established on the plains of Trichinopoly a manufactory for the concentration of sunbeams, which, by an ingenious process, are reduced into an inconceivably small compass, and rendered capable of being transported to any part of the globe, without injury to, or diminution of, their

power. A considerable quantity of these concentrated sunbeams, carefully packed in cast metal cases, and hermetically sealed, are now exposed for sale at the Company's warehouses, and are offered to the public in full confidence of their unrivalled properties.

By possessing the concentrated sunbeams, one may at any time command a clear atmosphere, the heat or brilliancy of which may be increased *ad libitum*. A few inches of the commodity will be sufficient to illuminate a large room in the most gloomy weather, and by an almost magical operation, even convert winter into summer. Of what infinite advantage must then such a discovery be to the inhabitants of a country which wants but a genial climate to render it a Paradise!

The concentrated sunbeams will not only have the effect of affording to those who use them a kind of perpetual spring or summer, but will, when so required, turn night into day; and thereby supersede the use of gas, oil, or candle, or any other means of illumination now in practice, and will prevent the necessity of coal in the heating of rooms; for it is clear that, when filled with sunbeams, an apartment must be sufficiently warm without the use of fires. The saving thus accruing to the public is incalculable, and in the article of coal in particular it must prove of the utmost importance; it being ascertained by our geologists, that, upon the present rate of expenditure, there is not more than eight hundred years' consumption remaining in the country.

It was naturally to be supposed that the Gas Companies, which now possess the contract for lighting the

metropolis, would have set their faces against this discovery, and have done every thing in their power to thwart the views of the *Solar Company*; and it cannot be wondered at, if for a time they acted upon a principle of self-defence. It is, however, but justice to these respectable and opulent bodies to say, that, since they have come to a correct knowledge of the unrivalled properties of the concentrated sunbeams, and of the futility of opposing this wonderful step in the useful arts, they have, with a liberality deserving of applause and of imitation, voluntarily come forward to promote the object of the *Solar Company*, and thereby the interests of the nation at large. With this view they are actually in treaty for a supply of the concentrated sunbeams, to be used in lighting the streets of the metropolis; it having been proved to their satisfaction, that the sunbeams can be afforded at a rate infinitely cheaper than the manufacture of gas; and, without doubt, this example will be followed by all the towns in the kingdom.

The superiority in the beauty and brilliancy of the light from the concentrated sunbeams, to that of all other kinds of illumination, cannot for a moment be disputed. Indeed it would be little less than impious to compare the light produced by an article of man's manufacture, to that derived from the fountain of light itself. It also possesses this amazing advantage, namely, that it contains no combustible properties, so that it may even come in contact with gunpowder without causing explosion. What a protection is this against the ravages of that destructive element, fire! and of what incalculable advantage must it prove in the working of

the numerous mines of this country, where, notwithstanding the great discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, the lives of so many of our fellow-creatures are still in jeopardy!

The concentrated sunbeams will also prove of singular use in hot and green houses. The superiority in the flavour of fruit ripened by these means must be beyond all question. In fact, the application of the concentrated sunbeams to this purpose is but an extension of the powers of nature.

The change in the atmosphere of a room caused by the concentrated sunbeams will be found to operate powerfully on the animal spirits. Persons, therefore, subject to the blue devils, should never be without a portion of this commodity in their pockets, whereby they may always avert a fit of this prevailing disease of our climate. A vial of the same let loose in a room will enliven the dulllest company, and brighten up every countenance with joy and gladness. Like *eau de luce*, it may be carried about in a smelling-bottle, and administered to persons labouring under nervousness or depression of spirits, to whom it will prove an effectual and instantaneous restorative; and in this manner may rescue many an unfortunate fellow-creature from an untimely death. It is, therefore, with this view especially recommended to the attention of the Humane Society.

Any person wishing to cut a shifte in company may, before he enters a room, rub his face with a solution of the concentrated sunbeams, which will throw a kind of halo around him, endue him with the grace of an Apollo, and produce a *tout-ensemble* perfectly irresistible, and more than suf-

ficient to make him pass for the most agreeable and lively companion, without the necessity of his possessing a particle of imagination or wit. In like manner, any lady desirous of making a conquest on any particular occasion may, by the same means, increase the natural brilliancy of her complexion, and add considerably to the effect of her charms. When love comes riding on a sunbeam from her eye, the heart is pierced through and through in an instant. And should she happen to have that obliquity of the optics, termed a squint, it will be so much the better; for

|| If the rays from two eyes with such ardency
poke us,
What heart can resist when they meet in a
focus!

The frequent use of the concentrated sunbeams will cover the face with a beautiful russet colour, and change any white pasty-faced lady into a clear *brunette*. If applied to the corporeal system, no doubt many complaints peculiar to a cold damp climate may be cured by it. In like manner persons of a cold phlegmatic disposition may have their constitutions much improved; and the aged and infirm, in whom the current of life seems frozen up, may have the circulation accelerated, and the animal heat in a great measure restored, by a proper use of the concentrated sunbeams.

The *Solar Company* have also established a manufactory, where, in the absence of the usual supplies from India, they are enabled to produce the concentrated sunbeams even in this climate. This is effected by choosing the warmest days in summer for the operation of their machinery; also by an ingenious contrivance for extracting sunbeams from

cucumbers, old Indians, Blackamoors, and such substances as have imbibed a large portion of solar heat. These means, however, of obtaining the commodity can be considered merely as a make-shift in case of necessity, such as the manufacture of sugar from beet-root in imperial France. But the possession of the machinery necessary for this purpose enables the *Solar Company* to accommodate the Indian part of the public in a very desirable way; namely, in extracting from their faces those mahogany hues imparted by a long residence under the tropics, and leaving that delicate primrose tint, so much admired in our Anglo-Indian ladies who have long dwelt in the East without exposing their tender faces to the sun, in undisputed possession of the skin. By the same process persons, whose constitutions have been impaired by a warm climate, may have the sunbeams extracted from their livers, and be restored to health, without resorting to the strong and dangerous remedies now in practice. Thus will those walking mummies, whom one meets in such numbers at Cheltenham and the Bengal Club, have the animal juices restored, and be converted into plump, fresh-looking gentlemen.

In inflammatory complaints of all kinds, the machinery for extracting sunbeams will also be found of great use, whether in drawing the heat from the system generally, or from a part immediately effected.

When the *Solar Company's* concentrated sunbeams come to be in general use, our Eastern possessions will then be turned to account in earnest, by making them contribute to the amelioration of our climate, and to the many other important purposes already enumerated. These advantages will prove a counterpoise to the destructive effects of that pernicious herb now imported in such quantities from the East.

The concentrated sunbeams are packed in cases of all sizes, for the convenience of purchasers, and directions for their use accompany them. The public are warned against spurious imitations of the same, which counterfeit productions, being chiefly manufactured in Africa or the West Indies, partake of the noxious qualities of those climates.

N. B. The S***ch fiddle cured, freckles extracted, Madeira wine improved to the East Indian flavour, and fat gentlemen melted down, on the most moderate terms.

B.

THE EMIGRANT BOOKBINDER.

From the Portfolio of a Traveller.

I CAME one evening to a ferry over the Schuylkill, in Berks county. Though it was very late I resolved to cross, with the intention of proceeding a few miles farther, to a place where, as I was informed, a person with whom I had become acquainted at New-York, resided. It was a very cold night in December. Before

I reached the place in question, I was so overcome with fatigue and cold, that I knocked at the first house I came to, for the purpose of warming myself. It belonged to a stocking-weaver, who positively insisted that I should stop there for the night. Some of his neighbours were seated round the fire. After he had

inquired my profession, country, and so forth, one of his visitors began as follows:

"No, no, it is no easy matter I assure you to get employment in America. In Europe, you hear a great deal about the high wages earned by the mechanic and day-labourer; but you are never told how little occasion the farmer has for such people, and what a wretched bungler the master himself often is here. I am a bookbinder by trade, and while a journeyman in Germany, found means to save in a few years a tolerable sum. Nothing would now serve me but I must go to America, to sweep up money with a besom. I arrived about four years ago at Philadelphia. My money was nearly all gone, for the scoundrel of a captain, who had about twenty passengers, carried us to Spain, and there compelled us by his ill treatment to go on board another vessel. Two-thirds of the passage-money which he made us pay beforehand at Havre de Grace were consequently lost.

"At Philadelphia I could not find any employment, though I offered several bookbinders to work for my board. While I was thus seeking work, I not only spent my last dollar, but was obliged to part with my best waistcoat to pay for my two last meals. In this forlorn state I wandered unconsciously through the city, and, absorbed in thought, I did not perceive the Schuylkill bridge, till the collector demanded the toll. I had not a cent in my pocket. Indifferent as to life or death, I seated myself on the ground. Presently a Quaker chanced to pass by. 'Art thou ill, friend?' said he.—'No,' I replied, 'I am not so lucky as that;'

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and acquainted him with my situation.—'If thou lovest courage,' rejoined he, 'tis all over with thee. There is the bridge-toll: I shall not give thee more. Learn to help thyself; and bear in mind this warning, that he who looks back with regret in America is liable to be turned into a pillar of salt.' With these words he left me.

"I crossed the bridge and proceeded along the high-road. Evening came on: I began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst. I was now necessitated to make up my mind to beg for the first time in my life: the very idea wrung my soul. At length, however, conquering my repugnance, I went to a house and solicited a night's lodging.—'I don't much like your looks,' said the farmer; 'I have frequently been robbed: but you may lie in the barn.' This was too severe a humiliation.—'I'll accept none of your favours,' cried I indignantly, rushing out of the house. A few hundred paces farther, I threw myself under a tree, and there passed the night.

"Next morning I quitted the road, and pursued a foot-path that led into the woods. 'You must surely have missed your way?' cried a voice to me all at once: it was that of a wood-cutter, whom, though very near me, I had not perceived. 'To me all ways are alike,' answered I; 'never mind me.'—'Nay, come hither,' said the man laughing, 'and let us take a dram together.'—I know not whether it was his cheerful manner or his offer that somewhat dispelled my ill-humour. I sat down by him, and he took out of his wallet a little bottle containing brandy, and some bread and meat, and pressed me to

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eat with him. In reply to his inquiries, I informed him of my situation. He laughed and said, 'You have not yet learned to accommodate yourself to circumstances. Stay with me to-day. I live not far off in the wood. In about an hour we will go home.' I accepted his offer. My conductor lived with his family in a small block-house. His two boys were piling up wood for making charcoal, while another heap was burning. I was so pleased with these good-natured people, that I stopped above a week with them, and assisted my host in his occupations. I thought they would have died with laughing, when at first I was scarcely able to lift the axe, and could not for the life of me hit the piece of wood I wanted to cut. The man gave me many a good piece of advice into the bargain, and strove to inoculate me with something of American independence and spirit of enterprize.

"On leaving this place I went to Baltimore. With the wood-cutter I had learned the art of foraging, and never afterwards applied in vain to any of the farmers along the road. At Baltimore I might have obtained work, but was required to find my own tools. Nobody would lend me any thing. 'We have been swindled out of too much already,' was the universal reply. I was advised to go to Pittsburgh. I set out, but by this time I had scarcely shoe or stocking to my foot. What was to be

done? I heard at one place that their minister was dead. I went to some of the principal persons of his congregation, and told them that I was going as a missionary to the back settlements; but that wishing to avail myself of every opportunity to labour in my vocation, I would, with their permission, preach the following Sunday. My offer was cheerfully accepted. I studied hard the rest of the week, and on the Sunday I gave them a rattling sermon. After service, my auditors gathered round me, declaring that they had never heard such a parson in all their lives, and that nobody else should be their minister. Being myself not so thoroughly satisfied of my qualification for the office, I declined it, on the ground of prior engagements. 'Well,' said they, 'if you absolutely refuse to remain with us, we will at least make a collection for you.' No sooner said than done. The job produced me fifteen dollars. I bought myself shoes and stockings, travelled on to Pittsburgh and down to Chilikothic, but without obtaining work; returned to Pennsylvania, and am now—a wood-cutter and charcoal-burner."

"And," added the mistress of the house, "you have no reason to complain: you are well off."

"Yes, that I must say," replied the man, "since I gave up being a bookbinder and a parson."

ADVENTURES OF A HEART.

By a Resident at Paris in June 1823.

AMONG the numberless acts, documents, papers, and other things, in the sealing of which your advocates,

attorneys, notaries, &c. &c. have been with pleasure concerned, I doubt whether any of them ever witnessed

the sealing of a human heart. I was lately present at such a transaction, and must own that it interested me.

You must know that a place near Paris, called Eremitage, formerly the residence of Rousseau, came subsequently into the possession of Gretry, the celebrated musical composer. In the garden is interred his heart beneath a marble pillar, which bears his bust, with this inscription:

GRETRY!

Ton génie est partout, mais ton cœur n'est qu'ici!

This *mais* is extremely sheepish. The French cannot produce an epitaph: they understand life, but not death; and the former only in as far as it can be comprehended without the latter.

On the 17th of May, three men of the law from Paris came with large bundles of papers under their arms, and with big steps and looks entered the garden of the Eremitage. It was already dusk, and a sweet May evening it was; but neither this, nor the song of a neighbouring nightingale, had any effect on the relentless ministers of Themis. They drew forth the official tape, fastened it round Gretry's monument, attached it to the surrounding palisades, dropped wax on the requisite places, and duly impressed a seal upon each of them. This was the last act of a romantic legal drama, the getting up of which cost ten thousand francs.

Gretry died on the 24th of September, 1813, at the Eremitage, and was buried, agreeably to the desire expressed in his will, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Previously to his interment, M. Flammand, who is married to a niece of Gretry's, proposed, as representative of the family, chief mourner, and a man of delicate

sensibility, that the heart of the deceased should be taken out and embalmed; but this measure was opposed by some of the members of the family. The corpse was deposited in a temporary grave, till the vault intended to receive it should be finished. In about two months, when it was ready, Gretry's remains were dug up again. M. Flammand availed himself of this opportunity, and without the knowledge of the other members of the family, but by permission of the police, he secretly caused the heart to be extracted, embalmed, and put into a tin box, which he took into his own custody. He thereupon wrote to the city of Liege, stating that Gretry had during his life expressed a wish that his heart might be deposited in the place of his birth; and that in accordance with this wish, he was ready to deliver the said heart. The mayor of the city returned for answer, that he accepted the gift, and desired that it might be sent to him by *the next coach*. He is also reported to have added *carriage paid*, but no mention is made of this comic economical intimation in the law proceedings. In this transaction the mayor of Liege resembled the noblest of the ancient Romans, who sacrificed every consideration to the interest of their country. But the warm feelings of Monsieur Flammand hissed and fumed when the cold, prosaic, formal, business-like letter was poured forth upon them: he took no notice of it, and retained the heart.

A change of circumstances had produced a change in his intentions. In the first place, he had meanwhile purchased the Eremitage, which he had previously no hopes of acquiring: that was of course the most appropriate

ate place for Gretry's heart. In the second, Liege had been wrested from France, and annexed to the kingdom of the Netherlands. M. Flammand thought, and thought very justly, that the peace of Paris was of itself hard enough; and he resolved that France should not, through his fault, lose so precious a relic of one of its eminent men into the bargain. He bespoke, therefore, a monument for the garden of the Eremitage, beneath which the heart was to be deposited. Before he had time to execute this design, the Allies paid their second visit to Paris, and their troops occupied all the environs. M. Flammand, deeming it unsafe in the country, betook himself with his heart to the protecting city, where the Palais Royal tames even Baschkirs themselves. Here after a while he received information, that the German troops quartered in the neighbourhood of Montmorency had, out of respect for the memory of a great man, spared the Eremitage, and guarded it from plunder and every species of dilapidation. Rejoiced by this intelligence, away he posted with his heart, and found two young Prussian officers on their knees before the monument of Gretry. This is his story, but I do not believe it: it is much more probable that these two sentimental young men were kneeling before Rousseau's monument, erected to no purpose, at the cost of Madame d'Epinay, in the same garden. Be this as it may, on the 15th of July, 1816, the heart was at length deposited with great ceremony at the Eremitage.

The city of Liege seemed to have relinquished its former claims, and for some years not a syllable was said about the matter. It was not till the year 1820 that it again began to

make a stir, and demanded the heart of M. Flammand. He returned no answer to the letter. The mayor then had recourse to an artful expedient: he charged, namely, a *Demoiselle Keppenn*, a *marchande de modes*, who was going on business from Liege to Paris, to get Monsieur Flammand's heart from him by hook or by crook. *Demoiselle Keppenn*, an adept in such conquests, cheerfully undertook the commission. The enterprising *marchande de modes*, however, had reckoned without her host. She was not aware that Monsieur Flammand had passed the hey-day of youth; and when she came forward with all her arts and charms, she met with a rebuff. She then resorted to the good old expedient of intrigue, and with much better success. She found means to divide Gretry's family, and contrived to procure from some of its members a written declaration, that it was their wish and desire that Gretry's heart should be sent to Liege. Upon this the city of Liege cited M. Flammand before the French tribunals, and lost the cause in the first instance. It appealed, and the affair was definitively decided in its favour. M. Flammand has, to be sure, appealed to the Court of Cassation, but there is not the least ground to expect a reversal of the judgment. The form is against him, and the spirit of law, like every other spirit, follows its body, which is in fact a very melancholy consideration.

Happy are they whose hearts are not disturbed after their death, or made the cause of disharmony, like that of the harmonious Gretry! For ten years it had ceased to beat; two months it lay buried at Paris in his body; the latter was then taken up, and the heart extracted from it; then

for some years it travelled to and fro between Paris and Montmorency; and now, after it has been seven years deposited at the Eremitage, it must quit its resting-place, and emigrate to the Netherlands! But what is to become of the monument in the garden? Why should it not be left? The words, *Ton cœur n'est qu'ici*, need only be changed into *Ton cœur ne fut qu'ici*. This would not be the first instance of a conjugated monumental inscription, which mode of conjugating has something agreeable, because it gives life to death.

On Rousseau's tomb at Ermenonville were inscribed the words:

Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.

But after his remains had, during the French revolution, been removed to Paris, the word *repose* in this inscription was altered to *reposa*.

For the rest, I understand that M. Flammand designs not only to amend the second edition of Gretry's inscription, but also to ~~enlarge~~ *enlarge* it with some *piquant* irony, directed against the French judges, who have deprived France of his invaluable heart.

GHOST STORIES.—No. VI.

APPARITION OF LADY LEE.

ONE of the best authenticated Ghost Stories in circulation is given in Beaumont's *World of Spirits*; and is thus stated and commented on by Dr. Hibbert, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, which has just been published. This case is dated in the year 1662, and relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately before her death. No reasonable doubt can be thrown on the authenticity of the narrative, which was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester from the recital of the young lady's father.

Sir Charles Lee, says Beaumont, had by his first lady only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child; and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she

saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid said she left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at the time. Then she said it was the fire; but that, her maid told her, was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream: whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her that she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father; carried it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had

happened, and desired that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and a surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body: notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve she rose and sate herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.

This, observes Dr. Hibbert, is one of the most interesting Ghost Stories on record: yet, when strictly examined, the manner in which a leading circumstance in the case is reported, affects but too much the supernatural air imparted to other of its incidents. For, whatever might

have been averred by a physician of the olden time, with regard to the young lady's sound state of health at the period when she saw her mother's ghost, it may be asked, if any practitioner at the present day would have been proud of such an opinion, especially when death followed so promptly after the spectral impression:

There's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.

Probably the languishing female herself might have unintentionally contributed to the more strict verification of the ghost's prediction. It was an extraordinary exertion which her tender frame underwent near the expected hour of its dissolution, in order that she might retire from all her scenes of earthly enjoyment with the dignity of a resigned Christian. And what subject can be conceived more worthy of the masterly skill of the painter, than to depict a young and lovely saint, cheered with the bright prospect of futurity before her, and ere the quivering flame of life, which for the moment was kindled up into a glow of holy ardour, had expired for ever, sweeping the strings of the guitar with her trembling fingers, and melodiously accompanying the notes with her voice in a hymn of praise to her heavenly Maker? Entranced with such a sight, the philosopher himself would dismiss for the time his usual cold and cavilling scepticism, and giving way to the superstitious impressions of less deliberating by-standers, partake with them in the most grateful of religious solaces, which the spectacle must have irresistibly inspired.

Regarding the confirmation which

the ghost's mission is in the same narrative supposed to have received from the completion of a foreboded death, all that can be said of it is, that the coincidence was a fortunate one; for

without it the story would probably never have met with a recorder, and we should have lost one of the sweetest anecdotes that private life has ever afforded.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. VII.

I REMAINED in Alexandria some months, having taken private lodgings, after the second day, as myself and Mr. Mortimer assimilated so little in disposition and opinion, that I had no wish to lay myself under any obligation by accepting his hospitality. There was a magnet, however, which attracted me, and occasioned my remaining stationary much longer than I at first intended. I fancied I felt a *penchant* for Miss Fitzherbert, who was as fair as a Hourii, and amiable as an angel; and the pleasure I derived from escorting her to various places of public and private amusement, and the friendship I experienced from several families to whom I had been introduced, caused Time to pass swiftly on: for that elderly and venerable personage, though gifted with leaden wings when pain and sorrow mark each lingering hour, borrows the swiftest pinions of the eagle, if joy and pleasure are your companions.

During the short sojourn which I had hitherto made in this country, I found that much of the pleasure an Englishman would derive, must depend upon the class of people with whom he was compelled to associate. The inhabitants were divided into parties on almost every public question, and party politics ran as high in Alexandria as in most places. The leading denominations were *Democrats* and *Federalists*; and the re-

spective partisans were sometimes called *Whigs* and *Tories*, and sometimes the *English* and *French* parties. The Democrats, Whigs, or French partisans were the supporters of the government; and Mr. Jefferson, the then President, was looked upon as the head of their party. It is not exactly within the province of these sketches to describe the intrigues by which this person became elevated to the presidential chair: it is certain, however, that those intrigues were not of a very honourable description; and that they were mainly promoted and directed in their different ramifications by a Scotch refugee, who had been compelled to fly his own country, to avoid the consequences of a libel which he had published and circulated upon some distinguished personage at home. Indeed, the great majority of this party was composed of English, Irish, and Scotch refugees: the public press, in its interest, was almost wholly under the direction of foreigners; and they kept alive and nourished the too easily excited enmity of the Americans against this country, by the publication of the most gross misrepresentations, the most malignant calumnies and unfounded libels. With some few exceptions, the native Americans, who had attached themselves to this party, were not distinguished either for their acquirements or their property

(the great criterion by which a man's respectability is determined in America); but, by dint of intrigue, and the advantage which the ascendancy of the populace in most of the States gives to all those who can condescend to cringe to and flatter that portion of the community, they had succeeded in obtaining possession of every avenue to emolument and to honour; so that the government was purely democratical.

The Federal party included by far the greatest proportion of the respectable native Americans, and nearly all the surviving revolutionary officers were attached to it. This party was friendly to England, and deprecated the intimate union with France which their opponents advocated, and which it was the object of the government to cultivate. As politics were but too frequently obtruded into private life, it was impossible for an Englishman to live on terms of friendship with the Democrats, unless he could entirely divest himself of all *amor patriæ*, and tamely consent to hear every thing relative to his country vilely abused. With the Federalists, however, he found all his natural predilections gratified, and his partialities and prejudices indulged. I was fortunate in becoming, as a temporary boarder, the inmate of a family who were attached to the latter party; and therefore I was not subject to the unpleasant necessity of being engaged in continual altercation, or of silently hearing my country reviled by all about me.

Alexandria is a pleasant little town, situated on the Virginian side of the majestic river Potowmac, nearly 300 miles from the sea. This river is navigable for large vessels as high as

the town; but a few miles beyond, a bar prevents them from proceeding to Washington, which lies about nine miles higher up the stream. The town commands a delightful view of the opposite shore of Maryland, which is beautifully diversified with plantations; and one or two good houses add interest to the scene. It is built precisely on the plan of Philadelphia, and is indeed frequently called Philadelphia in miniature. The main streets run in a direct line from the river, and are intersected by others at right angles, forming squares, the interiors of which are laid out in yards, gardens, &c. The houses have a mean appearance; there is (perhaps I should rather say was, for it may not be the case now,) scarcely one handsome mansion in the place. A great many of the habitations are of wood, and are called *frame-houses*, from their being built in a frame on a moveable foundation: they are capable of being moved from one part of the town to another, a transition which frequently takes place; and it is no uncommon thing for a man who does not like his situation, and who can procure another more to his taste, to remove his house and goods bodily to their new site. This is done by loosening the earth, &c. from the foundation, and hoisting them, by means of levers, upon a strong and low machine, something like our brewers' drays, but square instead of oblong: in this manner they are carried to any part of the town which the owner deems more eligible.

Alexandria was originally called Belhaven. I am not informed as to the reason for the change of name. It used to be comprehended in the state of Virginia; but when the tract

of ground on which the city of Washington is built, was fixed upon as a site for the residence of the general government, an additional tract, taken from that state and Maryland, containing about ten square miles, was laid out around it, as a sort of appanage to the "federal city," to which was given the name of the District of Columbia. Alexandria is included in this new arrangement. It was formerly a flourishing town, and carried on an extensive foreign trade; but a great number of vessels belonging to it were captured by the French in the West Indies, during the disputes between that power and the American republic, under the presidency of Mr. Adams; and the yellow fever raged there very violently a few years previous to my arrival: both causes had contributed materially to diminish its commercial importance; and when I resided there, it was of little note. The vessels which belonged to the port were chiefly coasters, and only two or three were in the trade with England.

I found the inhabitants in general sociable and hospitable, and was well received in the families to which I was introduced. There was none of the splendour of wealth or the pomp of grandeur; but then there was none of that pride and *hauteur* which too frequently accompany it. There was no great distinction kept up between the different classes of the white population, except with the very worst. A young man of genteel dress and address, and who conducted himself respectably, might easily obtain admission into any society the place afforded. There were no families very rich, and those immediately beneath them were not con-

sidered as at such a distance as to preclude intimacy; but scarcely familiarity was awarded to those who occupied the station of labourers, journeymen, or servants, when their situations did not enable them to maintain a genteel appearance, or to keep themselves and families above penury and want. Notwithstanding what has been said of the boasted comforts which America affords to all her sons, I found many in the latter situation; though the number would appear but small in comparison with the total population, as most of the menial offices were performed, and most of the less dignified occupations filled, by slaves.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught;" but here was no disguise: in this favoured land of liberty, the oppressed African cries to his God for redress in vain. Condemned to "drag the lengthening chain" of never-ending bondage, he sees no hope, either for himself or his children, but in that refuge for the destitute, the grave. Yet these people have a constitutional levity, which, notwithstanding all the cruelties exercised upon them, and the privations and hardships under which they labour, induces them, when they can obtain a few leisure hours (and that is not often), to assemble in any out-house that will afford them shelter, at the houses of some of their free brethren, or, in fine weather, in the woods, where they amuse themselves with singing and dancing to the sound of the *bam-jore*, till the rays of the morning sun warn them to depart to their accustomed labour.

In fact, the treatment of the Blacks was one of the most unpleasant things

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I had to contemplate; and yet I was informed, that their situation in the northern and midland states was a paradise to that of the slaves in the southern provinces. There then I thought it must be a hell indeed.

During my residence in America this subject naturally occupied much of my attention. The bondage in which the Negroes were held was so strikingly contrasted with the high claims of the white population to uncontrouled and unshackled liberty, that it could not fail to strike every stranger. This bondage too was embittered by the most barbarous outrages, the most cruel indignities; and if a black man, under any provocation, struck a white, he was, after a very summary process, tied up and flogged with a cow-hide; a most severe instrument of punishment, made by cutting the hide of a cow into strips, and then letting them become hard by exposure to the sun. I have seen the slaves chastised with these upon their naked backs, whilst the blood followed at every stroke.

It is unaccountable, that the owners of slaves should not treat these wretched beings better, if it were only from motives of self-interest. I have known instances, where kindness attached them to their masters, when the despised Negroes became the most faithful of servants, and evinced the most unshaken fidelity, the most incorruptible integrity. They might, in these instances, have been safely intrusted with the custody of the property, or the defence of the lives or honour, of their masters or their families: but when treated as a different race of beings, and considered as scarcely a degree above the rank of brute beasts in the scale of creation, and frequently exposed

to much greater hardship than the cattle of the field, or the domestic animals who shared their master's hearth, where all their affections are violated, and the most tender ties of nature torn asunder, what else can rationally be expected, than that they should be treacherous and unfaithful? or is it surprising, that roguery and knavery should predominate in their dispositions?

I can say very little for the morality of either the higher or lower classes of the Alexandrians (I am now speaking of the Whites), particularly as respects the latter. Their leisure hours were spent in scenes of debauchery and vice; and the Sabbath was almost uniformly a day, not of devotion, but of unhallowed pursuits. Quarrels were frequent; and one quarter of the town, where women of the worst description congregated, and where houses were always open for visitants, and the song and dance were continually to be heard, was nightly the scene of broils and riots. Their mode of fighting was cowardly in the extreme. I have heard and seen much of it since, but I shall never forget the sickening sensation which came over me, when I first became the involuntary spectator of the conclusion of an American boxing-match. It was on a Sunday; I had attended Miss Fitzherbert home from the Episcopal chapel, and was returning across the Market-place, in the direction of my own lodgings, when I was attracted by a crowd and a shouting at a little distance. I approached, and soon found that two men were fighting. I was hastering away, when a loud shout of exultation from some of the partisans occasioned me to turn again, to see what had occasioned it. The ring

was then broken, and I observed one of the combatants fainting in the arms of two men, who, I supposed, were his seconds. His face presented a hideous spectacle; one eye was torn from the socket, which the victor triumphantly displayed on his finger, whilst his breast was shockingly lacerated from the other's teeth, who had fastened upon him like a leech, and who did not relax his hold, till compelled by the agony arising from the forcing of his eye out of his head. This horrid practice is called *gouging*: it gave me an instinctive horror, almost a fear, of coming in contact with any of these ruffians, lest I too should lose an eye, or be disfigured by a bite. My readers will perhaps scarcely believe, that gouging matches in America are (or were) not unfrequent, the issue of which often is, that both the parties engaging in them are deprived of sight. I have been informed, that this practice is latterly abated: I hope it is; for it is one most disgraceful to human nature.

I have witnessed another match between the lower orders of Americans, called *butting*: the combatants take their stations at some yards distance from each other, and stooping down, run with all their force, till their heads meet, and the concussion occasions them to recoil, and frequently fall senseless to the ground. He who could stand this sort of amusement the longest was declared the victor.

We have in our own country, and amongst our own population, much of vice, and much of irreligion and immorality; but I never saw any thing

at all comparable in that respect with what I have witnessed in the United States. I have attributed this to the want of a national establishment, which makes religion respectable, and exalts its ministers in the eyes of the people, by giving them the support and sanction of the law. There was no want of places of worship, and there were various denominations of nominal Christians; but very few of the sacred edifices were well attended. The most frequented in Alexandria were the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Roman Catholic chapels: there were several others which were almost deserted; and those I have enumerated could not accommodate half the population, many of whom, therefore, could never attend upon the public worship of their God. Some of their own writers have lamented this, and described the deplorable consequences in strong and emphatic language: in this description, I shall not therefore be accused of either injustice or partiality. The picture is not favourable, but it is a true portraiture of American manners at the period of which I am writing. In different towns I experienced much friendship, and found the social principle strong and flourishing; but some of my most valued intimates were tainted with immorality and infidelity; and I found it impossible either to reason or ridicule them out of their faith or their practice.

A RAMBLER.

*** A small error occurs in my last: For a "superficial knowledge of music," read a *superficial knowledge of French*.

SOME PARTICULARS OF MR. JOHN LETHBRIDGE AND HIS DIVING-MACHINE.

IN the parish of Wolborough, Devonshire, lived Mr. John Lethbridge, not so well known as he deserves to be, as the ingenious inventor of a diving-machine, by which he was enabled to recover goods from wrecks at the bottom of the sea, without any communication of air from above. This gentleman appears to have been of the ancient family of his name. In a letter printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, pp. 411, 412, he states, that being much reduced in circumstances, and having a large family, he turned his thoughts to some extraordinary method of improving his fortune; and being prepossessed with the notion, that it would be practicable to invent a machine to recover goods from wrecks lost in the sea, he made his first experiment in his orchard at Newton Abbot, on the day of the great eclipse in 1715, by going into a hogshead bunged up tight, in which he continued half an hour, without any communication of air. He then contrived to place the hogshead under water, and found that he could remain longer without air under water, than on land. His first experiment having been thus encouraging, he constructed his machine with the assistance of a cooper in London. It was of wainscot, well secured with iron hoops, with holes for the arms, and a glass of about four inches in diameter. It required 500lbs. weight to sink it, lead being fixed at the bottom of the machine for that purpose; and the removal of 15lbs. would bring it to the surface of the water. With this machine, Mr. Lethbridge says he could move about in a space 12 feet

square at the bottom of the sea, where he frequently staid thirty-four minutes: he had often been for six hours at a time in the engine, being frequently brought up to the surface, where he was refreshed with a pair of bellows. Many hundred times, he states, he had been ten fathoms deep, and sometimes twelve fathoms with difficulty. When his machine was finished, he offered his services to some merchants of London, to adventure on the wrecks of some treasure-ships, then lately lost; but it was some time before he found any who had sufficient confidence in the success of his experiment, to offer him terms at all adequate to his deserts and expectations: but after his success had been proved, he was employed to dive on wrecks in various parts of the world, both for his own countrymen, and for the Dutch and the Spaniards.

He mentions in his letter, already quoted, that he had dived on wrecks in the West Indies, at the Isle of May, at Porto Santo near Madeira, and at the Cape of Good Hope. His most laudable endeavours were so far crowned with success, that he was enabled not only to maintain his family, but to purchase the estate of Odicknoll, in the parish of Kings Carswell, near Newton Abbot. At the house of his grandson, John Lethbridge, Esq. at Newton, is a board, on which is an inscription in gold letters, dated 1736, stating that John Lethbridge, by the blessing of God, had dived on the wrecks of four English men of war, one English East Indiaman, two Dutch men of war, five Dutch East Indiamen,

two Spanish galleons, and two London galleys, all lost in the space of twenty years, on many of them with good success, but that he had been very near drowning in the engine five times. The apparatus about twenty years ago was at Governor Holdsworth's, at Dartmouth, but it was then in a decaying state.

Mr. Lethbridge is thus noticed in the register of the parish of Wolborough: "Dec. 11, 1759, buried Mr. John Lethbridge, inventor of a most famous diving-machine, by which he

recovered from the bottom of the sea, in different parts of the globe, almost 100,000*l.* for the English and Dutch merchants, which had been lost by shipwreck."

There is reason to suppose that Mr. Lethbridge was the first person, who, by his ingenuity and intrepidity, succeeded in recovering goods from wrecked vessels. There is I believe no record of Phipps' bell, which was of prior invention, having been used successfully for that purpose.

THE EMIGRANT: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

(Concluded from p. 168.)

WELL, sir, the beds were put up, the chairs placed, the books found themselves comfortably arranged, statues from the antique ascended their brackets, the pictures were hung in the best possible light, yet nobody came. We appeared at church, but no one knocked at the door. Nay, the garden was nearly finished *à la Repton*, but still no one arrived. They order this matter better in London, thought I. At length an elderly gentleman, under four feet, who had shewn me some civilities at a sale of household furniture, did call, but it was at half-past four o'clock, in the middle of my dinner. Frightened at the cloth he beheld on the table, he bowed an adieu through the glass window. I guess, as the American says, he came to smoke his pipe; but, like Monsieur Tonson, he was never seen again. We now were in a fit mood to visit our relations, and when we returned, we were blessed with the signs of something like society; for we found cards from Mr. and Mrs. Glum, Mr. Snitcher, and the two Misses Drinkwater. We returned

these calls; and to tell the truth, the reception we met with afforded us much more amusement than did the whole of their company. I should also have said that the clergyman made his call; but as it is not my wish to bring any part of a profession for which I have the highest opinion into contempt, I shall not state the result of this gentleman's acquaintance.

At Mr. Snitcher's we were received with much overstrained politeness, proffered in all the agonies of *mauvaise honte*. The relief on our departure which played on this gentleman's countenance, sufficiently informed us how rejoiced he felt to see our backs. At Mr. Glum's we were greeted with the most adumbrating coolness; the conversation was carried on so agreeably, that I believe neither party cast their eyes towards the door more than once in a minute. However, some of these good folks did muster a dinner; the decanters circulated rather heavily: we returned the *feeds*. Again all was quiet, and I found myself in a solitude in

the centre of society. Alas! sir, I had indeed reckoned without my host, when I flattered myself, from the society I had been used to in London, that on some topic or other I might come recommended to the Goths of C****; but I soon found, that to harangue on the merits of a good picture, was to them to speak in an unknown language. The accounts of the theatre or opera were deeper and deeper still. Books, except Taplin's *Farriery*, or *The Cattle-Doctor*, they never read. The price of turnips, of wheat, the changes in the weather, were all they cared about; and if I came across a gentleman of birth or education, he had sunk to the level of those around him, and with them talked the same jargon, while to his equals he held forth on turnpike-roads, parish settlements, and appeals on the tythe-laws. As a new-comer, I became the depository of all their secrets, their little heart-burnings and jealousies, and had I believed half the insinuations thrown out for my acceptance, I should have found that every inhabitant bore a complete opposition to the honourable character of the Howards, of whom I think it was said, "that all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous." Once or twice we determined to be at home: we sent out the most humble invitations, for fear of alarming the natives; for in a place where etiquette is not known even by name, this was no very easy business. We did now and then conjure up a few spirits, for whom preparations were made as for a genteel party, and when I saw who was arriving, my heart sunk with chagrin.

The last *coterie* of these enlightened ones was delightful. Thank

heaven, it was the last! But to describe it. There were Mr. and Mrs. Calvin, who never touched a card; Mr. Glum, who doted on a rubber, his wife ditto, daughters ditto ditto—they sat gaping and casting anxious sidelong glances at the card-table, which stood quietly closed up in the corner of the room; but the Miss Calvin's spoke of the charms of conversation, yet they got no further than how very cold the weather was for the season, and hoping as the summer arrived it would be finer. Mr. Snitch talked of the marriages and deaths of a circle ten miles round. I introduced a few print-books, but they spilt coffee on the embellishments, and *toasted* the letter-press. At length, sir, the hour came when they were to depart. Oh! what joy could exceed ours when we heard the clatter of their pattens dying away upon the breeze! The animal flow of spirits, which had been thus corked up, began to effervesce, and burst forth in peals of laughter. My wife echoed my *Io triumphes!* at the finish of this evening. We danced about the room with delight, and while my better half was laughing loud and long at the ridiculous caricatures of our ludicrous friends, the two Misses Drinkwater, who, unknown to us, had been detained in the hall, hunting for their pincushion, and had overheard all, burst with an air of indignation into the room. I made them as low a bow as I thought became me, and they disappeared; while our mirth, by no means diverted at this *mal à propos* intrusion, burst forth louder still.

I remember my father, good Mr. Lawyer Trusty of Lyons Inn, informing me, that he once sold a house, and the good-will of an excellent

china; shop, for a painstaking couple, who becoming tired of *being happy*, longed for retirement and a cottage. The shop was sold, and the couple emigrated to a pigeon-house at Peckham-Rise. Scarcely, however, had they enjoyed the sight of the stage-coaches passing the door every quarter of an hour, when they became fatigued with the monotony of their lives, and longed once more to deal in china utensils. The old man came soon after to my legal parent, with tears in his eyes, and conjured him to reinstate him in his old shop, ere his old woman and himself gave up the ghost for want of employment. His appearance corroborated this statement; but the new occupier, lothe to leave a good thing, which he now found coveted by another, demanded a considerable sum for his accommodation. The old man readily complied with this demand, and himself and wife speedily overcame the illness which *ennui* alone had caused, and they lived to a great age, enjoying themselves to the last in their old concern.

I had often laughed at this old couple, but I now found myself in a similar situation. I have eaten cabbages out of my own garden, until I

can relish them no longer. "Roses now unheeded lie," for my wife is tired of gathering them; and disgusted with the vulgarity around me, to which novelty was the only recommendation, I pine for civilization and society: in other words, I am nauseated with pretended innocence and simplicity. I have heard more scandal for the last twelvemonth that I have been here, than I did all the twenty years in which I resided in London. I have hired servants of pretended unsophisticated manners, who have robbed us before our faces; and even my relations, finding no pleasure in visiting persons from whom they can derive no advantage, have ceased to trouble us; and we are deserted, like some unfortunate English *folk*, who, becoming victims to American delusion, have left the good they knew, for that which they only expected; and have to rue the day, when leaving elegance and taste, we took up our abode among the selfish, the vulgar, and the unenlightened, with very few exceptions; and our example furnishes a warning to other emigrants, to avoid a society with which early habits and education will not permit them to assimilate.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

IRISH KEENS.

HAVING A curiosity, says Mr. Croker, to hear the keen more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I procured an elderly woman, who was renowned for her skill in keening, to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Har-

ington, led a wandering kind of life, and travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, found every where not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from

the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitative, but as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object.

The following keen was composed on Sir Richard Cox, the historian, who died in 1773:

"My love and darling, though I never was in your kitchen, yet I have heard an exact account of it. The brown roast meat continually coming from the fire; the black boilers continually boiling; the cock of the beer-barrel for ever running; and if even a score of men came in, no person would inquire their business, but they would give them a place at your table, and let them eat what they pleased, nor would they bring a bill in the morning to them.

"My love and friend, I dreamed through my morning slumbers, that your castle fell into decay, and that no person remained in it. The birds sung sweetly no longer, nor were there leaves upon the bushes: all was silence and decay! The dream told me, that our beloved man was lost to us; that the noble horseman

was gone! the renowned Squire Cox!

"My love and darling, you were nearly related to the Lord of Clare and to O'Donovan of Bawnlahan; to Cox with the blue eyes, and to Townsend of White Court. This is the appointed day for your funeral, and yet I see none of them coming to place even a green sod over you."

A FLOGGING-MATCH.

The poet Cowper, in one of his letters, gives the following whimsical picture of the punishment of a culprit who had been convicted of theft:

He was ordered to be whipt, which operation he underwent at the cart's-tail. He seemed to shew great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle who performed it had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H—, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with a most Amazonian fury.

AURICULAR CONFESSION.

Louis XIV. is related to have once asked a priest, whether, in case a penitent confided to him the knowledge of a plot that was forming to take away the life of his king, he would inform him of the danger. To this question the confessor replied: "No, sire: I would throw myself before your majesty to ward off the blow; but were you certain to fall by the hand of the assassin, I would not betray the confession."

JEREMIAH CLARK,

who was organist to the Chapel Royal at the beginning of the last century, had the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for a very beautiful lady, in a station far above him. His despair of success threw him into a deep melancholy, and he grew weary of life. Being one day at the house of a friend in the country, he abruptly resolved to return to London. His friend having observed in his behaviour signs of great dejection, furnished him with a horse and a servant. Riding along the road, he was seized with a fit of melancholy, on which he alighted, and giving his servant his horse to hold, went into a field, in a corner of which was a pond, and also trees, and began a debate with himself, whether he should there end his days by hanging or drowning. Not being able to resolve on either, he thought of making chance the umpire, and drew out of his pocket a piece of money, and tossed it into the air. It came down on its edge, and stuck in the clay. This determination was far from ambiguous, as it seemed to forbid both modes of destruction, and would have given unspeakable comfort to a mind less disordered than his was. Being thus

interrupted in his purpose, he returned, and mounting his horse, rode on to London, and soon afterwards shot himself.

PETER BAJUS.

If we may credit the accounts we have received from the Continent, there is now living in the grand-duchy of Hesse a young man, to whose performances the most celebrated feats of our English pedestrians are said to be mere children's play. His name is Peter Bajus; he is twenty-eight years old, upwards of six feet two inches high, slender, but large boned, and has large hands and feet. While a boy he surpassed all his comrades both in strength and swiftness. He will carry two hundred weight above a mile without resting, and three half the distance; and can drive six hundred weight in a wheelbarrow along very dirty roads. Without any particular exertion, he will run two miles and a half in eighteen minutes, and thirty at a stretch, which surpasses the ability of our best racehorses. On the 15th of February last he set out at two o'clock in the afternoon from Frankfort for Hanau, and notwithstanding the badness of the roads, and the obstruction he experienced from the curiosity of the immense concourse of the inhabitants of both towns and an intermediate village, through whom he had literally to fight his way, he arrived again at Frankfort in two hours and ten minutes, during which time he had travelled over a space equal to twenty English miles, and taken no other refreshment than a single glass of wine.

Bajus has never been ill in his life; he is moderate both in eating and drinking, and of a phlegmatic disposition.

LIEUTENANT JOHN OSWALD.

The history of this officer is rather singular. He was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, and had received a good education, but from some frolic, enlisted with a recruiting party of the 18th or Royal Irish, in which regiment he was appointed serjeant, and when quartered at Deal, married a young woman possessed of some money. Soon afterwards he obtained his discharge from the Royal Irish, and purchased an ensigncy in the 1st battalion of the Royal Highlanders, from which he was immediately promoted to a lieutenancy in the 2d battalion in 1780. He accompanied the regiment to India, and fought a duel with the officer commanding his transport in Porto Praya bay. From this circumstance, and his finances being low, he did not associate or dine with the other officers in the cabin, but employed his whole time in acquiring a knowledge of the Greek, Hebrew, and Gaelic languages, and was particularly fond of Ossian's poems. In India he initiated the Gentoos, abstained from animal food, and regularly performed his ablutions. For a short time he acted as adjutant to the battalion; soon afterwards sold his commission, and returned to London, where he lived several years, supporting himself by the labours of his pen. He was a warm republican, and on the breaking out of the French revolution went to France, where he obtained the command of

a regiment; and in 1793 was killed in La Vendée, along with his two sons, whom, in the true spirit of equality, he made drummers in his regiment. But in his ideas of liberty and equality he was not always consistent. The short time that he acted as adjutant in India he was so severe and tyrannical, that the spirit of the soldiers revolted, and had he not been removed he would have occasioned a mutiny.

Some years ago a learned doctor wrote an essay, in which he laboured to prove, by a long deduction of circumstances, that Buonaparte was in reality John Oswald, the son of a jeweller in Edinburgh. He alleged, that Oswald was not killed in La Vendée—that he changed his name—that he was a violent republican, as was once the supposed Buonaparte—that he changed his religion, and became Mahometan—that though he talked about liberty, it was only liberty to act as he chose, as he was cruel, tyrannical, and imperious in his practice—that he was a man of great courage and fearless enterprise—that he was fond of Ossian, had his poems always in his mouth, and spoke in heroic language: all which was seen in the character and conduct of Buonaparte; therefore Oswald and Buonaparte must be the same.

But, however much the doctor was convinced of the truth and correctness of his own opinions, his friends prevailed on him not to publish them.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Twelfth Fantasia for the Piano-forte, with the favourite Themes in Rossini's "Semiramide," composed,

and dedicated to Miss Rickets,
by Ferd. Ries. No. 1. Op. 134.
Pr. 5s.—(Goulding and Co.)

THE sight of these sheets has raised in us sensations resembling those we feel at the approaching departure of a friend. Mr. Ries has announced his *farewell* concert, intending, as we understand, to bid adieu to England, after a residence of upwards of ten years, and to return to Bonn, his native city, on the banks of the Rhine, there to enjoy the fruits of his unwearied industry and great musical talents. We trust, however—and the knowledge we have of his active mind warrants the fond hope—that Mr. Ries's retirement will not be a farewell to the art to which, as well as to his country, his career has been an honour. Scarcely arrived at the age of forty, that art has further claims on its votary, and, we hope, will have them for many years to come. From his paternal retreat, we flatter ourselves, the sound of his lyre will often yet vibrate in the midst of us. His productions may be less frequent, less the offspring of occasion, but as they are more likely to proceed from spontaneous inspiration, we are justified in expecting such further genial effusions, as will compensate, in some degree, the regret which we are sure, not only the profession, but every one who knew him, must feel for his absence. His zeal for the art, his genius and abilities, the correctness of his principles, and his manners as a gentleman, won him the esteem of the higher ranks, and the respect and attachment of the professional and the private society in which he moved.

Our readers will excuse us, if our feelings on the present occasion render the exercise of our critical functions with regard to the publication before us more than usually arduous. We are just now unfit to analyze

crotchets and quavers. It is a fantasia; it is by Ries; it is one of his *best* productions of that class. Let this be enough. We cannot, at this moment, say more.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the admired Round from the Historical Opera of "Cortez, or the Conquest of Mexico," composed, and dedicated to Miss Lumsden, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Bishop must feel highly gratified in seeing such men as Cramer, Ries, Kalkbrenner, Bochs, &c. busied in writing fantasias, rondos, &c. founded on subjects from his dramatic compositions. The frequency of these publications proves that they are in demand, and that these masters deem them worthy of their pens. It is true, like skilful French cooks, they would be able to dress up very plain fare into savoury dishes; but most of Mr. Bishop's produce we have seen thus prepared, appeared to us solid and wholesome food, worthy of the seasoning bestowed upon it. His round, "Yes, 'tis the Indian drum," in Mr. Planché's drama of "Ferdinand Cortez," is one of his happiest recent efforts; and the judgment of Mr. Cramer in selecting it, is equal to the ability and taste he has displayed in its treatment. The whole fantasia is conceived in that gentleman's pure classic style, and written perfectly *con amore*. Although we observe no executive difficulties of an appalling nature, the performance will demand a player habituated to the higher order of piano-forte compositions, capable of understanding and feeling what he has to read.

Introduction and Air de Ballet, from a Pastoral Romance of H. R.

Bishop's; arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Misses Parkinson, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The theme of this "Air de Ballet" has long been a favourite; it is conspicuous for its lively graceful case, and, as such, would naturally, in the hands of a professor of Mr. Steil's taste and skill, give rise to a superstructure of a corresponding description. The movement is interesting throughout; the digressions are in the best style, and perfectly in character. Both instruments are fairly dealt by, quite concertante, and the harp has by no means the least portion of execution; but there are no deterring intricacies anywhere. *N. C. Bochsa's Fantasia, with the Airs, "Charmante Gabrielle" and "My pretty Page," arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to the Ladies of Miss Haynes' Establishment, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

In our remarks upon some of Mr. Bochsa's compositions for the harp, we have expressed our opinion as to the expediency of their being adapted for the piano-forte. Whether the indefatigable pen of Mr. Bruguier has taken the hint from us, or followed a spontaneous impulse, is of no consequence. His piano-forte arrangement of the above fantasia, we make no doubt, will meet with a favourable reception. It abounds in pleasing melody, and the digressions are in good taste, analogous to the subjects, and properly diversified, without putting the performer's proficiency to a severe test.

A Companion to the Musical Assistant, containing all that is truly useful to the Theory and Practice

of the Piano-forte, &c.; also a complete Dictionary of Words, as adopted by the best modern Masters, designed particularly for the Use of Schools, by Joseph Coggins. Pr. 5s.—(Power, Strand.)

This is the first book of musical instruction that has met our eye; in which the German music types of Mr. Clowes in Northumberland-court have been intermixed with the letterpress. We have once or twice taken occasion to mention this establishment in terms of deserved praise; and the present work, we are sure, will vouch for the correctness of our commendation. The miserable execution of the musical typography in our books on theory has hitherto been a disgrace to the country; but here every thing is clean, neat, and pleasing to look at; and, what must prove no small additional recommendation to the musical press in question, the price of this octavo, notwithstanding its volume and careful typographical execution, including binding, amounts to FIVE SHILLINGS; a circumstance which excites surprise.

About nine years ago Mr. Coggins published an elementary work, called "The Musical Assistant," of which we gave an account in this Magazine (No. LXXXII. First Series, October 1815.) Our opinion on its merits was favourable, and Mr. C. has done us the honour of quoting an extract, among several other criticisms passed on the earlier work by "some of the ablest critics of the present day," as he is pleased to express himself. This is really very handsome, and we are happy in finding, that, taking the new work altogether, the obligations of critical impartiality will not compel us to infringe upon the good

old maxim, "one good turn deserves another."

We cannot at present lay our hands upon Mr. C.'s prior book, "The Musical Assistant," the success of which, as he states, "has induced the publisher to give the work in its present form as a *companion*, with a view to preserve the piano-forte edition from being torn and defaced by the younger pupils" (those sad little Vandals, who read with their finger and thumb as much as with their eyes), "as it has been accurately revised by the author, for the purpose of being studied in conjunction." From this statement, and indeed from an inspection of the present "*companion*," we are warranted in the inference, that both works *together* form a whole, a complete body of elementary instruction, and that the "*companion*" alone would not entirely suffice for this purpose. Thus the theory on the scales, for instance (sect. xiii.) so far as the present volume goes, is certainly not sufficiently developed and elucidated, considering its primary importance; and in all probability the prior work, in conjunction with the "*companion*," accomplishes that object. Some additional and essential illustrations, indeed, are given in the appendix; but the whole doctrine, we think, would have been susceptible of a more ample and systematic treatment even in the present volume. With regard to the minor scale, we observe that Mr. C. has followed the common practice of making the sixth, *major*, on the old ground of avoiding the distance of three semitones. In an elementary book it was perhaps as well to adhere to the beaten track in this respect, until the old error should be more generally ex-

ploded. But it is high time the matter should be set to rights. That a major sixth, under certain circumstances, which it is not here the place to mention, will occur in the minor mood, in ascent, nay even in descent, and ought to occur, no one disputes; but the correct and authentic minor scale, in the ascent as well as in the descent, has a *minor* sixth. Mr. C. himself seems to feel a suspicion of this, when, in the appendix, p. 81, he gives the proper scale as an occasional variety.

Our limits forbid us from entering into the proofs in support of the above assertion. They would furnish matter for a distinct article; but we may just hint, that the sixth in the minor scale has its origin and derives its harmony from the *minor* chord of the subdominant. In the scale of A minor, for instance, the sixth, F, is derived from the minor chord of D, *i. e.* from D, F \sharp , A; not from D, F \natural , A surely. Let even a beginner in harmony minorize any one major motivo, in which the major sixth occurs, occurs even in ascent ("Robin Adair" for instance), and see whether his own ear will not suggest the propriety of changing that major sixth in the *maggiore* into a minor sixth for his *minore*.

This remark, as we have already stated, is not made in the way of objection to Mr. Coggins following the example of many, nay, of most of his predecessors, an example which has almost grown into law; and we should be sorry if our meaning were so far misunderstood as to create an unfavourable opinion of the general merit of his labour, with which, taken in the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied. The language is plain and intelligible; the questions and

answers—if they do not exhaust—comprise the essential topics and points of elementary information, including always the additional illustrations given in the appendix, which occupies a considerable portion of the whole work, and is principally intended to bring the pupil's knowledge into practical play. The third and last part of the book, a dictionary and index, contains the most complete explication and occasionally practical illustration of musical terms we remember to have met with in any book of instruction, and, arranged as it is, cannot fail to prove of very great service.

Amusemens de l'Opera, a Selection of the most admired Pieces from the latest foreign Operas and Ballets, arranged for the Piano-forte, without the Words. Nos. III. and IV. Pr. 2s. 6d. each. — (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

Referring to a former month of our Miscellany (No. VI. Third Series), for our comment upon the prior portions of the above publication, we at present content ourselves with stating, that the two numbers before us include various pieces from Rossini's opera, "Zelmira," which has been recently brought forth at the King's Theatre, and of the general character of which we have already taken an opportunity of giving our opinion. The selection in these books is good; and the arrangement for the piano-forte calls for our unqualified commendation. It is so complete, that one or two of the pieces in this condensed form made a more favourable impression on us than when we heard them at the King's Theatre under the tremendous uproar of wind instruments, which cloaked many of

their merits. It would be well, if the publishers distinguished every piece by some title, containing a few words from the commencement of the text. *T. Boosey and Co.'s Selection of Airs, varied Rondos, &c. for the Piano and Violoncello*, by the most admired foreign Composers. Book I. Pr. 3s. — (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

A rondoletto by F. Lauska (Op. 39.) forms the contents of these sheets; and, it is but justice to add, the series could not have had a better beginning. Mr. L. a composer residing at Berlin, we believe, is not generally known in this country. His style blends the most graceful melodiousness with classic and scientific combinations. It is perhaps three years ago that Messrs. Boosey published "three pleasing rondos" by this author, which must have made a strong impression on our memory, for at this moment the subjects are fresh in our recollection. They richly merited their title. The present rondoletto (in G), introduced by a short but highly attractive adagio in the same key, is written in a similar style, and partakes of the character of a polonaise. It is full of cantilena, tender and chastened expression, and does not require first-rate skill of execution.

The violoncello part, which appears to be essential, is not of the plainest description. Considering the scarcity of good violoncello-players, it would perhaps be desirable on both sides, if in the progress of the collection, an additional sheet were given, exhibiting the accompaniment in an adaptation for the violin or flute, to serve in cases where a bass-performer could not be procured.

Twelve Waltzes for the Piano-forte, by Mayseder. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)

Half-a-crown cannot be laid out by the musical pupil with more satisfaction. He will have twelve pretty short tunes, which he may play with ease, and, if he is sufficiently initiated in the mystery of waltzing, dance to perfection. The music is free from any affectation of the *grand genre* in composition, no ultra-combination, nothing crabbed; all runs smooth and pleasantly, and, we must add, tastefully. These little things may be recommended as capital lessons, brief, intelligible, and sure to take the scholar's fancy.

Preceptive Melodies, forming a pleasing and instructive Sequel to the Five Finger Airs, composed in various characters, progressively arranged, in the humble endeavour to lead the Pupil by the easiest gradations from the natural position of the hand, to a system of fingering for the Piano-forte, by J. Green. Pr. 6s.—(J. Green, Soho-square.)

'Tis a "lengthy" title to copy; but as it fully explains the object of the book—an object, moreover, which in our opinion the work as fully accomplishes—the transcript will shorten our comment. Mr. Green's "Five Finger Airs," i.e. tunes requiring *no change* in the position of the five fingers, were noticed at the time of their publication. The present book, after some very sensible introductory remarks, leads the pupil on to such airs as demand alterations in the digital mechanism. The various rules and artifices, however, are not drily strung together; they are progressively, cautiously, and very gra-

dually introduced; not by the vehicle of abstract passages, but by means of short, yet complete melodies, nearly fifty in number, which, as they succeed each other, exemplify every new digital manœuvre, and shew its use and advantage, preceded as they are by the author's observations at every additional step.

The benefit resulting from such a mode of instruction is so evident, that any expression of approbation would be quite superfluous, and might only weaken the impression which we would wish to be excited by Mr. Green's praiseworthy labour. But we will add, that his book may be of great service even to those that are sufficiently advanced to play all the airs with apparent ease in *their way*. As he not only illustrates, but reasons as he proceeds, the work may be the means of correcting vices in fingering, which negligence may have suffered to creep in.

Overture to the Opera of Otello, arranged as a Duet for two Violins, composed by Rossini. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

This is one of the best dramatic overtures of Rossini. We were delighted with it at the King's Theatre; and we have seen a foreign edition of an adaptation for four hands on the piano-forte, which struck us as uncommonly effective. Even on the very reduced scale in which it here appears, it has its proportionate attractions; because Rossini knows how to give abundance of work to his violins. The arrangement for these two instruments is satisfactory; but some of the very peculiar tints of *piano* and *forte* have been left unnoticed, without any apparent reason.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of emerald green *gros de Naples*; *corsage* plain, and bordered at the top with a satin band of the same colour, and a narrow tucker of tulle: the sleeve is very short and full, and composed of *crêpe lisse*; the fulness regulated by pyramidal bands of *gros de Naples*, and finished in a double satin band round the arm. A very novel kind of flounce ornaments the bottom of the skirt, which is cut nearly a quarter of a yard up, and a fulness of *crêpe lisse* introduced, and formed into a regular row of demi-bells, the lower part kept extended by two satin pipings, and the top of each surmounted with a double satin circlet and a triplet of satin leaves *appliquée*. *Fichu* of *crêpe lisse*, edged with satin piping, and trimmed all round with narrow blond, confined at the shoulders with corded leaves, and arranged in front to form a stomacher, the points coming below the *ceinture*, which is also edged with satin and blond, and unites behind in a leaf rosette with the corner of the *fichu*. The hair is separated in front, and a pearl comb confines it on each side from the temple; round the back of the head it is arranged in large regular curls. Ear-rings and necklace of rubies. White kid gloves; white satin shoes; India shawl.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of pale pink tulle over a satin slip; the *corsage* rather long and full, of a moderate height; the bust is encircled with a row of pink satin leaves, uniformly arranged, and in-

terwoven with a white satin rouleau: tucker of the finest blond: the sleeves are short and full, slashed and regulated by the entwining of a pink satin rouleau round the centre, and set in a folded band round the arm. The skirt has the novelty of a little fulness at the sides; and from the centre of the waist downwards is a satin trimming, cut transversely into oblong parallel segments, imperceptibly increasing in width till it reaches that which goes round the bottom of the skirt, which is of a regular size, and entwined by a white satin rouleau: beneath are two broad pink satin rouleaus. Head-dress, a wreath of Calamata blossoms or Provence roses; the hair parted on the forehead, in large curls on each side, and turned up behind *à la Grecque*. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl set in embossed gold, with an elegant cross of St. Louis in front. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Very little change is yet observable in promenade dress. Furs, indeed, are less in request, but they are by no means entirely laid aside. The large tippet is still occasionally used for the morning walk, but shawls are more generally adopted in the middle of the day. A few velvet spencers also have already been seen, without any other envelope than a scarf tied carelessly round the throat.

Velvet bonnets are still considered fashionable; but we saw also a good many of Leghorn, and some satin of

light colours. Ribbons, or a mixture of ribbons and spring flowers, are used to adorn Leghorn bonnets; those of satin are decorated with feathers.

Several elegant novelties in spring fashions have been submitted to our inspection, which we shall endeavour to describe to our readers. A spencer of grass green *velours épingle*, moderately long in the waist, made to fasten in front, and with a very low collar: the collar and *mancheron* to correspond; the latter very full, and disposed in three drapery folds. The *mancheron* is confined to the arm by a band, which is concealed by the last of the folds. The back full at the bottom, and something broader than they have lately been worn. The bust is ornamented, in a very novel style, with rouleaus of satin, in the form of rings interlaced. This trimming goes down the bust in a sloping direction, from the point of the shoulder to the bottom of the waist, where it meets; the *ceinture* is of embroidered ribbon, fastened by a dead gold clasp.

The bonnet worn with this spencer is also of *velours épingle*; the crown very low, and the material disposed in *bouillons* on the top; three bands of satin go round the crown at some distance from each other, and are fastened by small dead gold buckles. Two very full plumes of marabouts are placed at each side of the crown, in such a manner as to cross in front: the brim is very wide and rather large; it stands a good deal out from the face; and the strings, attached on the inside of the brim, are of broad rich ribbon to correspond.

A pelisse of pale lavender levan-tine, lined with white, is also remark-

able for the novelty of its trimming, which consists of a wreath of oak-leaves formed by quilting, and very much raised by wadding.

Morning dress begins now to be very generally made in cambric or jaconot muslin; the *blouse* form is at present most prevalent, and certainly is very well adapted for morning dress. The trimming of the *blouse* consists always of tucks. Some ladies, who dislike this plain style of trimming, adopt the *robe blouse*, which admits of greater variety; flounces, *bouillonné*, and a mixture of tucks and *entre-deux*, being all used for these dresses.

The only novelty we have seen in dinner dress is a gown of lilac *gros de Naples*: the trimming consists of two very full rouleaus of tulle of the same colour, which are ornamented with satin leaves edged with narrow blond lace: the bottom rouleau is much larger than the other, and both stand out a good deal from the dress; the leaves are placed pretty close to each other. The *corsage*, made to the shape, and square across the bust, is ornamented with a narrow rouleau of satin, beneath which is a row of deep tabs, which fall low upon the breast, and are edged with narrow blond; the epaulette is also composed of tabs: the dress falls much off the shoulder, and the shoulder-strap, something broader than they have lately been worn, is also edged round with narrow blond lace. This is one of the most elegant and novel dresses that we have seen for some time.

Some ladies have adopted the French fashion of wearing a scarf, either of gold, silver, or plain gauze, disposed among the hair, something in the style of a turban. If the scarf is of gold or silver, there is sel-

dom any other ornament worn with it; but if any are used, they must be feathers: if the scarf is of plain gauze, flowers are always intermixed with it.

Fashionable colours are, grass-green, lavender, *ponceau* rose, a peculiar shade of gray lilac, rose, and Spanish brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THOUGH our court mourning has not yet expired, it is not now generally adopted, except at court, or on occasions of ceremony; fancy black, or half mourning, being more worn for the *spectacle*, and colours for the promenade. Black satin mantles, however, which had been for some time on the decline, are now very generally adopted in walking dress. They are always lined with coloured sarsnet. The most fashionable have a single pelerine, made very large, composed of black velvet, and trimmed with black blond lace, or rich black silk fringe.

The most fashionable style of walking dress is of the pelisse form, very much trimmed. They are in general of levantine or *gros de Naples*, and the trimming of satin. Two rouleaus go round the skirt and up each side of the front; between them, on the front of the dress, is a chain formed of narrow rouleaus of satin. This chain, broad at the bottom of the gown, and narrower as it approaches the waist, is again extended upon the bust, so as to be very broad at the top of the bust. The *corsage* fastens behind. The *ceinture* is of satin, tied in a bow and short ends at the side. The sleeve, made to sit close at the arm, is finished at the wrist by a satin rouleau. The epaulette, very full and puffed out on the shoulder, is cut in slashes,

|| which are filled by bands interlaced.

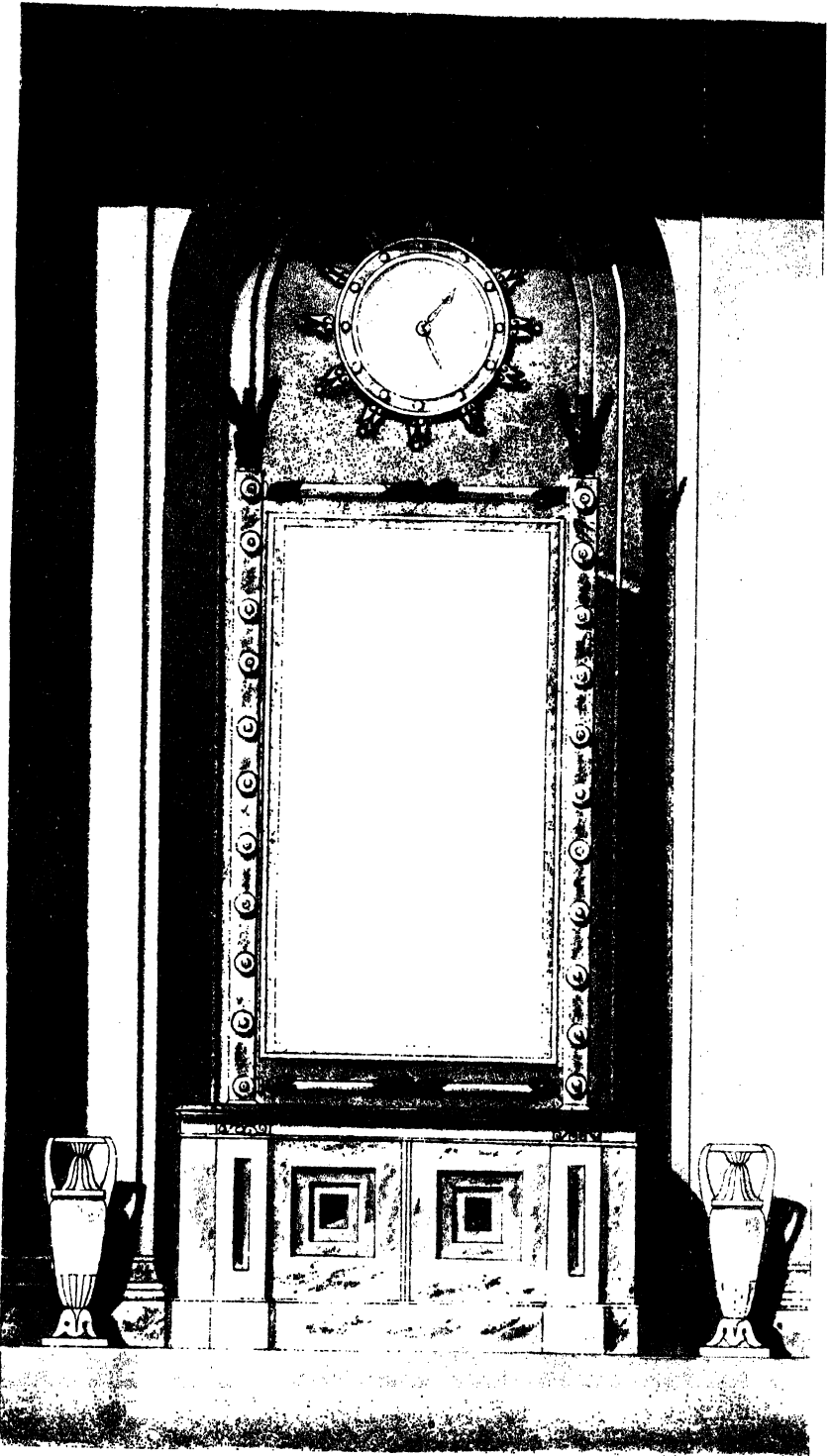
There is no collar, these dresses being always worn with embroidered muslin, or tulle collars, to fall over.

Morning bonnets are generally composed of *gros de Naples* of very full colours, lined and trimmed with blue jonquil or *ponceau*. The crown is ornamented in front with four large lozenges on each side; a fall of black blond lace, deep enough to form a curtain-veil, is attached to the edge of the brim.

Black velvet bonnets are still in favour, but, except in mourning, they are no longer lined with black. Trocadero, rose colour, and *ponceau* are the favourite hues for linings. The brims are something larger, and still very wide. Many walking bonnets have no other trimming than a full knot of satin, to correspond with the lining.

The most elegant hats for the *spectacle* are of white gauze. The brim is rather large, and nearly of the same size all round. These hats are entirely covered with a *bouillonné* of blond net, and adorned with a garland of rose laurel and yellow cloves.

Black China crape is now very generally adopted by those *élégantes* who appear in mourning: it is trimmed with a mixture of soft crape and black satin. The most fashionable style of half-mourning for social parties is black soft crape, trimmed with an intermixture of white crape and black satin. The bonnet, *toque*, or



turban, must also be black with white feathers, and the necklace, &c. &c. jet.

Half-mourning is also much worn in full dress, but then it is white crape over black satin: the trimming consists of *ruches bouillonné* or rouleaus; there are generally two of the latter, each entwined with two narrow satin ones: each rouleau is drawn in the drapery style on one side of the dress, where it is ornamented with a bouquet of white roses or lilies. I must observe, that a double rouleau of white satin is placed between the crape ones.

The bodies of coloured silk or tulle gowns in full dress are now very much ornamented with white blond lace, which is disposed on the *corsage* in perpendicular rows. A full quilting of blond lace stands up from the point of the shoulder round the back, and a double fall forms an

epaulette. A new trimming for full dress gowns consists of a wreath of wild endive, formed of the same material as the gown. The endive is interlaced, and at the base of each head is a knot of satin. Another very fashionable style of trimming consists of tulle disposed in large plaits, so as to form fans, and between each a bouquet of flowers. Ribbons spotted with gold, called *rubans pluie-d'or*, have just been introduced for *ceintures*, scarfs, and to wear in the hair in full dress.

The head-dress for very young people in mourning or half mourning consists of black or white flowers: roses, lilies, jessamine, pinks, and violets, are most in favour.

Fashionable colours are, gold colour, Trocadero, lavender, pale blue, carnation, gray, and rose colour.

Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE:

A CABINET GLASS.

THIS piece of furniture is intended for a cabinet room, the chief parts of which are supposed to be fitted up with receptacles for medals, coins, gems, and also for collections in conchology, entomology, and other specimens in natural history. The glass frame is suitably designed, and composed of similar materials to the cabinet, and is intended to combine with the general fittings-up of the

apartment. If executed in satin wood, or in stained imitations of it, it would have a pleasing effect; and the chairs and tables being designed to correspond, the whole would be considerably improved. Lilac, bright green, and fawn colours agree admirably for the wall-colours and draperies of rooms so fitted up, which should have the appearance of study and retirement.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for publication, *A Picturesque Tour of the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India*, from original drawings made on the spot by Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, late on the staff

of his Majesty's service in Bengal. This work will embrace the most remarkable and picturesque scenes in the valleys of those two celebrated rivers, and will exhibit the grand and interesting remains of

ancient splendour and art scattered over their extensive margins; the villages and cities, mosques and pagodas, temples and magnificent mausoleums; together with the costumes of the inhabitants, and the various and luxuriant scenery which throughout adorns their banks. Some of the earlier and more remarkable occurrences in the history of this extraordinary and interesting country will be interspersed through the descriptive part of the work, and likewise a sketch of the present state of those provinces of Bengal bordering on the two rivers. The work will be published in six monthly parts, containing twenty-four coloured engravings, several vignettes, and a map of the valleys of the Ganges and Jumna, and forming a companion to Ackermann's Picturesque Tours of the Rhine and Seine.

Mr. Jennings has in the press, a new work on *European Scenery*, by Captain Batty. It will comprise a selection of sixty of the most picturesque views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his French and German scenery. The first number will appear on the 1st of May.

Miss S. E. Hatfield, of Truro, is about to publish, by subscription, in two post 8vo. volumes, *The Wanderer of Scandinavia*, or *Sweden Delivered*, in five cantos, and other poems.

Captain Brooke has nearly ready for the press, *A Narrative of a short Residence in Norwegian Lapland*; with an Account of a Winter's Journey performed with Reindeer through Norwegian Russia and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous plates.

An English translation of *Travels in Brasil* in the years 1817-1820, undertaken at the command of the King of Bavaria, by Drs. Spix and Martins, will speedily appear.

Two new works on South America, by Mrs. Graham, are announced: *Journal of a Voyage to Brasil*, and *Residence*

there during part of the years 1821-23, including an account of the revolution which brought about the independence of the Brazilian empire—and, *Journal of a Residence in Chili*, and *Voyage from the Pacific in 1822 and 3*; preceded by an account of the revolutions in Chili since 1810, and particularly of the transactions of the squadron of Chili under Lord Cochrane.

Dr. Robert Southey is about to publish *A Tale of Paraguay*, in one 12mo. vol.

Mrs. Hoffland has in the press, a tale, entitled *Decision*.

Captain Basil Hall, R. N. is preparing for publication, *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico*, in the years 1820, 1, and 2; containing some account of the recent revolutions, together with observations on the state of society in those countries.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *The Cross and the Crescent*; an heroic metrical romance, partially founded on *Muthilde*, by the Rev. James Beresford, M. A. Rector of Kibworth, Leicestershire, late Fellow of Merton College.

Mr. Bullock's exhibition of the curiosities which he collected during his recent visit to Mexico, will be opened to the public before Easter, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It will be arranged in two rooms. The upper will contain models and casts of buildings, pyramids, and other monuments; casts of idols of stupendous dimensions; smaller idols, elaborately carved in the hardest materials; rude pictures, and many other extraordinary specimens, illustrative of the state of the arts among the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. The lower will be devoted to the natural productions of the country. The series of fruits and vegetables comprehends not only specimens of all those which are capable of being preserved in their natural state, but likewise models, in full size as well as in little, of numberless others, many of which are here alike unknown in form and name.

Of nearly two hundred species of birds, the greater number are undescribed. Of the fishes of Mexico and its coast, Mr. Bullock's catalogue embraces between two and three hundred species. It is to be regretted, that several living animals, new or little known in Europe, have not borne our climate. A cabinet of minerals completes the collections belonging to the different kingdoms of nature. This vast

mass of materials, assembled by the proprietor in so short a space of time, sufficiently attests the enterprising spirit and industry of our countryman; and cannot fail to afford equal gratification to the loungers in search of amusement, and to the man of science desirous of obtaining more intimate knowledge respecting a country of which we are still in a state of comparative ignorance.

Poetry.

SORROW'S ADDRESS TO THE POPPY.

By J. M. LACEY.

FAREWELL, bright rose! thy charms no more
To this sad breast are dear;
Though once I thought thy lovely flow'r
The best of all the year.

Farewell to ev'ry other gem
That blooms in summer's hour!
I court a weed, whose rougher stem
Yet bears a brilliant flow'r.

To thee, red poppy, now I pay
A willing bosom's theme;
For thou hast sooth'd my sickly day
With many a happy dream:

Hast stol'n away the canker grief,
And bid those moments cease,
That seem'd too sad to hope relief,
Till thou didst bring me peace.

E'en pain before thy pow'r has fled;
The eye, unclos'd before,
Has shut in sleep, so deep and dead,
As though 'twould wake no more.

These are thy potent charming pow'rs;
For these I love thee then,
Thou worst of weeds, thou best of flow'rs—
Thou foe and friend of men.

For though thy soothings are divine,
When man but seeks thy use,
Yet sometimes madness may incline
To deep and dire abuse.

His own, or else another's life,
Before thy pow'r may fall:
Murd'rous, or suicidal strife,
For punishment must call.

Yet the great good thou dost, bright weed,
Is more than all thy harm:
Hail then, red poppy! take thy meed;
I own thy pow'ful charm.

Still soften wretchedness and pain;
Still give those dreamy hours,
That seem like health return'd again,
Thou best of Nature's flow'rs!

THE STORM:

A FRAGMENT.

Slow in the eastern sky, the orb of day
His ruddy tints disclos'd. Anon his beams,
In sportive mood, danc'd in the crystal
wave.

With lightsome hearts Neptune's rude sons
commence
Their daily task. The balmy breeze of morn
Distends her sails, and through the liquid
plain

The stately ship pursues her trackless course.
Inspiring hope, that lights the youthful breast
(And e'en illumines the languid eye of age),
Cheer'd the gay crew. The fragrant breath
of spring,

That swept o'er flow'ry mead, o'er blossom'd
spray,
And gardens rich in Nature's choicest sweets,
Dispens'd its odours to the ravish'd sense.

Above, the azure canopy of heav'n,
Whose bright serenity no vapour dimm'd—
Below, the rippling waters, that appear'd
With gentle care the vessel to support,
As a fond mother clasps her lovely babe,
Foretold a speedy issue of their hopes.

Far greater joy
Inspir'd their souls than spring or youth can
yield.

They sought their native land. Thro' years
of toil

The thoughts of those they lov'd, whose ar-
dent prayers

Were breath'd alone for them, made labour
light.

Delightful thought, on which the adventurer
feeds,

Who braves the horrors of the rugged north,
Or pants beneath the sun's meridian ray,
In Afric's torrid zone.

A dark'ning speck
Now veil'd the horizon—larger it became—
Darker it grew—it spread, o'ershadowing
The beautiful blue sky. A murmuring
Came on the wind—a piercing cry was heard,
The storm-bird's scream—utter'd as if to
warn

The mariners of danger near at hand.
The oldest seaman, nurs'd in peril's lap,
Could not anticipate, without dismay,
The coming night. Sure omens of a storm—
A fearful storm—in terror they beheld.
The breeze increas'd—anon it died away.
A deathlike silence reign'd. As in array
Two hostile armies meet—a pause ensues—
Now the fierce onset the adjacent hills
Re-echo: so with vengeful fury fraught
The tempest-winds arose to agitate
The bosom of the deep. The mountain waves
Now bore the vessel to the clouds, and now
She headlong sinks. A frightful gulf beneath
Yawns to receive her. Darkness reign'd
around:

The foaming billows, with a desperate sweep,
Rush o'er the deck. At length the murky
clouds

Discharge the pitiless torrent. All aghast,
The wretched crew, mute, motionless, survey
At intervals, when the red lightning's glare
Illumes the horrid scene, impending death!
Despair sat on each brow. With folded arms,
Some ventur'd to address a prayer to heav'n,
Who never pray'd before; while some, more
stern,

With horrid imprecations curs'd the hour
That gave them birth. The clam'rous gale
but mock'd

Their idle lamentations. Yet once more
The signal-gun was heard—a last essay—
Life is still dear while hope of life remains:
Deceitful hope! cloth'd like the queen of
flow'rs

In beautiful attire, a deadly thorn
Lurks 'neath its sweets. Amid the fearful
strife

Of battling elements, no pitying hand
Is stretch'd to save. Sudden the cries of death
Are hush'd! 'Tis o'er! they sleep a peaceful
sleep.

Not one escapes to tell their wretched lot.
Ill-fated souls! scarce had their own blue
cliffs

Welcom'd their earnest gaze. So near their
homes,

Where many, many days they fondly deem'd
Of happiness and joy were yet in store,
To perish thus! Night clos'd the scene—the
morn

Saw fathers, mothers, wives, with hurried
step

And dread suspense, traverse the sandy
beach.

The storm had ceas'd—its dire effects ap-
pear'd—

The shatter'd fragments of the luckless ship,
The pallid corpses of her hapless crew,
Bestrew'd the calmer surface of the deep.
Each wave impell'd some human form ashore.
The once-lov'd features of an only son
Parents recall'd, though time had wrought a
change.

Wives sought their husbands, children sought
their sires,

Maidens their lovers. Grief alone was seen
In various shapes. Some wrung their hands,
Some tore their hair, while some with frenzy
rav'd.

Some could not weep. The sweetest mourner
there,

Beside a youthful corse poor Mary knelt.
She press'd his clay-cold hand. Awhile her
heart,

In silent sorrow wrapt, knew no relief.
The fount of grief at length dissolv'd; the
tears

Cours'd down her cheeks. She look'd around
amaz'd,

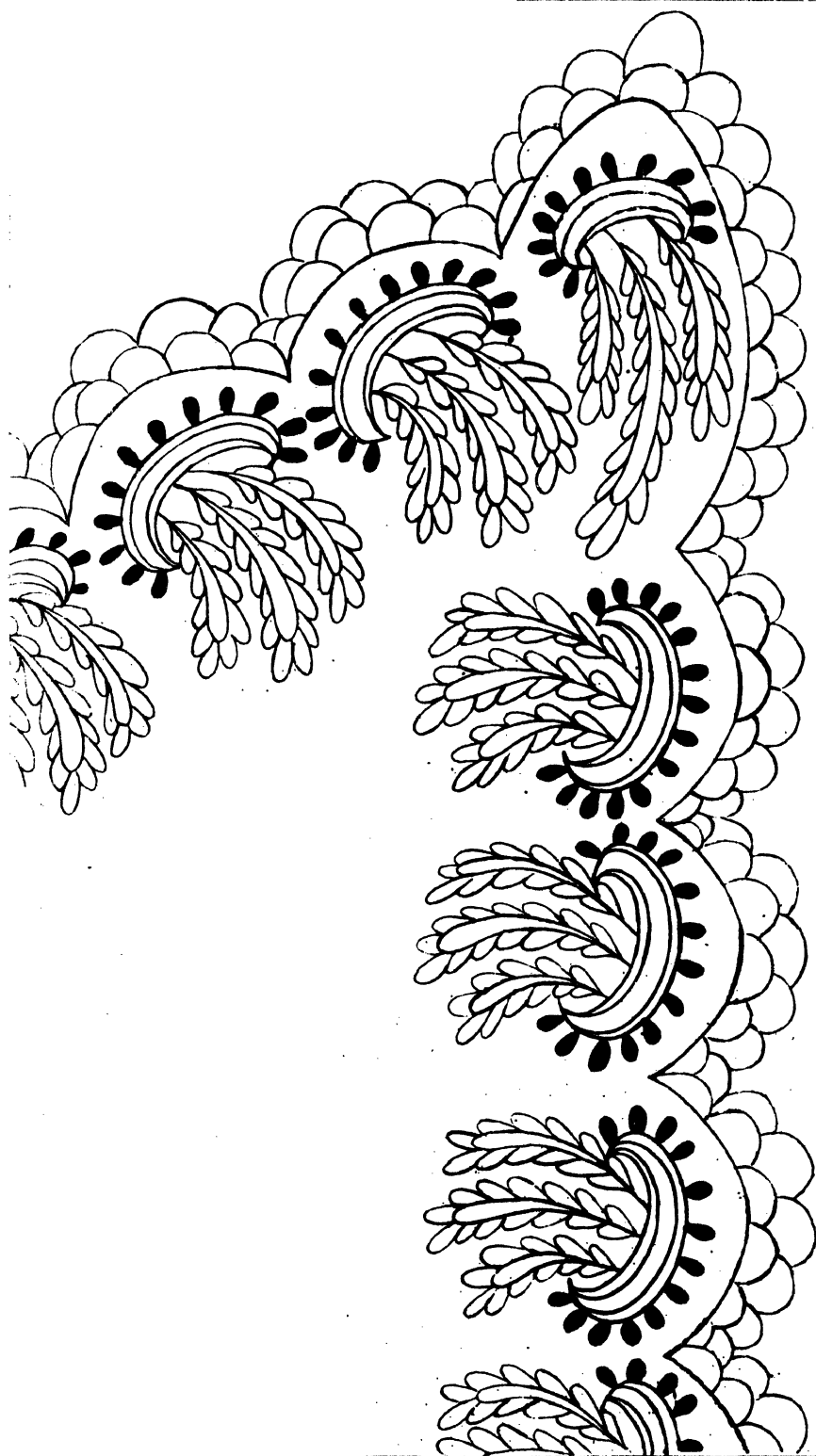
To find that misery reign'd in other hearts
Desolate as her own. "Now am I left
In the wide world without *one* friend!" she
cried.

A smiling cherub on her breast repos'd—
A lovely boy, too young to know his loss:
Waking, he stretch'd to her his little hand;
The smile of innocence illum'd his face.

"Alone, said I? No, no; while thou art
left,

Dear image of thy sire, to bless my sight,
For thee I'll live. I am a *mother* still!"

W. S.



ADVERTISEMENTS for APRIL 1, 1824.

[To be continued Monthly.]

In the press, and will be published early in April, a
Splendid National Work, dedicated to the King.

Published by Authority,
BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART,

Now first arranged in One Volume.

By **CHARLES WESTMACOTT,**

Author of the "Annual Critical Catalogue to the
Royal Academy."

* * This Work will contain a Critical and Descriptive Catalogue to each Collection, with a History of the choicest Treasures of the Fine Arts, Ancient and Modern, in the possession of his Majesty and other noble and distinguished Persons; including the Dulwich Gallery and British Museum. Illustrated with Interior Views of the principal Galleries, drawn and engraved by CATTERMOLÉ, FINLAY, and LE KEUX; with Eight elegant Engraved Portraits of Illustrious and Noble Patrons and Academicians, by WAGEMAN, HAWKSWORTH, and PHILIPS.

FARR ON SCROFULA.

Dedicated by permission to the President of the
Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Second Edition, price 4s.

This day is published,

A TREATISE ON SCROFULA, explanatory of a Method for its complete Eradication; and in which reasons are clearly and satisfactorily assigned, for the frequent failure of the mode of treatment recommended in the hands of other Practitioners; and many additional cases of cure detailed, with the names and places of abode of several patients.

By **WILLIAM FARR,**

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Printed for **GEORGE WIGHTMAN**, 46, Fleet-street; of whom may be had, A TREATISE ON THE CURE OF OCCULT CANCER, by the same Author.

CATON'S POPULAR REMARKS ON NERVOUS DISEASES, &c.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d.

POPULAR REMARKS, Medical and Literary, on NERVOUS DEBILITY, RELAXATION, HYPOCHONDRIAC and HYSTERICAL DISEASES; containing an Inquiry into the Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of those Diseases called Nervous, Bilious, Stomachic, and Liver Complaints: with Observations on Low Spirits, and the Influence of Imagination on these acute and distressing Diseases, &c. &c. By **T. M. CATON**, Surgeon, No. 6, Norfolk-street, Strand, late of the United Hospitals of St. Thomas and Guy.

Printed for Messrs. Sherwood and Co. 20, Paternoster-row; Neely, 22, Change Alley, Lombard-street; C. Chapple, 60, Pall-Mall; and Bower, 315, Oxford-street.

Where may be had,

CATON ON INDIGESTION, SCROFULA, and CUTANEOUS DISEASES, with Observations on Eruptive and Scorbatic Pimples of the Face and Skin, 3s.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

MR. W. BEACALL, SURGEON-DENTIST, 13, NEWMAN-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, having with unremitting diligence long made the Science of Artificial Teeth, where mechanical contrivance is requisite, his peculiar study, continues to supply the loss of Teeth with Natural or Artificial, in a superior manner, without the least pain, from a single Tooth to a complete Set, AT LITTLE MORE THAN ONE HALF THE USUAL CHARGES. Teeth cleaned if ever so discoloured, and rendered white and beautiful, without pain or injury to the enamel. Decayed Teeth or Stumps extracted with the utmost care and safety, or stopped to prevent irritation on the Nerve. Every operation on the Teeth and Gums—Attends at home from Ten till Four.

TINCTURE OF MYRRH.

The general use of this Article, for fastening and preserving the Teeth, and as a preventive and cure of the Scurvy in the Gums, induces **HOWARD STYLES** to offer to Ladies and Gentlemen the Tincture prepared by him, which is so much approved of by several of the Nobility, &c. who have used it. H. Styles begs to observe, that TINCTURE OF MYRRH should be pale-coloured; if not, it is either made with coarse and inferior Myrrh, or intentionally coloured with some other article, in order to make it appear strong. Colour therefore is no criterion of its strength: this is to be ascertained by dropping twenty drops of different coloured Tinctures into two tumblers of water, and tasting which contains more of the aromatic Flavour of the Myrrh. The Tincture made by H. Styles, though pale, is not the less strong; but, on the contrary, much more so, as containing a greater quantity of the Myrrh in solution, owing to the impure juices being rejected altogether.

Prepared and sold by **Howard Styles, Chemist**, &c. 128, Regent-street, near Leicester-street—Pints 8s.; half-pints 4s. 6d.; quarter ditto 2s. 6d.

OTTO OF LAVENDER, a most elegant Perfume, in which the Lavender is so united with the Rose, as to combine the refreshing fragrance of the one with the delightful sweetness of the other. A single Drop is sufficient for a Handkerchief.—Sold in Bottles at 5s., 10s., and 20s. or at 30s. per Ounce.

FOR BEAUTIFYING HUMAN HAIR,

Also for cleansing and preserving it,
EXTRACT OF ROSES.

By **RIGGE & BROCKBANK** (late David Rigge and Son), Cultivators of Flowers, and Distillers to His Majesty.

This elegant Extract is prepared principally with Roses, from which it derives mild astringent properties, gives strength and beauty to the Hair, and imparts to it the delicate fragrance of those flowers. Hair washed with the Extract soon becomes pleasingly soft, bright, and luxuriant in its growth; and Hair that has been made harsh, and is turning grey by the using of ardent spirits, or other improper preparations to clean it, will soon be restored to its natural colour, brilliancy, and beauty, by a few applications of the Extract of Roses, which is only to be purchased in London of **David Rigge and Brockbank**, No. 35, New Bond-street.—Price 3s. 5s. and 10s.

Established upwards of Twenty-one Years,
For the Sale of **IRISH LINEN** by the Piece, at the Factor's Price, No. 4, on the **SOUTH SIDE** of **BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE**, four doors from the top of Southampton-street, Holborn.

THE **IRISH LINEN COMPANY** beg leave to announce to the Public, that the above House is their only Establishment in this country; where they continue to supply the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, with **WARRANTED** grass-bleached Linen, for Shirts and Sheets, of the best fabric and colour, at a price considerably lower than they can be procured through any other medium. They also engage to return the purchase money should any fault appear. Good Irish Bills and Bank of Ireland Notes taken as usual. Country and Town Orders punctually attended to.

AGENTS.

J. DONOVAN, 4, Bloomsbury-square, London.
JOHN DOYLE, 31, St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin.

GROWTH & PRESERVATION of the HAIR.

THE decay of this beautiful ornament of the head is attributed to various causes; but the two immediate and principal ones are, the dryness of the head and the debility of the bulbæ of the hair. When this decay is occasioned by age, restoration cannot be effected: but when it proceeds from any other cause, the full vigour of the bulbæ will be restored by using **DELCROIX'S** well known and efficacious **POMMADE REGENERATRICE** and the **FLUID**, so essential to the nourishment of the Root of the Hair which has fallen off, and being thus kept alive, will soon be replaced by a new Growth.

This is the principal point to which **J. DELCROIX** of 33, Old Bond-street, Stafford-street, has applied himself in his studies, and which has led him to the discovery of this valuable compound of several plants, possessing great properties for promoting the Growth of the Hair, and also to prevent its falling off, or turning gray; and **J. D.** has not only had confirmation of their merits from his own experience, but also from the opinions of some of the most eminent of the faculty; and the frequent application of this Pomade to the roots of the Hair will give most ample satisfaction, by soon causing it to be beautiful and most luxuriant.

To prevent counterfeits, a printed billor envelope with each bottle will be signed with the name of the Proprietor.

J. DELCROIX also respectfully begs leave to recommend the under-mentioned articles, which to comment on would be superfluous:—**POUDRE UNIQUE**, for changing Red or Gray Hair to a beautiful Brown or Black:—**POUDRE SUBTIL**, for effectually removing superfluous Hair in a few minutes, without causing the least pain, inconvenience, or injuring the skin in the smallest degree:—**ANTI-ELIXIR** and **ANTI-SCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER**, for cleansing and preserving the Teeth and Gums, and preventing and curing the Tooth-Ache:—also his Vegetable Extract for cleansing and beautifying the Hair, and his highly esteemed *Esprit de Lavande, aux Millefleurs*, and superior Perfumery, consisting of *Esprit Bouquet du Roi* (George IV.), *Esprit de Rose*, *Bouquet*, *Mirre-halle*, *Millefleurs*, *Jasmin*, *Portugal*, *Mousseline*, *Violet*, *Cheveu-fenille*, *Muguet*, and above twenty other sorts. Also his richly perfumed

Meers, *Aromatic*, *Emollient*, and other Soaps, which will render the Skin soft and fair: in short, he has every Article of Perfumery of the most superior Quality, from sparing neither pains nor expense to obtain them.

33, Old Bond-street, Stafford-street—March 14, 1823.

THE most prolific discovery that really prevents the Hair falling off or turning grey, and produces a thick growth on bald places, is

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

This OIL is the first production of the age, and the **ORIGINAL AND GENUINE**, which for many years has been universally admired; also **PATRONISED** and **SANCTIONED** by the most illustrious Personages; his Royal Highness the **DUKE of SUSSEX**, and the whole of the **ROYAL FAMILY**; their Imperial Majesties the **EMPEROR** and **EMPRESS of RUSSIA**; the **EMPERORS of PERSIA** and **CHINA**. This Oil is also acknowledged by the most eminent Physicians as the best and cheapest article for nourishing the Hair, preventing the Hair being injured by illness, change of climate, study, travelling, accouchement, &c.; removes the scurf, harshness, and dryness; renders it soft and glossy; prevents its falling off or turning grey; creates a thick growth on the baldest places; makes the Hair strong in curl, which it keeps in damp weather, exercise, &c.; imparts a pleasant perfume, and produces whiskers, eyebrows, &c. The Proprietors warrant its innocence, and to improve the Hair from infancy to the latest period of life.—Ask for

"ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,"

and strictly observe, that none are Genuine without the little book inside the wrapper; and the label is signed on the outside, in red,

"A. ROWLAND & SON."

The prices are 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.; and 21s. per bottle. All other prices are impositions.—The Genuine has the address on the label, "No. 20, Hatton-Garden."

The opening of a New Year naturally excites sentiments of profound gratitude from Messrs. **ROWLAND and SON**, sole Proprietors of the **GENUINE MACASSAR OIL**, for the **UNPARALLELED PATRONAGE** with which a liberal and discerning Public has honoured that admired article. Its virtues in promoting the growth of Hair, beautifying and preserving it from infancy to the latest period of life, are now known throughout the habitable globe. To **PARENTS** and **GUARDIANS** a more acceptable present to those under their care cannot be granted, so far as concerns the preservation of that which every one admires—personal beauty.

Also, **RED WHISKERS**, **GREY WHISKERS**, **EYEBROWS**, Hair on the Head, effectually changed to Brown or Black by the use of

ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE.

By merely wetting the Hair, it immediately produces a perfect change. Price 4s., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Sold by the sole Proprietors, **A. ROWLAND & SON**, No. 20, Hatton-Garden, Holborn, London; and, by appointment, by Messrs. Hendries, Tichborne-street; Smyth, 117, Gattie and Pierce, 57, D. Rigge, 35, New Bond-street; Bayley and Blew, Cockspur-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Berry and Co, 17, Greek-street; Butlers, 4, Cheap-side; Rowney, 100, Hatton-garden; Colley, Bishopsgate-street;

street; J. T. Rigge, 65, Cheapside, and 52, Park-street; Taite, 41, Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Ford, Fenchurch-street; Newberry, 45, Edwards, 66, St. Paul's Church-yard; Sutton, Bow Church-yard; Burgess, 63, Holborn-hill; Low, 330, Prout, 229, Strand; Barclay and Sons, 95, Fleet-market; Bartollet, 22, Hatton-garden; Stradling and Nix, Royal Exchange; and by most Perfumers and Medicine-Venders.

Ask for "ROWLAND'S OIL," or "ROWLAND'S DYE," and observe the signature, "A. Rowland & Son."

REPERTORY OF ARTS FOR APRIL 1823

(See Article HALL'S PATENT STARCH.)

"THE object of this important invention is to extract all Colouring Matter from the Wheat in the manufacture of Starch, which has hitherto given a yellow dye to Linen, &c. An effectual remedy for this evil was never before discovered, and as the addition of Blue has become a general expedient to conceal, rather than to remove it, a perfect white has neither been obtained nor expected by ordinary means. The white or French Starch (that is, simply Starch without Blue,) is got into disuse, being of a dirty yellow colour: whereas the Patent Starch is of an almost dazzling whiteness, and being purified from all grosser substance, is, when dissolved for usual purposes, exceedingly clear and beautiful, and of superior strength. The Patentee was led to this discovery in reference to *Urling and Co's Lace Concern* (in which he is a Partner); and they have found it of incalculable use in preserving the colour, and giving a transparent quality to their Lace, as it does to Muslin, Linen, &c."—To be obtained of every respectable Dealer in Town and Country, or, in convenient Packages, at G. F. URLING and Co.'s only Lace-Warehouse in London, 147, Strand, near Somerset-House.

DR. SYDENHAM'S FAMILY PILLS OF HEALTH.

THESE Pills (entirely vegetable) are unrivalled in cases of Headache, Loss of Appetite, Noises and Giddiness in the Head, Lowness of Spirits, Flatulency, Obstructed Digestion, together with all Affections of the Liver and Bilious Disorders. These Pills contain not one atom of mercury or mineral, and are so peculiarly mild in their action as to require no confinement or alteration in diet. The most delicate females find them materially beneficial to their general health; and all who have used SYDENHAM'S PILLS pronounce them the most SAFE, MILD, and EFFECTUAL FAMILY MEDICINE extant. Nothing can prove the superiority of these Pills more than the numerous Cases communicated by persons of the highest respectability, and the countenance shewn them by the first Medical Characters in present practice. Naval and Military Men, Persons residing in hot climates, those leading sedentary lives, and Commercial Gentlemen, will find them a certain assistant to repel the attacks of disease arising from neglect, intemperance, the want of exercise, or the effects of climate. One Pill taken at the hour of dinner is admirably calculated to assist digestion, correct excesses of the table, and give a healthy action to the stomach. In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.; and for the use of families and for exportation, large boxes, by which there is a considerable saving, at 11s.

CAUTION.—Purchasers are requested to observe the name "J. REES, Bristol," is written on the Government Stamp affixed to each box, to distinguish them from IMITATIONS sold under similar titles.—Sold by Messrs. Butlers, Cheapside, 220, Regent-street, London, and Sackville-street, Dublin; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Newberry's, Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Barclay's, Fleet-Market; Sanger, Oxford-street; J. Gifford, Strand; and by most respectable Medicine-Venders in the United Kingdom.

Kensington Lace-Works and Manufactory,

SANCTIONED BY SPECIAL WARRANT, AND GRACIOUSLY PATRONISED AND VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS SOPHIA, and the DUCHESS OF KENT.

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Addressed to a Lady with a Bottle of ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL.

DEAR girl, I own thy face is fair;
I own thy heavenly form is fine;
And fairer face, or finer air,
We seldom see, dear girl, than thine!

But wouldst thou those bright charms improve,
And bloom still lovelier, O my love!
Wouldst thou become still more divine,
Oh! tend that auburn hair of thine!

The flowing ringlets, let them deck
The Parian whiteness of that neck:
In graceful softness let them fall,
And be my Emma beauty all!

Accept then *this*, and every grace
That decks the Queen of Beauty's smile,
Shall beam round thy angelic face—
'Tis ROWLAND'S pure MACASSAR OIL.
FLORIAN.

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and unbelief. The amateurs of personal attraction
are earnestly invited to a proof of unparalleled ex-
cellence, by the use of

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properties of surprising energy. It eradicates
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

MAY 1, 1824.

N^o. XVII.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The length to which our department of the Fine Arts this month extends has obliged us to defer several articles intended for insertion in the present Number.

Count Vivalda—J. F.—Felicité—Picture of a Princess, shall appear in our next.

T. C. L.—F. V.—A Harmonist—Mechanicus, and Remarks on the State of Political Parties, are not suitable to the Repository.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

WANSTEAD-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF WILLIAM POLE TILNEY LONG .
WELLESLEY, ESQ.

THIS magnificent mansion was designed by Colin Campbell, in the year 1705, and built under his direction for Sir Richard Child, afterwards Earl Tilney. It ranks decidedly among the highest class of English mansions, as regards its style of architecture, finishing, and magnitude, or its interior decorations. It extends in front about 260 feet, while the depth is 80 feet. It consists of a centre, with two uniform wings; the former embellished by a noble pediment, supported by six columns of the Corinthian order, resting on a bold projecting basement. This communicates by a double flight of steps to the great hall and saloon, magnificent in size and splendid in decorations: these again communicate with the state apartments, which extend along the entire front. The whole of the south front is occupied

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by a ball-room, which measures 64 feet by 24. The superb furniture that meets the eye in this double suite of state apartments; the emblematical and allegorical ceilings that grace these rooms, painted by Kent, Cassali, and other eminent artists, coupled with the grandeur of the building, qualify Wanstead to rank with the first-rate English mansions.

Beneath the grand entrance is the entrance to the sub-hall, supported by eight stone pillars of the Ionic order: this communicates right and left with the offices on the ground-floor.

The principal or western front is further embellished and assisted in its imposing effect by stone parapets and detached obelisks, which, as viewed from the grounds, have a fine appearance. The Tilney arms in bold basso-relievo grace the tympanum of the pediment; while a medal-

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lion portrait of the architect, cut in stone, is placed over the door to the great hall.

The eastern front has, as well as the western, a central pediment; but this, in accordance with the best specimens of Italian edifices, is subordinate to the principal front, being raised on six three-quarter columns, with a stone terrace, inclosed by a balustrade, which extends only in front of the grand saloon.

This edifice occupies the site of an ancient house, which ranked royal and noble inmates among its proprietors; for it had been possessed by Sir William Mildmay, George Marquis of Buckingham, King James I. Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, and Robert Rich, Earl of Leicester. This house being found inadequate to the domestic establishment of Sir Richard Child, he caused it to be pulled down, and replaced by the present splendid structure, which too can boast of its royal and noble occupants; for it afforded a retreat for the present royal family of France during their exile. It was here the Prince Regent, with a noble party, met to congratulate the Marquis, now Duke of Wellington, on his return from the glorious campaign in Spain and Portugal.

The whole of this property came into the possession of the Wellesley family by the marriage, in 1812, of Mr. Long Wellesley to Miss Catherine Tilney Long, daughter and heiress of Sir James Tilney Long, Bart. Besides the Wanstead property, this lady possessed in her own right fine and extensive estates in Essex, Wilts, Hants, Yorkshire, and Dorsetshire.

The park is spacious and well wooded, particularly to the east, where its forest-like appearance has a fine effect, breaking away into the

distant country. The home scene is rich in fine timber, and the immediate vicinity of the house gay and fragrant with flowering shrubs. A fine vista extends from the eastern front to the river Roding, a pleasing stream, that adds considerably to the beauty of the grounds, being formed into a spacious sheet of water in the midst of the woods: an extensive grotto decorates the margin, and is said to have cost upwards of 2000*l*.

Our View of this fine Mansion is from the west, near the principal entrance to the park: the avenue from this entrance is intercepted by the circular piece of water shewn in the view, around which, on either side, the drive continues to the house.

In the year 1735, a Roman tessellated pavement was discovered in this park in high preservation: it was composed of brick tesserae, of various sizes and colours. In the centre was the representation of a man on a beast. Several coins were found with it: some of the Emperor Valens. It measured about 16 feet by 20. Not far distant from the pavement were discovered some brick foundations, with fragments of urns, Roman coins, paterae, and other specimens of ancient art.

We have described this splendid mansion as it appeared when our view of it was taken: it is now no more. The house itself and the magnificent furniture were soon afterwards ordered by the owner to be sold by public auction. Mr. John Robins of Regent-street, late of Warwick-street, began the sale the 10th June, 1822; it ended 23d July, and produced 41,380*l*. 0*s*. 3*d*. The mansion was sold also by auction by the same gentleman, on the 12th May, 1823, and produced 10,000*l*. It has since been pulled down.

DELA FORD PARK,

SEAT OF C. CLOWES, ESQ.

THIS seat is an elegant quadrangular building, situated on rising ground, that overlooks the river Colne, in the parish of Iver. It was the residence of Sir Wm. Young, Bart. a man whose liberality and benevolence will long be remembered at Iver, from his attention to the poor, and from some useful works projected and executed at his sole expense, of which we need only mention the bridge over the Colne and a poor-house. After Sir William, Mr. Shergold became the proprietor, and he sold it to Lord Kilmorey, of whom it was purchased by the present owner. Since it has become this gentleman's property, he has with great taste made several additions. One of the principal em-

bellishments is a circular Portico to the principal front, as represented in the annexed Engraving: it is powerful for the edifice, but, as seen beneath the trees that overhang the drive, it has a fine effect. The grounds are pleasing, and highly decorated with wood to the rear of the house, extending to the banks of the Colne. This river adds considerably to the beauty of the grounds, and, as seen from the principal apartments, its suavity has a pretty effect. Combined with the village church, that crowns the brow of the hill which rises to the right, it adds considerably to the beauty of that part of the country.

A LESSON FOR FATHERS.

MONSIEUR ARMAND was a widower with only one child, a daughter, for whose sake he often declared he never would marry again. His Emily, as she grew up, seemed disposed to make every return for this sacrifice; for she frequently declared, that it was her resolution never to marry, because she would not take upon her duties which must interfere with those she owed her dear papa.

The resolutions of fifteen are seldom so stable as those of fifty, at least it was so in this case: M. Armand remained single, but his daughter married; and her marriage furnished the strongest proof of the affection of her doting father. M. le Comte d'Orfeuille, a gentleman of noble birth, but small fortune, saw and ad-

mired Emily. He was willing to overlook her being the daughter of a *negotiant*, and raise her to the dignity of a *comtesse*, but he required what he called a *little* sacrifice on the part of M. Armand: this little sacrifice was to make over his whole fortune to his daughter. The doting father, who looked upon his Emily as being in herself a pearl above price, rejected the proposition with disdain. The *comte* protested he was in despair, but his love for Mademoiselle Armand would never permit him to lead her to the altar unless he could support her as his wife ought to be supported, and this could not be done unless M. Armand complied with his desire. M. Armand declared that he never would:

the *comte* made his parting bow, and Emily then tried the effect of her eloquence.

She knew the direct road to the heart of her father, and she took it. It was not the loss of her own happiness, or the wreck of her own hopes, for which her tears flowed; no, she protested she could have borne that, but her grief arose from the afflicting thought that her dear father doubted her affection: it was that which caused her anguish, and she was sure in the end would break her heart.

Armand fell into the snare: he did not doubt her affection, and to prove that he did not, he acceded to the demand of the *comte*. The lovers were united, and, during the first month, it seemed doubtful, whether the new married pair in the fulness of their bliss, or the father to whom they owed it, were the happiest. Armand had always thought himself blest as a parent, but he now fancied he was more blest than ever.

In a very few months, however, some doubts of his excessive felicity began to occur to him. He could not help observing, that his daughter was seldom at home but when she had a crowd of company, and upon those occasions every body was more noticed and attended to than her father. He thought too that her manner towards those old friends who still visited him was cold and constrained. "But she is so young," said he to himself; "and just now she is dazzled by her new rank: she has, however, a good heart, the best of hearts, and by and by she will return to her old father with more warmth than ever after this little estrangement."

Such were the thoughts and hopes

of the father; but an event soon happened, which proved to him that he had calculated too much on her affection. In leaving himself wholly dependent on her, he had yielded to her earnest solicitations and his own wishes, and taken up his abode at her hotel. As his domestics had lived with him for many years, and were all as much attached to their young mistress as to himself, he had stipulated that they should be retained; and they were on their parts delighted to stay. But as his servants were for use, not show, and those of his son-in-law more for show than use, the household of the old man formed a comparatively small proportion to that of the young pair; and mutual dissensions and jealousies soon took place, which shewed themselves at first in bickerings, and then broke out into open quarrels, followed by appeals to the higher powers.

The first affair of this kind was a violent dispute between Manon, the nurse of Emily, and Mademoiselle Louise, the waiting-maid whom she had hired on her marriage. Manon, accustomed in right of her office to treat her mistress with the most unceremonious familiarity, burst in upon her at the very moment that she was engaged in grand consultation with her hair-dresser, to demand justice against the saucy jade who had mimicked her provincial accent, ridiculed her *bonnet montant*, and, worse than all, insisted upon taking precedence of her at table.

Nurse's complaint might have had some chance if it had been delivered in a different style, but it tallied ill with the dignity of a matron of three months standing, as Emily then was, to be *thee'd* and *thou'd* and *mon-en-fanted* in that manner; and the artful

reply of *Mademoiselle Louise*, her appeals to the fine understanding of *madame la comtesse*, the justice of *madame la comtesse*, and, above all the rest, the knowledge of the world of *madame la comtesse*, decided the point in her favour. Nurse was told that her complaints were frivolous and unfounded, and that she must learn to conduct herself better.

"Learn at my age!" cried Manon, bursting into tears; "and is it thou, Emily, my child, that canst ask such a thing? What, am I a baby to be taught behaviour? No, no, I am too old to learn new lessons, even that of resenting thy unkindness. I will leave thee." And away she hurried to Armand, to sob out her complaint, and her determination to be gone: a determination which, however, she relaxed, upon her old master's assurances that he would speedily send *mademoiselle* a-packing.

But he soon found that his power was much more limited than he thought it. Emily was very sorry; nay, she should be grieved to have dear papa vexed at such nonsense, but really nurse was in the wrong; she was a sad obstinate old woman, and of no use in life; and as to parting with Louise upon her account, the thing was impossible: she had so much talent, was so useful, nay even so necessary, that positively there was no doing without her. Nurse therefore *must go*, and indeed it was better that she should. The pill was gilded with caresses and fondling expressions, still it was bitter to swallow and hard of digestion; and when Armand saw the poor old woman quit the house, he began for the first time to think that he had done a foolish thing in giving, to use the homely but significant words of the

adage, the staff out of his own hands.

The conviction thus unwillingly forced upon him became stronger every day, for from that hour his authority in the house was a mere cipher. His faithful servants were dismissed one by one; the hours of meals changed. When he complained of the innovation, he was told that his should be served at what time he pleased in his apartment; but that people of fashion could not possibly eat at such vulgar hours as were proper for *bourgeois*.

It seemed very hard to the poor old man to sit down to table alone, and he had scarcely time to reconcile himself to it, when the cook declared it was impossible to dress two diners; and if his mistress insisted upon his doing it, he must absolutely tender his resignation. *Madame d'Orfeuille* could not think of parting with her cook; he was a man of such exquisite talent, that she really did not know how she should replace him: if her father therefore could not dine at the family hours, his man Antoine might dress his dinner; it would not give him much trouble, for there would be no occasion for more than one dish.

The poor spirit-broken old man, now fully awakened to all the misery he had brought upon himself, consented without remonstrance to this new arrangement. He thought even that his daughter was, upon reflection, ashamed of her parsimony, for his table was well supplied; but in a little time accident revealed to him that the viands were frequently purchased by Antoine out of his own money. This put the finishing stroke to Armand's patience: he bitterly reproached his unnatural daughter,

who retorted in a strain of the most undutiful acrimony; and instead of acceding to his demand of a certain sum yearly for his expenses, insisted upon his curtailing them still more by discharging his faithful Antoine, now the only one of all his old servants who remained.

Made up wholly of the milder elements, Armand would not curse, and he could not weep, till the tears, which nature refused to his agonizing struggles, were called forth by the attachment of Antoine, who had overheard what passed; and when Madame d'Orfeuille founced indignantly out of her father's apartment, he entered, and eagerly grasping the hand which Armand stretched out to him, "Yes, my dear master," said he, "I will go, but I will not go alone. Thanks to heaven and your bounty, I have saved enough in your service to sit down at my ease for the rest of my life; and so has Manon too. Our united savings will provide for you a neat little apartment, a comfortable table, and need I say, good attendance, since we will wait upon you ourselves. Consent then, dear master, to our prayers, and you will soon see yourself in your own home."

What a mixture of sweet and bitter feelings agitated the poor old man at this moment! His heart must have burst had not a timely flood of tears relieved him. "I yield, Antoine," cried he at length, "I yield to your generous wishes, no longer my servants but my friends. I will owe to you and my faithful Manon the support which my ungrateful child refuses me; but it must be only in case I am driven to extremes. I will speak to the husband of that woman; I may perhaps gain more

from his justice than from her affection."

Poor Armand was mistaken; the *comte* listened with perfect *sang-froid* to his detail. He was quite distressed at the misunderstanding that appeared to have taken place between M. Armand and the *comtesse*, but unluckily he could do nothing: he made a point of never interfering in household affairs; but he sincerely hoped that the matter would be accommodated. Nothing could make him so happy as to see a good understanding prevail between two such amiable persons; and as he finished the last words, he fairly bowed himself out of the room.

"The die is cast, Antoine," said Armand, "we must go."—"Heaven be praised!" replied Antoine in a joyful tone; and without further delay, he set out in search of an apartment. He soon returned to say, that he had found one which might suit, but he refused to take it before his master had seen and approved it. Armand accompanied him to look at it, and as they walked along, a gentleman, of whose features the old man thought he had some recollection, looked at him intently in passing, and then turned back. Armand did the same, and at the second look recognised in the stranger his old friend Franval, whom he had not seen for twenty years.

When their mutual greetings were over, he accompanied Franval to his lodgings, which were just by, and in answer to his inquiries, told him frankly all that had happened to him, and what he proposed doing. "I do not blame you, my good friend," cried Franval, "but you shall not be reduced to take this step; if we cannot succeed in bringing your daughter

to reason, you shall come to me. I am not rich, it is true, but I have enough for us both, if a plan which I have in my head fails."—"A plan, of what kind?"—"Of a kind to make you easy for the rest of your days. Has your daughter ever heard my name?"—"Often."—"Very well, what does she know of me?"—"Only that you are an old friend of mine, who quitted France many years ago to engage in commerce in foreign countries."

"Bravo! We shall have no difficulty in making her believe that you have lent me a sum of money to place in my trade, that this money has prospered in my hands, and that I now return it to you with interest." "But for what purpose?"—"For the purpose of procuring you such treatment as her father ought to have. Come, my good friend, drink success to my plot, and then hasten home to play your part in it."

It will be easily supposed that Armand took Antoine into his confidence. They went back together, and had not been long at home when a porter, with a chest upon his head, arrived at the Hotel D'Orfeuille, and asked for M. Armand. Instead of apprising the old gentleman, the lacquey told his mistress, and she ordered the porter to be shewn to her. "It is Monsieur Armand I want, madam," said he; "I have brought this chest for him."—"It will be the same thing if you give it to me."—"Indeed it will not, for I am to deliver it only to himself; and besides, I must have his own receipt for it." Armand, who was then passing as by accident, hearing his name mentioned, entered. The porter gave him a letter and a key, saying, "From

M. Franval, sir. The bags of silver are all right, but it will be more satisfactory if you count them, and give me a receipt if you please, that I may go and fetch the others." Armand hastily opened the letter. "Can I count the money while you read it, father," asked Madame d'Orfeuille in her softest, sweetest tone.—"No," replied he sternly, and told the porter to carry it to his apartment. His daughter followed, saw the chest opened, and several bags well sealed taken out, the chink of which shewed very clearly that they were, as the porter said, full of five-franc pieces. Armand gave the porter the receipt he desired, telling him at the same time to inform his friend, that he must not send the other chests, because he was going to remove.

"To remove, my dearest father!" cried Madame d'Orfeuille the moment the man was gone; "good heaven, you cannot seriously have formed such an idea!"—"It is the only step I can take after the treatment I have received."—"Ah! dear father, you will not punish me so cruelly, and at the moment too in which I had resolved to do every thing to gratify you? I have already given warning to the servant of whom you had such just cause to complain. I was even coming to ask you whether you would wish to have all the old ones reinstated. I had spoken to M. d'Orfeuille, to whom you know it was owing that the dinner-hour was changed, and told him, that I had not been able to make a hearty meal since I ceased to eat with you; and he has agreed that the dinner shall be served at whatever hour you please. Would you then, dear father, make us miserable by leaving

us, at the very moment that our whole study would be to render you happy?"

Poor Armand could not have sustained his part any longer in this to him tragi-comedy but for the arrival at this moment of his friend Franval, with whom he ordered his daughter to leave him alone. She was obliged to do so, but she took care to intercept M. Franval at his departure, and to request his mediation with her father. We may believe that he readily gave it; and through his management every thing was arranged for the old man's future comfort. He had his separate apartments, his two faithful old servants, for Manon was recalled, but only to act as the domestic of her old master, and his own table. "Young people and old ones," said Franval to the *comtesse*, "do not always agree well together; it will therefore be best for your father to have an independent establishment, which of course it will be your care to support properly."

Madame d'Orfeuille thought all this was very proper, but she thought

too that it was a great pity her dear father should lumber his bed-room with those heavy chests, which could be so much better and more safely deposited in her strong closet. "Beware how you touch that point," said Franval; "for, to my knowledge, the bare mention of it will create an eternal breach between your father and you. I do not wish to make reproaches, but you have cured him of giving in his lifetime."

The *comtesse* took the hint, and from that day Armand had no cause to complain. He gradually exchanged the bags of silver for heavy stones, without the change being suspected. He died at a very advanced age; and when Madame d'Orfeuille opened the uppermost chest, she saw, instead of the treasure she expected, that it was filled with stones, on the top of which lay a paper, with the following words in her father's writing: "I bequeath the contents of this chest, and of the two others, to be used in stoning such parents as, like myself, bestow in their lifetime their property upon their children."

• THE FROLIC SOME DUKE.

THE late Duke of Montague was remarkable for achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. In one of his rambles, he observed that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn threadbare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that

was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the duke singled out as a fit object for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some inquiry concerning him, and soon learned that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who, having laid out his whole stock of money in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but upon the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought

a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learned, upon further inquiry, that the captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down into Yorkshire, whither he constantly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations.

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculations, on a bench, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke, having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frighted out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses when it was repeated to him till he did. In short, he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes.

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He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend; that having learned these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no imputation upon his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing which he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder, but his wonder was unspeakably increased, when he saw at the table his own wife and children.

M M

The duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is sufficient to say, that it afforded the highest entertainment to the duke, who at length with much difficulty got his guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall to, without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened that soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various inquiries of the captain about his fa-

mily, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who, pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments: "for," said he, "I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction in any other way."

THE LOITERER IN PARIS.

No. VIII.

PARIS, Feb. —

My readers will not be surprised that the Loiterer, like many other idlers, should have found his way to that gay capital, where all those who have nothing to do, or who will not do any thing, may get rid of their time and their money more pleasantly and expeditiously than any where else. I am not sorry to have an opportunity of making some acquaintance with a people, all of whom may be said to belong more or less to the class of loiterers; though, from their quick step, bustling air, and abundance of gesticulation, you would suppose them to be the busiest people on earth.

France was formerly celebrated

for the gay and amiable manners of its natives, but the upper classes at least have lost much of the former and something of the latter quality, since the government has assumed a representative form; a form which, however beneficial it may, and undoubtedly must, prove to the mass of the people, by no means falls in with the tastes, opinions, and prejudices of the upper class. The Royalists, attached to their ancient institutions, and attributing the Revolution, to which so many of them have been victims, to the subversion of those institutions, abhor a representative system of government. France, they say, did very well without it for fourteen hundred years. "Not very

well," said I to the Marquis Bonnefoi: "witness your civil wars, the excesses of your nobility, and the tyranny of your kings."—"Tyranny!" cried the marquis; "never was nation better governed. What was our Louis, worthy to be called St. Louis, who himself administered justice to the meanest of his subjects, a tyrant? Were the good Louis XII. the magnanimous Henry IV. and many other of our monarchs, tyrants?"—"That only proves," said I, "that they did not abuse their power; but it does not shew the wisdom of intrusting them with it. Look at your cruel Louis XI. your detestable Charles IX. your——." The marquis cut short my list, by turning upon his heel with a hasty *bon jour*, and walked off, fully persuaded that I was little better than a Jacobin at heart.

The present system is not much more liked by the Jacobins; they find a thousand faults with it: but I believe the greatest is, its being modelled in some degree after the English constitution; and that the great nation should be governed by a code of laws, some of which are copied from the institutions of a little island of shopkeepers, is a bitter and indigestible pill to their vanity. The licence of the press is a standing subject of complaint with the Royalists, and the restrictions placed upon it are equally bemoaned by the Liberals; yet with that inconsistency, so eminently characteristic of the nation, each party is at times willing to submit to the evil it complains of, when it has the effect of vexing or harassing its antagonists. The other day a pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Toulouse was suppressed, to the great joy of the Li-

berals, one of whom favoured me with a long *tirade* against priests of all religions, those extinguishers, as he called them, of the light of reason. "Not one of them," said he, "ought ever to be permitted to publish any thing."—"You are flying in the teeth of your own principles," cried I: "under a free government no man ought to be prevented from publishing. In England indeed, where we are not so liberal as you profess to be, we prosecute for blasphemy and sedition; but even in those cases no man is condemned unheard."—"Pshaw!" cried he, "you methodical islanders constantly clog the wheels of your political machine by preferring what you call the right to the expedient. The fact is, that in certain cases, such as this, we must deviate a little from the straight path. This bigoted old man wanted to plunge us again into the darkness of the 12th century, and therefore his book ought to be suppressed; so for once the minister has done a good thing."

He had hardly finished his speech, when a Royalist, who had in the morning been complaining bitterly to me of the suppression of the archbishop's letter, entered, to tell us that a novel by a celebrated Jacobin writer had just shared the same fate: at which he expressed himself highly delighted; not so much, I believe, because it actually was a blasphemous and seditious production, as because it was written by a Jacobin. This intelligence changed in a moment the current of my liberal friend's ideas; all his animosity against the minister revived, and he anathematized the idea of restricting the press, totally forgetting the proof he had

just given, that he wished its liberty, like the Irishman's reciprocity, to be all on one side.

But my readers will naturally say, are all the upper class Royalists or Liberals? are there no Moderates? I have heard indeed that there are, but I fancy they are like mermaids, and other extraordinary productions of nature, that every body has heard of, but nobody has seen.

The political fever has been particularly violent during the last six months, and in consequence of the elections, it is now at its height. Go where you will, you hear of nothing else; pleasure, business, nay even love, the grand business of a Frenchman's life, gives way to the spirit of electioneering. My readers may fancy that they have seen this spirit at its height in England; but they are mistaken: honest John Bull, in the midst of the unbounded licence which he gives to his tongue on such an occasion, has no malice in his heart. All his anger against the candidate whom he does not favour evaporates in words; and while he openly declares that he wishes him and all his adherents at the devil, he would never think of lending a hand to send him thither. Here the contrary is the case; they abuse one another much more politely, but then they hate with tenfold bitterness. In England they reveal at these times all the private and political sins of a man's life; but in France they go farther, for they publish all the peccadillos of every one of his family for three generations at least; and in the midst of this war of words, they congratulate themselves on managing matters with much more delicacy than the English: for they tell you gravely, that it is no unfrequent thing to see the

two candidates belabour each other on the hustings, to the great delight of the electors, who often give their votes to the best boxer of the two.

And the ladies, methinks I hear the reader say, what part do they take on this occasion? A very active part; not indeed as our British fair formerly did, giving gold and kisses to the honest freeholders. No, no, this would be too straight-forward a way for the intriguing spirit of a Frenchwoman; she must employ her genius in a more tortuous direction, by influencing somebody, who is to gain over somebody else, and this second somebody is to work upon a third, to interest a fourth, to persuade a fifth to give his vote as *madame* directs.

As I have naturally an aversion to trouble, I cannot look without an eye of commiseration on the fatigue which a Parisian *belle* goes through at this moment for the good of her party. Her drawing-room is converted into a political theatre, where she acts a most important part; for as the country gentlemen now in Paris will set out in a few days for their several departments, no means are left untried by the fair Royalist or Liberal to animate the zeal of her friends, and to increase their numbers. She calls in every art of beauty, dress, and persuasion to make proselytes, and devotes herself to this task with a degree of patience and perseverance which one could not have expected from her naturally fickle and impatient temper.

The Royalists are looking forward to a complete triumph, because the greatest part of the common people are with them; not so much perhaps through principle, as from a desire to perpetuate the benefits they enjoy

under the present system, and which they think would be endangered by a change in the government. Keep well when you are well, is a maxim, the truth of which the lower class seem to be sufficiently impressed with. The liberty and equality mania has long since passed away; and the remembrance of Buonaparte's tyranny makes them look with great veneration upon the *charte*; though perhaps not one in a hundred of them have any distinct notion of what the *charte* is. They are now in a more than ordinary good-humour, because they have lately had several *fêtes*, and a *fête*, as every body knows, is meat, drink, and clothes to a Frenchman; particularly when he is told, that it is given to celebrate *la gloire nationale*. But these festivities, so delightful to the lower class, occasioned much whimsical distress to the higher orders: the Royalists indeed danced, sang, and drank healths to the tune of the Trocadero with all their hearts and souls; but the poor Liberals were overwhelmed with chagrin; their feelings were a strange compound of vexation, for the defeat of their friends, the Constitutionalists, and pleasure at the success of the French arms, of which they appear as proud as if the victory had been gained by the most desperate efforts of valour.—“Every body must own,” said a Liberal to me, “that Frenchmen know how to fight.”—“It is lucky, however, for their reputation,” cried I, “that this is not the first time their courage has been tried.”—“Ah! yes,” replied he, unmindful of my inuendo, “all the world must do justice to our valour: but how shame-

ful to prostitute it in so bad a cause!” Bad as he thought the cause, however, he hastened, like others, to the *Hôtel de Ville*, to celebrate *la gloire nationale*. But why, the reader will say, should the Liberals celebrate an event which they deplore? For a very obvious reason: there is nothing a Frenchman changes so often as his party; he must therefore, even in the wildest transports of his zeal, take care not entirely to shut the door to a reconciliation with the one he is opposed to; and to stay away from a *fête*, given to celebrate *la gloire nationale*, would be a sin that never could be forgiven. The distress of the ladies was even greater than that of the men, since they had the mortification of being unable to appear in the newest colours or head-dresses; for no Jacobin beauty could be seen in the *coiffure à l'Espagnole*, or in Trocadero or Spanish brown; even white was in some degree interdicted to the most staunch of the Ultra-Liberals, from its being the hue of the lily. These may appear trifling mortifications to an Englishwoman, but they are very serious ones to a French *belle*. “How happy the Duchess of Angouleme must feel!” said an English friend of mine to a French lady, who was speaking to her about the ball at the *Hôtel de Ville*.—“Ah, heavens! yes! she will go in white, which is the colour that becomes her the most; and the trimming of her dress will be looped with diamonds.”—“And the pleasure of seeing her husband restored to her safe and successful!”—“I forgot that,” replied the Frenchwoman with great *sang froid*; “’tis an addition, certainly.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE SLOCHD ALTRIMAN, OR THE NURSING CAVE,

Commonly called the SPAR CAVE of the Isle of SKY.

THE Gaelic name of this wonderful production of nature is said to have arisen from the circumstance of a beautiful lady, daughter to Maclean of Coll, having nursed her first-born, the heir of Collonsay, in that deep recess. This legend shall be submitted to our fair readers at a future period. We are now to describe the finest grotto in the known world, except the grotto of Antiparos, an island of the Mediterranean sea. Tradition preserved many marvellous stories concerning a cave of immeasurable profundity, situated on the south-west shore of the Isle of Sky: but a variety of *ouarskals* had invested the place with a superstitious awe; and within the memory of man, no person had attempted to invade the precincts, until a southern lady, Mrs. Gillespie, prevailed with some young men to accompany her thither.

The land rises above the cavity of Slochd Altriman; but exhibits no beetling cliffs nor precipitous declivities: yet Nature has girt the entrance with battlements of her own invincible workmanship; for the shore in early ages consisted entirely of perpendicular rock, accessible only from the sea. In the lapse of time an accumulation of sand and marine plants has formed at one spot a narrow path, by which, at low water, the cave may be approached with some difficulty. Some very old people remember when this tract was no more than rugged rocks covered with seaweed. The easiest access is by boat, when the tide is up, and then the waves flow four hundred feet within the cave.

The fury of the water is restrained by two grand inclosures of free-stone, about 30 feet asunder, and rising perpendicularly to the height of 100 feet. Within this entrance the visitor is presented with a magnificent, though rude Gothic arch, leading to the interior cave, which is embellished with dark green stalactites of various sizes, hung round in superb profusion, some descending to the floor, and forming pillars overgrown with moss, and relieved by a fine intermixture of wild flowers, vivid green foliage, and brown heath.

Near the entrance of this grotto, a spring of pellucid water exudes from a rock into a basin of variegated marble, surrounded by fantastic pillars. A passage, about 9 feet in breadth and nearly 20 in height, conducts the visitor on a smooth level, about eighteen yards, to a steep ascent, extending 50 feet over broken whinstone, mingled with earth and sand, surmounted by another acclivity, sparkling with crystallizations like frozen snow. A few yards beyond this, the portico of the principal grotto appears. It is 8 feet wide, 12 in height, and variously decorated with incrustations, white as the purest alabaster. The finest spar hangs from the roof in elegant draperies, like the festoons of a curtain, and all white as snow.

As the traveller advances, the entrance expands to 10 feet in breadth and 40 feet in height; and after crossing 35 feet of the gallery, still adorned by incrustated marble, a circular vacancy, 20 feet in diameter, fills the mind with astonishment and admiration. The lofty vaulted roof, richly

ornamented with sparry concretions in every variety of form, is reflected from innumerable brilliant points, by a pond of clear water in a marble cistern, which occupies the centre of the grotto, and receives new splendour from the torches carried by the guides. Here the most luxuriating imagination will find ample scope in recording the traditions concerning fays and water-sprites, with which the Gael have peopled this scene of wonders: or we may compare the calcareous depositions to an infinitude of animals, plants, or works of art; and many of these *lusi natura* bear such a striking resemblance to the productions of statuary, that strangers generally liken them to some creations of the chisel; in particular, the figure of a monk, bare-headed, and kneeling upon a cushion, with the drapery of his robe in graceful folds; several busts, numberless pilasters supported by distorted figures, and in one place, a large fleece of spotless wool, of the finest quality, spread by the talons of dragons and griffins.

Having wearied the senses by contemplating the grotto, we proceed by a rugged declivity to the margin of the pool, or, as the natives call it, the *lochán* of water-sprites. There, if we glance upwards, the roof appears a white cloud, penetrated in some parts by streaks of light, and floating softly in the air. If we look on the pool, myriads of rays are reflected on its tranquil bosom from the glittering spar by which it is encompassed. The pool must be crossed on a plank to reach a gallery of immense height, but only three feet wide, which leads to other passages yet unexplored. The entrance presents two large columns of pure spar: that on the left would challenge ad-

miration, if its opposite was not so transcendent in regular beauty, as to seem a work of art, directed with the most exquisite taste. The shaft, 20 feet in length, is nearly cylindrical, and its general thickness about two feet and a half. It stands upon a circular base, rising from the floor, and projecting about 12 inches round its circumference. On minute inspection, we conclude the column has been constituted by a series of sections, each 22 inches in length, and in two distinct portions; the upper being a crystallized mass of stalactites, while the lower part may be compared to foliated carvings, as a Corinthian or Composite capital inverted. The formation and insertion of foliage in the sparry concretion displays the most exact construction; and the interstices of the leaves permit, at spaces nearly regular, an inspection of the hollow interior, which is enriched by a similar combination of foliated incrustations. After passing these pillars the gallery enlarges; the sides, illuminated by elegant crystals, in countless diversity, emitting a lustre dazzling to the most steady eye. The floor is of white marble, in some parts level, with a most perfect polish; in others, raised in broad stripes resembling lace; in others, strewed with sparkling crystallizations, and all the interstices filled with pure water.

It is not in the power of words to convey an adequate idea of the impression made on a beholder by this succession of brilliant and beautiful scenes. The late lamented Lord Kinnedder, a gentleman of refined taste, was so affected, that he could not refrain from tears of admiring emotion. Indeed, all who have visited the Spar Cave are transported by enthusiastic delight.

MADALENA, OR THE CONSEQUENCES OF ELOPEMENT.

(Concluded from p. 197.)

THE voices which had produced so powerful an effect on Mrs. Gilman, proceeded from two officers and a few seamen talking, as they followed the light which brought them to our heroine. Lieutenant Owen soon recognised the features of his aunt, Mrs. Wortesly, and raised the corpse to a bed, which it seemed she was attempting to reach when seized by the last pangs. The other officer laid Mrs. Gilman on the opposite bed. He was amazed to see this delicate female—lovely even in the semblance of death—with her feet and vestments bathed in blood. Lieutenant Owen was engaged about his lamented aunt, and the other gentleman chafed the cold hands of his fair charge; but at the reappearance of the seamen, who were sent to rouse the supposed occupants of the house, horror supplanted all other considerations. The British tars, with characteristic indignation, execrated the savages, whom any provocation could tempt to imbrue their hands in the blood of unarmed and wounded men.

Mr. Owen turned from the remains of his aunt at this detail of inhumanity. He and his companion now understood why the surgical apparatus was so carelessly displayed. The building had been employed by the French as an hospital, and in revenge for the ravages of their countrymen, the Portuguese peasantry had butchered the defenceless patients. In plundering the premises, they were interrupted by the noise made in passing the house, which lay in the route, by the soldiers who had left the frigate.

The gentleman who stood beside Mrs. Gilman had escaped from the frigate on a hen-coop; they had nothing to give her as a cordial, but they sent the sailors to seek for houses where refreshments could be purchased at any price. They spoke of the dismal catastrophe a few hours had produced, and of their own almost miraculous deliverance. They exceedingly regretted, that complaisance to Colonel Gilman had led them to exceed their customary moderation in respect to wine. They had fallen asleep leaning on a table, when screams awoke them; and Mr. Owen related some of the stories in circulation concerning Louisa Jervas and Colonel Gilman, adding, he was almost certain the young lady before them was Mrs. Gilman, the much-valued friend of his departed aunt.

"You know I only joined the regiment just as you were embarking," replied the gentleman: "I have heard much good of Mrs. Gilman, but never saw her."

"I observed you speaking to the wretched Louisa a moment before she threw herself overboard."

"I wished her to accept the aid which every man of common humanity would render to a female in cases of emergency, but she pushed me away, and plunged into the waves."

Some wine, bread, and fruits were brought from the nearest habitations. The recollection of the patient was restored. She comprehended all that was said, but could not move or open her eyes—a state not unusual with a person labouring under exhaustion—and Mrs. Gilman did

not wish to speak, while making up her mind how to act regarding strangers, whose voices and conversation assured her that not one among them was of her own sex. Mr. Owen addressed his companion as my lord, and to Mrs. Gilman how unspeakable was the comfort when he added, "Lord Dudley!" She had often listened with pleasure to Lady Jemima Melbourne's high praises of her favourite cousin, this young and amiable nobleman. Her feelings were composed by the certainty of his honourable protection; and worn out by grief, agitation, anxiety, and fatigue, sleep suspended her cares. Lord Dudley meanwhile dispatched messengers to procure clothing, bedding, and every necessary for the comfort of the resuscitated patient, and hired Portuguese female servants at enormous wages to attend her.

Independently of the impression which beauty had made upon his lordship, he was powerfully attracted to Mrs. Gilman by their mutual friendship for Lady Jemima Melbourne and the good countess, from whom, as well as from Lady Susan Berlington, he had brought letters of recommendation to her, but they had shared the fate of the frigate. That melancholy event, however, had furnished them with points of contact which led to a more intimate acquaintance in the space of twenty-four hours than could perhaps otherwise have taken place in many years.

By means of an order on a banker at Lisbon a priest was prevailed upon to collect some of the neighbouring peasantry, and to inhumate the mangled bodies of the slaughtered French; for till this office was performed, the

domestics whom Lord Dudley had hired for the service of Mrs. Gilman refused to enter upon their office. The same priest also undertook to procure a vessel to convey the survivors from the wreck of the frigate to the British head-quarters.

As soon as the corpses were removed, the Portuguese women arrived with apparel for the lady, who was deeply affected by the attentions of Lord Dudley. If his lordship admired her, pale, motionless, and with dishevelled hair and disordered garments, how charming must she have appeared to him, when the tender loveliness of her figure, and her mild and graceful dignity of manners, adorned the elegant mourning habiliments! As it had been found impossible to prepare the ship for sailing that night, suitable beds and bedding were provided for Mrs. Gilman and her attendants; while a party of sailors, furnished with plenty of clean straw, engaged to take watch and watch in the passage leading to her chamber: for the sanguinary acts perpetrated by the Portuguese within those very walls had filled her with such apprehension, that she could not have composed herself to rest without such a protection.

The master of their vessel sent betimes to call them up: the breeze, though light, was favourable. Lord Dudley was much concerned that no vehicle could be had to transport Mrs. Gilman to the quay, but her countrymen would be happy to carry her, and a litter borne by them waited at the door. Our heroine's lacerated feet made this conveyance acceptable; she declared that she would pay the bearers very thankfully, being resolved to incur no pecuniary

obligation to her assiduous friends. The port was distant about three miles, and on the way thither, Mrs. Gilman, with a pious reference to the "Great First Cause," admired the sublime rising of the sun over a landscape ascending with awful grandeur in towering cliffs, and gradually declining to grassy hills, or suddenly sweeping into valleys clothed with flowery pastures, or rich masses of foliage vivid with glittering dewdrops; while the vine-dresser's industrious activity and cheerful song gave animation to the scene.

Mrs. Gilman was agreeably surprised to find the accommodation for the voyage so much better than she expected; but her female attendants told her the tall young *Senor* had employed people to scour and perfume the cabin and state-rooms in a way unheard-of at their port. The British took the lead in these operations, and the Portuguese made them welcome to the labour, since they had a fancy for it.

The weather proved delightful; calm unclouded sunshine threw a dazzling effulgence over the gentle waves, sparkling as they rippled around the ship. Lord Dudley in secret blessed the dying gales, as they hardly curled the bright surface of ocean, and prolonged an intercourse unfettered by the cold etiquette of society, yet regulated by all the decorums of scrupulous delicacy. Mrs. Gilman relied on Mr. Owen almost as a brother, and Lord Dudley was the favourite cousin of Lady Jemima Melbourne; for this prepossession was the cause assigned by the young widow for the pleasure she felt in his lordship's attentions. He had informed Mrs. Gilman that the following month Lady Jemima

would be married to the object of her fondest preference; and she almost asked herself, Could Lady Jemima prefer any man to Lord Dudley?

An awning which protected the voyagers from the intense noonday heats allowed them to pass great part of the day on deck, and the golden radiance of the sun, with the azure of the skies, reflected on the tranquil bosom of the deep, attracted the eye, while Lord Dudley and Mr. Owen, with their flutes and clarionets, sent the sweet melody of gaiety and hope over the undulating waters. When their vessel was going up the Tagus, Lord Dudley asked Mrs. Gilman if she had many female acquaintances in Lisbon; and with a starting tear she replied, that her acquaintance there was limited to the officers of the regiment. "Then allow me," said he, "to offer an introduction to my sister, Lady Anne Sackville. She has been more than two years at Lisbon, on account of her youngest daughter's health." His lordship sent a note to Lady Anne by the first boat that went to the quay, and her ladyship came with her carriage to receive Mrs. Gilman.

His lordship spent at his sister's house all the time he could spare from his military duties; though, for some time, he seldom saw the object he chiefly desired to meet. Mrs. Gilman's health suffered much by the shipwreck and by earlier causes; besides, though she could not lament Colonel Gilman with impassioned sorrow and tender esteem, and was too ingenuous to assume the appearance of sentiments incompatible with the wrongs she had endured, she strictly observed the proprieties of her situation. The many

services she owed to Lord Dudley gave him a right to be admitted when her recovery allowed her to join the family circle at Lady Anne Sackville's, and to his lordship her presence diffused ambrosial sweets of the purest enchantment; but he had much to do and to suffer before the time arrived when he might profess himself a lover.

The state of the country made it unsafe for ladies to remain as sojourners in Portugal. Lady Anne Sackville returned to England, and Mrs. Gilman remained under her protection. She had no wish for a residence of her own, and Lady Melbourne was in the north of England with her lately married daughter, Lady Jemima Seymour, when the young widow arrived in England. Perhaps too the opportunity of hearing the earliest accounts of Lord Dudley inclined her to accept Lady Anne Sackville's invitation.

Lord Dudley returned a mutilated hero. He lost a limb at the battle of Salamanca; but in gaining Madalena all his disasters were overbalanced. Her fortune was now at her own disposal, but she paid the respect justly due to her guardian, Mr. Jessop, in consulting him before she consented to a second marriage. The well-informed, independent-spirited citizen, who considered title without individual merit as a bauble, gave his entire approbation to the second choice of his ward, and no obstacle remained but Lord Dudley's invalid state. When his lordship came home in helpless debility, Lady Anne Sackville offered him her house and attendance; and to be under the same roof with Madalena would have disposed his lordship to become the inmate of a less agreeable abode.

Lady Anne Sackville said one day to Mrs. Gilman, "I wish, my dear, you would partake with me in the charge of a patient, who calls me by your name oftener than my own; a sure proof that he thinks more of you than of his sick-nurse."

With all her soul rising to her eyes, Mrs. Gilman responded, "Must I solicit for the office?"

"You have consented to bless my brother when he is perfectly recovered, and the lawyers have made their technical arrangements for a perpetual interjunction of your respective affairs; but Dudley should not be so ungenerous as to solicit your fair hand until he can make a fashionable excursion after the ceremony," said Lady Anne Sackville.

"Would it be ungenerous to grant me the rights of a sick-nurse, if I have a fancy for the office?" replied Mrs. Gilman, blushing deeply, and hurrying from the breakfast-parlour.

Lady Anne soon rehearsed this dialogue to her brother. A special licence and the sacred ceremony of marriage gave Madalena free ingress to the chamber where Lord Dudley was confined to a sofa; and Lady Dudley learned, by blessed experience, how far superior to external advantages of figure are the attaching qualities that create and sustain domestic endearments. In Lord Dudley the vigour and energy of high intellectual endowments were exalted by moral worth. His natural capacity was brilliant, and cultivated by the most liberal and assiduous education; yet the deficiency in mental attainments he discovered in his Madalena only constituted a source of tenderness to both. With the sliding easy grace which marked all his actions, Lord Dudley descended to

the level of her understanding, and he gradually approximated her ideas to his own elevated sphere. The instruction his lordship almost imperceptibly communicated, gave Lady Dudley new powers of entertainment for himself and of edification for her children.

Fully sensible of those benefits, her ladyship took occasion to warn her young friends, that they must not expect perfectly to assimilate with a man of sense and talent, without some qualifications as an intellectual companion; and she acknowledged, that

till Lord Dudley led her to seek amusement in solid reading, she knew not the hidden treasures of self-enjoyment; and Lord Dudley found continual and varied delights in expanding the faculties of his lovely, docile, and gifted pupil. His lordship possessed in her a companion capable of exercising without fatiguing his mind; and her wisdom, her prudence, her rectitude of principle, her amiable temper and devoted affection, adorned her with unfading charms.

B. G.

SOME PARTICULARS OF LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN,

THE CELEBRATED MUSICAL COMPOSER.

BEETHOVEN is one of those geniuses of whom not only Germany and Vienna, but also Europe and his age, have just reason to be proud. He forms with Mozart and Haydn the unrivalled triumvirate of modern music. In this country his talents are so well known, and so highly appreciated, that we are confident the following particulars, though scanty, concerning him, will prove acceptable, especially to our musical readers.

Beethoven's life furnishes but slender materials for the biographer. Wholly occupied by his own science, he is but little affected by what is passing in the world. It is late at night before he quits his desk, and the early dawn summons him to it again. Indefatigably active, he cannot bear to be urged; as it is not task-work, but the free effusions of his genius, that he would give to the world. He cultivates his art as a divine gift, not as a medium of acquiring fame or wealth. At the first representation of his *Fidelio* the

overture belonging to it could not be executed, and it was found necessary to substitute another of his compositions in its stead. "The people applauded," said he, on this occasion, "but I stood overcome with shame: it did not correspond with the rest." He is incapable of dissimulation. Whoever asks his opinion of compositions is sure to learn his real sentiments; that is to say, if he deigns to express them at all. Connections which run counter to his blunt integrity, and his elevated notions of honour, he breaks off without hesitation: in short, he is one who not only will not do what is dishonourable himself, but, which is very rare at the present day, he will not tolerate it in others. He has at command a rich vein of humour, and launches the keenest sarcasms against whatever provokes his contempt. Deafness is unfortunately a great impediment to conversation with him; but art, science, and nature make him amends for this defect. For the latter, in particular, he manifests ex-

traordinary fondness. Even in the worst weather in winter he seldom spends a whole day in the house; and in summer, when he is in the country, he is generally before sunrise in the garden. No wonder then that his compositions partake of the beauties displayed by the exquisite works of nature. The moments spent in the contemplation of them are those in which we approach nearer to the mighty Spirit that created and sustains the universe, than at any other time.

Scarcely a day passes but Beethoven is receiving from all parts of Europe, nay even from America, tributes of homage to his extraordinary talent. On occasion of the transferral of his residence from the country to Vienna in 1822, he had, to his extreme regret, the misfortune to lose all his correspondence, either through the negligence or the dishonesty of the person whom he employed to remove his effects.

One evening, he was at supper in a tavern when the waiter chanced to mention his name. It caught the attention of an English naval captain, who went up to him, and testified the extreme joy he felt at seeing the man to whose exquisite symphonies he had listened with rapture even in the East Indies. The pure unaffected demonstrations of respect paid to him by our countryman gratified Beethoven exceedingly; but he does not like strangers to call to see him, for his time is too precious.

Next to his art he is attached with his whole soul to his nephew, Charles, an orphan, to whom he supplies the place of a father in the fullest sense of the word. He has also a brother living in Vienna, who follows the profession of an apothecary.

Beethoven's person bespeaks strength and energy. His head reminds the spectator of Ossian's "grey-haired bards of Ullin." His motions are quick: he has a particular aversion to what is dull and slow. His table is plentiful but simple, and he is very fond of venison, which he considers as the most wholesome diet. He drinks wine in moderation, usually the red Austrian; the Hungarian wine does not agree with him. In winter, when he resides in Vienna, he likes to go, before his usual walk after dinner, to a coffee-house, to look at the newspapers, and smoke his pipe over a cup of coffee. As he is accustomed to work till late at night, and to rise very early, it is not uncommon for him to take a nap of about an hour after his walk.

Beethoven is liable to rheumatic complaints, to which he ascribes the loss of hearing. It is truly astonishing, that though deprived of the sense through which he operates so powerfully on the minds of others, yet when he sits down to his instrument, and resigns himself to the inspirations of his fancy, he will express even the softest piano.

He enjoys a pension from the Austrian court, and though it is by no means adequate to his wants, still he refused very advantageous offers made to him by the imperial ruler of France.

He has lately finished a Mass, which he is publishing by subscription. A symphony, a quartett, a scriptural oratorio, transmitted to him in the English language through the American consul from the United States, and perhaps also an opera (entitled *Dichtung*, "Poetry," by Grillparzer), are expected from his pen.

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

(From "*Sayings and Doings*," attributed to Mr. THEODORE HOOK.)

IN the vicinity of Bedford-square lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider Harding. He had married early: his wife was an exemplary woman; and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age, at which children repay with their society and accomplishments the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy.

Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under the government, in an office in Somerset-House. His income was adequate to all his wants and wishes: his family was a family of love; and perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented or better satisfied with his lot than he.

Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of our indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill suited to the perils and troubles of this world demanded.

George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health and fearless independence. His cha-

racter was frequently the subject of his father's contemplation; and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits and propensities, the promise of future success in active life.

With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as was natural, attracted the regards, and thence gradually chained the affections, of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to her, had he been poor and pennyless.

The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing-street, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, was convinced he would so ably fill), and at last turn out an ambassador.

The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years; and seeing, more-

over, that the elder Mr. Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain to the age of twenty-one before he married; and seeing, moreover still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was little more than six and thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay as much as possible a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.

How curious it is, when one takes up a *little bit* of society (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand to ascertain its character and quality), to look into the motives and manœuvrings of all the persons connected with it; the various workings, the indefatigable labours, which all their little minds are undergoing to bring about divers and sundry little points, perfectly unconnected with the great end in view; but which, for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody but those who really knew Mrs. Langdale understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be more than met the eye or the ear in that sympathy of feeling between her and Mr. Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed.

Like the waterman who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs. Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving

spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding.

The affair got whispered about: George's fortune in life was highly extolled; Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of her acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimate, shy, bashful, and awkward; nay, some went so far as to discover that she was absolutely awry.

Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on; and their hearts grew as one, so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribbons and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence to his office in Somerset-place, and in passing along Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, was accosted by one of those female gipsies who are found begging in the streets of the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of the

town in question. "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy," said the woman: "give me a halfpenny for charity, sir!"

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicity Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor: moreover he was a magistrate; moreover he had no change; and he desired the woman to go about her business.

All availed him nothing; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy!"

At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman, for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately, Mr. Harding, contrary to his usual custom, and contrary to the customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round, and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant.

"Curse!" said Martha; "have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor weak haughty man! Mark me, look at me!"

He did look at her; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet and brighter than diamonds glared like stars upon him; her black hair dishevelled hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth, whiter than the driven snow, displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt which mingled in her passion. Harding was riveted to the spot; and what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her.

"Mark me, sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again. Thrice

shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming as it did only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to sooth the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

"There, my good woman—there," said he, stretching forth his hand.

"Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'Tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder, and hurried from his sight, across the street by the side of the chapel, into the recesses of St. Giles's.

Harding felt a most extraordinary sensation; he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course, fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion; and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-place, and performed all the official duties of reading the Opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times before four o'clock.

Martha the gipsy, however, although he had *poohpoohed* her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection; and though of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way

or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant illiterate being like a gipsy, still his feelings, whence arising I know not, prompted him to call a hackney-coach, and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which I am given to understand, a more than ordinarily unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth but only one, commune together freely and fully upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else sacred secrets of the drawing-room *coterie*, and the tellable jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening.

Then it is that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man, how he has carried his point in such a quarter, what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another; while the communicative wife gives *her* view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus in recounting, in arguing, in discussing and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and perhaps eventually realized.

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A few friends at dinner and some refreshers in the evening had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gipsy; and perhaps till the "witching time" which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the occurrence even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision; and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon, wondered at his subsequent willingness to give to such an undeserving object while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket, was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle, and ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true; and in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such creatures, she fell fast asleep.

Not so Harding: he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was, and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment?

O o

Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction? However, it was useless to regret that which was past, and wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably insured her.

The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun, that is, as brightly as it can beam in London. The office-hour arrived; and Mr. Harding proceeded, not by Charlotte-street, to Somerset-House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is quite impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her; if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled and feared to look round, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again.

The words she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had they taken of him, that he had written them down and sealed the document which contained them: "Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last."

"Calais" was not imprinted more deeply upon our queen's heart, than these words upon that of Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was

unremitting in his attentions to Maria; but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account new to them; for symptoms of consumption had shewn themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties and pleasure and gaieties in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy.

That Mr. Langdale's *punctilio*, or Mrs. Langdale's excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria's marriage, was indeed a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits and injured her health: whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it ensured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha, and habit and time and constant avocation had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled

and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset-House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was as usual with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding enjoying the egotism of the lovers (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves), when his curricie was driven up to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; and Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse.

To this sweeping dictum, Mr. Harding, however, was not willing to assent; and therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneer's at Hyde-Park Corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to shew due deference to his elder friend, gave the reins to Mr. Harding, and bowing their adieux to the ladies at the window, away they went. the splendid cattle of Mr.

Langdale prancing and curveting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils.

The elder gentleman soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question, and in turning into Russell-street, proposed giving the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him. They slipped over the dashing-iron between the horses, who thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and plunging forward, dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone: the off horse kicked desperately as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood apparently lifeless before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage; and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and an unmoved countenance—MARTHA THE GIPSY.

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr. Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HEN-PECKED AUTHOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

It is my misfortune to be wedded to a shrew, by whom I am most grievously hen-pecked. "A wife," they say, "should be taken down in her wedding shoes;" but, having failed to do so, mine has become my better half in earnest, or rather, my *three-quarters*, as I call her, though not to her face. Now this is perhaps the greatest evil that could befall a poor author, and to me in particular it is so; for my three-quarters is one of those matter-of-fact persons who are very upas-trees to genius. She is so averse to my occupation, that it is only by stealth I am enabled to commit to paper the fruit of my meditations. The answer to my remonstrances against such treatment always is, "What good is to come of all this nonsense?" To attempt to reason her out of her ignorant prejudices would be downright folly. The door of her understanding seems closed against any thing like argument. As well might the beggar expect relief after the door has been shut against him by the thrifty housewife, as I to be listened to when once she has given her opinion.

If I sit down to write, she is sure to find some cause for interrupting me: I am to go on some message or other; I must surrender the quill, and drop the thread of my subject, to submit my hands to serve as a spindle while she unravels some miles of cotton-twist; and at the same time have my thoughts diverted, and my patience exhausted, by a lecture on the comparative merits of brown

and white soap, or some equally important topic; or I must, forsooth, prostitute my talents and waste my time in drawing out an estimate of the difference of expense between finding the maids in tea and sugar, or giving them a guinea in lieu. It is washing week, perhaps, and I must walk out with the children, or have a legion of noisy brats quartered on me for the day. The cook wants some peas for dinner, and I must gather them; or my three-quarters wants something from the market-town, and I must drive her in the pony-chaise. All this, to an author who has his head brimful of noble ideas, which he pants to commit to paper, is purgatory itself.

Suppose, however, that it is not washing week, and that I have seen my rib—rib, do I say? surely the order of creation must, in such cases as mine, be reversed—well, suppose I have seen my wife (for that word does not imply any thing like subjection), or, if that wont do, my mistress, busily engaged in some domestic occupation, or quietly employed in scolding the maids—a job in which, being congenial to her disposition, she evinces the utmost *sang froid*, and which once begun, does not readily end—that, taking advantage of this diversion in my favour, I have seated myself snugly down to some favourite work. Well, just as I have got to an interesting passage, and my pen begins to move in unison with my rapidly conceived ideas, in bounces my three-quarters with a ponderous bundle under her arm, and, with the well-known *etc.*—

tion of, "At your nonsense again, Mr. Quill!" sweeps all the noble plans which I have been cutting out for the good of the nation off the table, to make room for the calicos which she is going to cut out for the brats. Should I seek refuge from this Gothic inroad in a bed-room (for my dressing-room has long been converted into a store-room), I am quickly unkenneled by some Vandal of a housemaid (for my wife, like most scolds, is most insufferably cleanly in her house), and compelled again to break cover. It is ten to one but in a fit of rage I throw my MS. into the fire, and thus perhaps the finest scheme for the salvation of millions ends in smoke.

From your soul do not you pity me, Mr. Editor? But how will it harrow up your editorial feelings when I tell you, that, returning from town after a short absence on business of my wife's (for I am not allowed to have any of my own), and having taken that opportunity to bargain with a bookseller for the publication of a pamphlet, which, as you may suppose from the difficulties I labour under, must have cost me a world of trouble and anxiety to compose, I found that my three-quarters had got hold of the MS. and cut it up! Aye, cut it up, Mr. Editor, and before it was published (had she cut it up afterwards, it would have been but fair criticism, whether she had read it or not); and cut it up into what do you suppose? Into coverings for jam-pots! Heavens! my grand work on the liquidation of the national debt to be used as a covering for jam-pots! This was more than flesh and blood could bear. In short, it produced such a *fracas* as almost to end in a separation. It

would have been well for the world had it been so; but unhappily the little property we possess came through my wife, and is so settled, that had we parted, I must have depended entirely on my brain for subsistence, and I was not then sufficiently convinced of its provisional powers to trust to its resources.

Here I would caution my friends about to enter the marriage state never, as they value their peace, to submit to such a settlement; or, whatever fortune a wife may bring, not to let the purse-strings out of their own hands; for as sure as ever she gets them she will turn them into reins, and then she will not only wear the breeches, but the boots and spurs also. This horrible catastrophe of the jam-pots haunts me to this day. The very sight of a sweet-meat-pot is sufficient to throw me into fits. The sight of a hare coming into the house takes away my appetite for the day; and I would rather walk thirty miles than go near the store-room, where the sight of my mutilated pamphlet, ranged in military order on the shelves, is sufficient to throw me into a fit of the blues.

My very children, Mr. Editor, are set in array against me. The chickens, as well as the hen, have all a peck at me in turn. The baby may tear my papers with impunity, and the elder ones may pull them about, or spill the ink over my writing; while a page of "pa's nonsense" is, at any time, a trophy worthy of being exchanged for a sugar-plum.

Once, when I had smuggled a quire of foolscap into the house, it caught my wife's eye. "Ho! ho! Mr. Quill, that foolscap is to be filled by your fool's head I suppose?" This

was a hard hit, and one which I did not expect from that quarter; but I thought to turn it to account, so I attacked my three-quarters on the side of her vanity, by praising her wit. But, no, it would not do; I found her impenetrable to flattery on that point. It was clear that the *bon-mot* had escaped her almost involuntarily, and that she was scarcely conscious she had said any thing out of the common way. Since this I have given up all attempts to reconcile her to my literary pursuits, which I am compelled to carry on in the old way, in holes and corners, and by sly op-

portunities. No wonder then if my pen, instead of displaying boldness, originality, and freedom, should partake but of the obliquity of my unfortunate situation.

If, Mr. Editor, you are desirous of my future contributions, pray give an early place to this statement, which, when she sees it in print, may perhaps produce some change of conduct in my three-quarters; for unless that be effected, I can promise you but little, and that but of indifferent quality. I am, yours, &c. &c. &c.

B. JEREMY QUILL.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. VIII.

THE winter set in early, and proved a very severe one. This circumstance delayed my departure from Alexandria some weeks after the time for which I had fixed it, and gave occasion to my forming an acquaintance with a family, in whose history there was much of romance, and in whose society I subsequently spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life.

In a severe winter, the Americans have various amusements with which to cheat "the lazy foot of Time," and urge him on his flight. The rapid river Potowmac being frozen from shore to shore, afforded the skaters ample opportunities of exhibiting their agile movements; and the hurlers were not backward in pursuing their more athletic sport. But the pleasantest of all the winter amusements, to me at least, was sleigh-riding. This can only be practised when the ground is covered with snow, to which a hard frost has given firmness and consistence. Then,

with a good horse, a clear sky, and a bright moon "to light you on your way," many an hour may be passed most delightfully.

One evening, I was driving Miss Fitzherbert home from a friend's house, preparatory to taking a lengthened excursion myself, as I not unfrequently did, when an accident occurred, which was at once truly characteristic of the real thorough-bred American, at the same time that it afforded me the introduction of which I have spoken above. We had nearly reached Mr. Mortimer's house, when a loud shriek, and a coach, seemingly from an adjacent street, attracted our attention. On proceeding to the spot, we found a sleigh thrown off the runners, and otherwise much damaged; and a gentleman and three ladies were just recovering themselves from a comfortable roll in the snow, into which they had been rather unceremoniously precipitated. The accident was occasioned by the concussion of two sleighs

that were passing down separate streets, which intersected each other. Meeting just at the point of intersection, one of the sleighs, being perhaps the slighter of the two, was overturned with its freight, whilst the other received little or no injury. The only occupants of the latter were two gentlemen; and it was but natural to suppose, that they would have immediately offered to accommodate the ladies, who were so unexpectedly and unpleasantly ousted from their vehicle. This, however, did not accord with the cool calculating policy of our Americans. They did not drive over the prostrate fair-ones certainly; they even stopped their horse, and offered their assistance to put the shattered sleigh to rights; but this was found a task beyond their efforts, and a neighbouring carpenter being called in to the consultation, he said it would take several hours to repair. The party had come from Washington, a distance of nine miles; they were expected home at an early hour, and did not wish to alarm their friends by an absence prolonged beyond the time fixed for their return. With some little reluctance, therefore, as the offer was not voluntarily made, the gentleman asked the owner of the sleigh if he would grant him the loan of it to convey the ladies home, giving his name and address, and promising to return with it the next morning. Mr. Smith, however, as I found this person was called, was not of so accommodating a humour. He replied, after some hesitation, and exchanging a few words with his companion, "I guess, do ye see, that you have no claim upon us, as the accident was owing as much to your own want of care, as to any thing else; but I have no

objection to letting you have the sleigh, I accepting your security for its return, if you will give me a dollar for the loan of it; and you cannot hire one for that sum in the town, I guess."

What reply the gentleman would have made I know not; for I, who had heard the application and the answer, immediately exclaimed:—

Why you contemptible vender of threads and tapes, have you the conscience to demand a dollar for an accommodation, which, if you had either gallantry or politeness, you would have been proud to have offered, without waiting to be asked? But, my dear sir," I continued, addressing the stranger, "my sleigh is at your service. I was just conveying that young lady home (pointing to Miss F. who was with the stranger ladies at a little distance), and we are scarcely two hundred yards from her residence."

"Thanks, thanks," he replied: "I will accept your offer as frankly as it is made; for I should not like to be under any obligation to that churl: so, Mr. Jonathan, you may pack up your sleigh and be off."

"I guess," said Smith, "you would have been glad to have snapped at my offer, if this here chap had'nt stepped in and choused me out of a dollar: much good may his civility do him, that's all! You'll may be be overturned again before you reach the city: so good night to ye; and ye'll not come to ask Bob Smith to lend you his sleigh again, I guess."

"Indeed I will not, you sour old curmudgeon," replied my new friend, as the worthy pair drove off, chuckling as if they had achieved a very smart, instead of having been guilty of a most mean action. The ladies,

who, whilst we were parleying with the Americans, had been walking up and down engaged in earnest chat, now approached: "Well, Charles," said one, "how have you settled, are we to remain here all night?"—"No: this gentleman has kindly offered us the use of his sleigh, which I have accepted, and if you could persuade him and that lady to return with us, I should be happy to welcome them to our humble habitation; and I am sure my father and mother would be delighted."—"What say you?" exclaimed all the ladies at once to Miss Fitzherbert: "I'm sure you will go; and," continued the one who had first spoken, "if you go, you know, the gentleman cannot of course remain behind."—"I really have no objection," replied Louisa.—"Nor have I any in the least," I rejoined. It was therefore a decided thing: the carpenter bundled off the shattered sleigh to his store; we harnessed the horse that had been attached to it, tandem-fashion, to mine; and, taking Mr. Mortimer's in our way, to inform him of our destination, we set off, "six merry souls, and all agog" for any species of fun, even if associated with a little mischief not the less agreeable.

It was a lovely night;
The silver Moon unclouded held her way
Through skies where you might count each
little star;

and the effect of her rays reflected from the roads, which had the appearance of fine alabaster, was most beautiful. The air was keen, but not piercingly cold; and enveloped in warm wrappers, with thick woolen carpets for our feet, we bade defiance to the weather, and gaily rattled away for the federal city at a pretty brisk rate. We laughed, we sang, we joked, and the hour which

was employed in our journey to the banks of the Potowmac, was voted, by common consent, one of the shortest we had ever passed. There was no bridge, and we were obliged to get, sleigh and all, into a large ferry-boat, which, by the aid of paddles, soon took us over to the opposite side. The ford was kept open by men being employed to cut away the ice; and as our boat glided along the narrow channel, the association of ideas almost made us imagine ourselves in Lapland or Norway; the heights around us being covered with snow, and the river, with the exception of the canal in which we were floating, being a mass of solid ice.

Once more landed, we were soon set down at the door of our new friends' residence. It was opened by a grey-headed old man, who, when he saw the party, exclaimed, "Oh! Master Charles, how glad I am to see you and the young ladies safe! We have had a thousand fears, because you were not home by the time you promised."—"We are not much beyond it I think, my good Hammond," said Charles. "But where are my father and mother? Here are some strangers whom I wish to introduce."—"They are in the parlour, sir," replied the old man; to which room he led the way, and we were ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, a most prepossessing couple, who won our hearts in one instant by their engaging manners. They were English too, another recommendation; and all formality thrown aside, we were, in a few moments, upon as good a footing as if we had been the friends of many years, instead of the acquaintances of the hour. Of all the pleasures de

social intercourse, there is none greater than that arising from the meeting in a foreign land with congenial kindred minds of the same country, men whom "sympathy makes one," and in whose breasts a union of opinions and of taste is to be found. At such a time, the full heart overflows with joy and gladness, the spirits are raised to their highest pitch of elasticity, and the whole frame is animated with the most delightful emotions. Such, at least, was always the case with me when I was a wanderer from the land of my birth. I would at any time have walked ten or twenty miles, even through American roads, which in most places were at that time little better than quagmires, to have shaken an Englishman by the hand; to have conversed with him of that "gem of the ocean," our own dear little island; and to have joined him in drinking the health of her king in generous wine.

With such companions then as Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, and their warm-hearted son and elegant daughters, I could not but feel truly happy. I passed such an evening as I had scarcely ever passed before; and Miss Fitzherbert seemed quite as much delighted as myself. I have said the history of this worthy family partook of the romantic—that must be the subject of another paper. Here I can only give a description of their persons and character.

Mr. Ridley was a fine-looking old gentleman of sixty; his mild placid countenance was always illuminated with the smiles of benevolence, and his form and demeanour bespoke the man of fashion and of family. His manners were those of a finished gentleman of the old school, except,

perhaps, that they wanted something of the formality which characterized the votary of good-breeding some sixty years ago; and were, therefore, the more pleasing and interesting.

His heart was the seat of every virtue, and his imagination never framed a thought to which his tongue refused to give utterance.

Mrs. Ridley was a woman well worthy to share the fortunes of her husband. She had evidently been beautiful, and Time had laid a gentle hand upon her. Her once fine auburn locks were now a little tinged with grey; her countenance was slightly marked with the line of age; but it was such an aspect as bespoke at once, love, reverence, and esteem. She was majestic in figure, and it might indeed be said with strict truth, that

"Grace was in all her steps."

Charles was the youthful image of his father, and appeared to resemble him as closely in disposition as in person. He was frank and high-spirited; quick to resent an affront, but slow to offer one; "with a hand open as day to melting charity," and a heart the seat of every virtue.

The daughters—but I am not able to do them justice. United in affections and interests, equally lovely in person, yet all gifted with different kinds of beauty, they were three Graces, dispensing love and happiness to all within their sphere. Ann (the eldest) was rather of a grave disposition; Maria was sedate, yet always ready to join in any innocent mirth; whilst Eliza was the very soul of whim and merriment. She was a perfect laughing Hebe; her face was continually dressed in smiles, except when the ready tear of sympathy

P P

was called forth by a tale of woe, and by the sight of any unfortunate objects of compassion, of which the streets of America were by no means destitute.

Such was the family to whom my lucky stars, or rather a kind Providence, introduced me. We were mutually pleased with each other, and on the first evening of my introduction it was a very late, or rather a

very early hour, before we separated. I was compelled to return to Alexandria with Miss Fitzherbert the next morning; but our future intercourse was frequent, and always productive of pleasure. In the course of time I became acquainted with their history, which shall form the subject of my next paper.

A RAMBLER.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following narrative furnishes a curious, and at the same time melancholy, illustration of the atrocities practised in Germany from religious intolerance during the memorable Thirty Years war in the 17th century. It will be recollected, that this war was itself a war of religion, originating in a league of the Protestant princes of the Empire, for the defence of themselves and their faith against the efforts of the Catholics to crush both. The latter were headed by the emperor, and assisted by the French; while the great Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden stepped forth as the champion of the Protestant cause, and notwithstanding his death at the battle of Lützen, his troops penetrated almost into the heart of the hereditary states of the house of Austria.

On the 4th of July, 1642, the city of Olmütz in Moravia was occupied by Swedish troops, under the command of Major-General Winter. A few days afterwards a report was circulated, that near the bastion at the Vienna gate, close to the very massive wall, a human voice was heard singing. Such a mysterious phenomenon at a place where it seem-

ed impossible that any thing of the kind could occur, naturally excited a very extraordinary sensation.

The general himself, a good soldier, but not much of a philosopher, heard this faint singing in company with his chaplain. Both were of opinion that this unaccountable circumstance deserved investigation. A mason was therefore sent for, and ordered, in the presence of both gentlemen, to break a hole in the wall, at the spot whence the sounds seemed to proceed. This man, who was of the Catholic persuasion, and probably had his suspicions relative to the matter, worked indeed to a considerable depth into the wall; but nothing was found that could throw any light on this seemingly impenetrable mystery.

On listening attentively, however, to the sound, a very small aperture was soon discovered in the interior of the upper part of the wall. Protestant workmen were then fetched from the city, and these began with more judgment to break away the wall somewhat higher. To the astonishment of the spectators, the masonry was found in places still quite fresh, and no sooner had the men

removed a few stones, than, to their extreme consternation, they perceived, as they thought, a spectre in a sitting posture. Several of the bystanders, too incredulous to believe the report of the workmen without ocular demonstration, beheld with their own eyes the apparition, which looked like a shrivelled old man with a long beard and silver hair. At first they all doubted the evidence of their senses. Many, not caring to involve themselves unnecessarily with a spectre, stole away in affright; and the general himself lost his presence of mind for a few moments.

In his first alarm, he requested the chaplain to exorcise the spirit; but the latter entreated permission to pursue the inquiry in his own way. For this purpose, he caused the opening in the wall to be enlarged; and that done, he touched the apparently lifeless figure, and thereby convinced himself that it was at any rate not a supernatural being with which he had to do.

The rest were by this time pretty well relieved from their fears, and one or two of them actually ventured down into the aperture. To the great joy of all, symptoms of life were discovered in the supposed spectre, which was neither more nor less than a venerable old man, who, on the sudden access of the fresh air to his close cell, and perhaps also out of joy at the near approach of his deliverance, had sunk down speechless and insensible in a sitting attitude.

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The hole in which the unfortunate man was immured was a narrow quadrangular receptacle, not more than four feet square, impervious to the light, and which had no communication with the external air but by a kind of flue, that was carried upward

and out at one side of the wall. At his feet stood a pitcher and the remnant of a loaf, which was still good and eatable.

The corpse-like prisoner was soon lifted out of his dungeon, and the most efficacious means were employed for his revival. They proved successful. The old man, on his recovery, was assailed with questions: every one was anxious to know who he was, and what monster had there entombed him alive. Mustering all his strength, he thus began:

"My name is John Gottreu Felsner, and till the year 1629 I was Protestant minister here at Olmütz. But the Catholics persecuted me and my congregation in all possible ways, and at length banished me from the city on account of my religion, threatening me with imprisonment in case I should be found here again."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the general. "Is it possible?" resounded from all sides. The Catholics stole away one after another; while the Protestants, whose feelings began to be more deeply interested, pressed closer around the venerable narrator. There were several of them who knew him again, and who thanked God for his deliverance. It was a scene that would have melted the most obdurate heart. Each listened with profound attention, and the unfortunate old man thus proceeded:

"At the request of some of the most discreet of my congregation, I returned the same year to the city, and officiated secretly in their houses; yet not so secretly but that I was discovered, and by command of the father rector of the Jesuits walled up in the night-time alive."

It was now, as we have stated,

the year 1642; consequently thirteen whole years had elapsed since this event. The preservation of the aged pastor in a hole destitute of light for so long a space of time had the air of a real miracle, which the relics of the bread unspoiled during that period only served to render still more inexplicable. And yet those who had belonged to his congregation, who knew him again, and who recollected the time of his banishment, unanimously agreed, that full thirteen years had elapsed since his disappearance. Every other feeling was now absorbed in astonishment.

Meanwhile the poor old man, exhausted by the effort he had made to tell the story of his sufferings, had again fallen into a kind of swoon. The general, aware of the impropriety of overwhelming one just risen as it were from the dead with a thousand questions, ordered him to be carried to his own quarters, and placed under the care of his surgeon. At the same time he gave directions for the immediate apprehension of the father rector, who was still living.

As soon as Felsner had recovered sufficient strength to be able, without inconvenience, to explain his apparently wonderful preservation for so long a period, he gave, unsolicited, to the general and his chaplain, who were alone with him, a key to the extraordinary mystery.

"My dear friends," said he, "I now address you as my deliverers, as men of honour, and who can keep a secret. The professors of our faith are sufficiently oppressed already, and you will certainly not render their condition still more wretched by prematurely communicating to the world a secret which I must confide to you: for the gratitude which

I owe to you, general, as the restorer of my *public* existence, forbids my heart to leave you longer under a delusion; and though a solemn promise binds me to silence towards the world, yet this engagement cannot extend to you, who would with pleasure contribute, as far as lies in your power, to promote the comfort and happiness of the confessors of the same faith with yourself.

"My wonderful preservation is not an exception to the immutable laws of nature. It is true indeed that the father rector of the Jesuits here caused me thirteen years ago to be inclosed in the wall where you found me, after he had contrived to procure from his Imperial majesty an order for my banishment; but I did not languish for thirteen successive years in that dismal cell. It was the intention of my persecutor that I should perish with hunger; but though my pitcher of water was not like the widow's cruise of oil in the Scripture, and no ravens brought food to me as they did to Elijah, still the hand of Providence hath wonderfully preserved me, and through your instrumentality, general, completely restored me to the world.

"The Jesuits placed a sentinel before the wall of my cell; but he was dismissed on the evening of the second day. I had meanwhile prepared myself for death, and though exhausted as I already was, I strove to keep up my fortitude by singing a hymn suitable to my situation. At the third verse, I heard a knocking with a hammer on the outside of the wall. It was evidently some one trying to break through. An opening was soon made. It is a singular fact, that though I was already at the gates of death, still I was afraid that

I was about to be murdered. By the light of a small lantern, however, I soon recognised with transport in the workmen two members of my congregation, named Beyer, father and son, who, like guardian angels, addressed to me the reviving words, 'We are come to release you.'

"When the aperture was large enough, they assisted me to creep through it, for I was extremely weak. The father conducted me with all possible speed to his house, while the son remained to close up the hole again.

"I was now delivered indeed from the narrow dungeon that was destined for my grave; but the preservers of my life could not give me back the liberty to perform in public the duties of my sacred office. During the whole thirteen years, their habitation was my secret asylum. Jointly with some other Protestants of this place, to whom I acted in the utmost privacy as pastor and teacher, they provided all that time for my subsistence. Thus did we wait, supported by faith under continued oppression, for the period of our deliverance.

"On the entry of your troops we confidently hoped that it was arrived. I might then have been publicly placed under your protection, general; but not only would this have excited fresh animosity against our party whenever your troops might be withdrawn, but I should also have been necessitated to quit with you this city and my congregation for ever. It was therefore considered in what manner it would be possible to restore me publicly to the world, and at the same time to awaken the sympathy of such of our Catholic fellow townsmen, whose naturally benevolent hearts are not yet wholly per-

verted by the religious fury and sophistries of their teachers, and who have not lost all feeling for suffering humanity.

"To this end it was resolved to replace me with some bread and water in my former dungeon, that through your means I might be publicly restored to the world in the manner with which you are already acquainted.

"I never approved of the employment of deception in order to accomplish a good purpose; still less does it agree with my principles now when I am on the brink of the grave: but gratitude to my long-tried benefactors constrained me in this instance to comply with their wishes, especially as in my situation I had not the power to enforce any will of my own.

"Out of affection for me and the professors of our faith in this city, one of the sons of my deceased deliverer, Beyer, enlisted into your regiment shortly before my last incarceration. While he was on duty one night near my dungeon, his brother undertook to wall me up in it again. The former purposely spread a report that this place was haunted, and you know the result."

The general now directed that the father rector of the Jesuits should be brought to trial for murder. The Jesuit at first stedfastly denied that he knew what had become of Felsner, the last Lutheran pastor of Olmütz, further than that he had been conveyed out of the city by command of the sovereign, and banished the country. But when the general led forth the persecuted old man from behind a screen, which had previously concealed him from view, a horror not to be described suddenly seized the father rector: he shook in every

joint. He was at once tortured by the stings of awakened conscience, and crushed by the conviction of an appalling miracle. As he knew nothing of the natural deliverance of Felsner, the victim whom he had sacrificed thirteen years ago was in his eyes raised from the dead, or preserved by divine justice to give evidence against him. He sunk on his knees, and implored mercy and forgiveness of God and the world for his meditated atrocity.

The court-martial, agreeably to the spirit of the age, doomed the father to perish with hunger in the same cell which he had destined for the grave of Felsner. The general, however, mitigated the sentence, at the urgent intercession of Felsner

and the chaplain, and ordered that he should be shut up for eight days only, with a sufficient supply of bread and water; but at the same time taught to believe, that the judgment of the court was to be literally and completely fulfilled.

The Jesuit was actually immured, and a sentry stationed before his dungeon. At the expiration of eight days it was broken open, for the purpose of liberating him; but the prisoner was found lifeless. It is probable that he had not perished of hunger, but that remorse, and apprehensions of the painful death which would await him after his supply of bread and water was consumed, shortened his days.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

British and Foreign popular Airs, adapted as familiar Rondos and Variations for the Piano-forte, by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(Clementi and Co.)

THIS book has been some time in our possession, and we should blame ourselves deeply if the delay of which we have to accuse ourselves should be attributed to any thing but absolute inadvertence. The fact candidly told is, that the work, as soon as we had it, fell into the hands of a young friend, who was so delighted with its varied and interesting contents, that while it engrossed all her attention, it escaped ours.

This volume is of considerable bulk, and its elegant typographical execution forms an outward feature of recommendation. It contains twenty-five pieces, founded on British and foreign airs of admitted estimation. Some of these are converted into

rondos; others have variations appended to them; and each is preceded by an appropriate and by no means commonplace prelude. The treatment of these subjects, whether in the way of rondos or variations, demands our unqualified applause. Mr. De Pinna not only enters throughout fully into the character of his motivo, but he seizes every invitation it holds out to adorn and diversify his text in a pleasing and often in a highly interesting manner. Many of the harmonic combinations with which he winds up the pieces are of a decidedly classic stamp. When we add, that all these advantages are obtained without entailing appalling difficulties on the pupil, and that the whole book is adapted to the sphere of players of very moderate attainments, it will follow, that Mr. De Pinna's comprehensive undertaking is precisely of a description to please

and advance the musical student. We have had a practical proof of this assertion in the circumstance which caused the delay above adverted to.

The pieces in the book are twenty-five in number, and as they are to be procured singly, the following enumeration may be useful: 1. *Come buy my Cherries*.—2. *Viva! tutte le vezze*.—3. *March in Blue Beard*.—4. *Hark the bonny Christ Church Bells*.—5. *Trip it lightly*.—6. *Je suis sorti de mon Pays*.—7. *Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate sings*.—8. *See, ye Swains*.—9. *Marseillois March*.—10. *I've kissed and I've prattled*.—11. *Sù cantiamo, sù beviamo*.—12. *Hermosa y Duena querida*.—13. *Fie! nay prythee, John*.—14. *Giorinette che fate all' amore*.—15. *Le Garçon volage*.—16. *Fra tante angoscie*.—17. *By dimpled Brook*.—18. *The dusty Miller*.—19. *O Pescator dell' Onda*.—20. *O'er the Hills and far away*.—21. *Planxty Connor*.—22. *Allegrino, from Mozart's Op. 19*.—23. *Non più andrai*.—24. *How happy's the Soldier*.—25. *Zitti, zitti, piano, piano*.

"*Aussitôt que la lumière*," with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated with Permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Mr. Cutler's variations to this simple yet elegant French theme, nine in number, claim very favourable notice. The greater part are written with freedom and tasteful ease, and in a style of selectness which places them above the common compositions of this class. The four first variations, the second part of the seventh, and the conclusion of the ninth, may

be mentioned as the most advantageous specimens of Mr. C.'s labour: the minore (var. 4.) in particular, presents some well chosen and solid harmonic combinations.

In propounding the theme (p. 8*) Mr. C. has indulged in too much modulation; *i.e.* he has brought forward his learning at too early a stage of the book. The theme should always be given in its simple guise, both as to melody and harmony. The utmost latitude allowable in the latter respect would be an exhibition of the authentic harmony in the most proper and effective form, but without any alteration of the authentic chords, except perhaps in such rare cases where the original harmonic structure might not have been the most adequate. Alterations of chords ought to be reserved for the variations, just as much as changes or amplifications in the melody; for variation is legitimately applicable to the latter as well as to harmony. Hence we hold it to be premature to forestal so important a resource as that which harmony affords. In the present case Mr. C. has in several instances reversed the principle, inasmuch as some of the variations have more or less the authentic harmony, which is *not* to be found in his representation of the theme.

"*Mary*," a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, dedicated to Miss Gisborne; the Words by Mr. C. Clementi, the Music by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Price 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

A lover's hyperbolic protestations

* As the pages begin with 8, and "Cutler's fantasia, Op. 17," is marked on each, these variations seem to form but a portion of another publication.

are not to be weighed in the scale of propriety, otherwise we should enter our objections against the manner in which this poetical swain contrasts religious devotion with the adoration of his Mary. Petrarcha hardly ever went the same lengths. The music of this warm effusion is correspondingly spirited and pleasing, without ascending to melodic combinations of a striking or novel cast. The musical sense of the passage at "Complexion and clime" is much too final for the phrase, "Complexion and clime the idols of worship vary."

"Sweet Ellen, the maid of the mill," a Ballad, sung by Master Longhurst of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, written by Thomas Blake, and inscribed to Ellen; the Music by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Clementi and Co.)

A ballad of a plain cast. The three stanzas have been set out and out, and the melodic expression of the text, although, generally speaking, not of a novel description, is suitable and fluent. In the second bar of the symphony (which is rather homely), the harmony had better, as in the vocal part, have remained on G instead of D.

Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song, &c. Part X. Pr. 6s. — (Gale, Bruton-street.)

Contents: *English*, "Breathe soft, ye winds," glee by Paxton.—*Italian*, "I will not have a man that's tall," by Generali.—*German*, "Italy," by Beethoven.—*German*, "Court me not," by Zumsteeg.—*French*, "Ce que je desire," by Boyeldieu.—*Original*, "The Streamlet," by Cather.

Among the above there is a gem, which, in point of sweet melodious-

ness, intense feeling, and excellent harmonic colouring, is not excelled by *any* vocal composition of the same extent that has ever fallen under our observation. It is Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Kennst du das land" (Kenst thou the land). What a striking resemblance in the two languages! a poem which Lord Byron has closely and successfully imitated. Reichardt's composition of the same text, which has appeared in the seventh part of the Vocal Anthology, is certainly very interesting; but Beethoven's Muse penetrated more deeply into the spirit of the German poet, and has produced a master-piece. We have heard it so often, that we know its whole construction by heart, and yet it always excites our wonder and delight.

There is another great curiosity in this book, a comic trio by Generali, an elegant Neapolitan composer, whom Rossini has often imitated in style and harmony. In this trio, the *three* vocal parts throughout sing but *one* note, viz. \bar{a} : so that, with a proper observance of time, any child may take whichever of the three parts be allotted to him. A considerable degree of ingenuity is displayed in the disposition of these endless \bar{a} 's, and the great support of the composition is derived from its rich and varied accompaniment.

Mr. Cather's air, "The Streamlet," is very meritorious: not quite so simple, however, as the critical notice of the contents led us to think. The Life of Rossini is continued in the present number, but not yet concluded.

"How all is still around me," an Invocation to Madness, written by Francis Wyman, jun.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the

Piano-forte, by Thomas Severn. Pr. 4s.—(Author, Goswell-street-road.)

An invocation to madness! The very title proclaimed too serious a thing for us to join in, and the gloomy text by no means subdued our reluctance. Such poetry should be left to be *read* by those who delight in the sombre and awful; but should not be sung. What pleasure can there be in singing of "worms creeping over the dead?" Huh! it shivers one to think of it.

Mr. Severn, therefore, appears to us to have made an unhappy choice of a subject for his lyric Muse; and as he has composed the whole poem out and out, to the extent of eleven full pages, forming a complete cantata of varied movement and construction, we feel some regret at the labour, and we will add, the talents he has bestowed upon his undertaking. In a mere musical point of view, however, it is but justice to acknowledge, that the composition is written with particular care, with great attention to the dark complexion of the text, and in many parts with taste and feeling, as well as with a proper knowledge of the demands and effects of good harmonic colouring. The accompaniment often assumes forms decidedly select and interesting. We ought to add, that the song is set for a bass voice, and not for every voice of that class; for it descends to F, and upon the whole goes lower than the reach of the generality of bass voices.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ellis, by J. A. Moralt. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)

In the present divertimento Mr. Vol. I. No. XVII.

Moralt, whose name we do not recollect to have before introduced to our readers, has presented us with a specimen of his Muse, which warrants a wish that we may soon hear of him again. The divertimento, besides a few introductory lines, contains a march with trio and a polacca; all in E b, and all written tastefully, and with an evident feeling for good melody. The march is distinguished by spirited expression, and a proper symmetrical keeping of its constituent parts; it has a very attractive trio, and forms altogether a movement of peculiar brilliancy. The polacca ingratiates itself at the outset by the elegance of its motivo, and proceeds in a succession of analogous yet properly diversified digressions, occasionally of a very active kind, to a showy and impressive conclusion.

Brilliant Rondo for the Piano-forte, on H. R. Bishop's Air, "When in disgrace," composed, and inscribed to Miss Caroline Oppenheimer, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 104. No. III. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Among Mr. Ries's adaptations of Mr. Bishop's melodies, this rondo presents features of peculiar and striking attraction. There are some passages which will require careful perusal to be seized in their proper meaning, and rendered with their due effect; but the attention bestowed upon them will amply repay itself. The introductory andante exhibits several touches of that nervous originality of thought which pervades, more or less, all Mr. R.'s compositions, and which betrays the favoured disciple of Beethoven. In the air which forms the subject of the rondo, Mr. Bishop appears to have had the manner of Rossini in pre-

ponderating recollection: it is gracefully pointed in its expression, and Mr. Ries has done his duty by it. His fertile imagination has drawn new ideas from the text at every step, or has amplified it in a manner at once novel and captivating.

"*A lover's eyes can gaze an eagle blind,*" a Cantata, sung by Mr. Braham, at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*;" the Poetry by Shakspeare; the Music composed by John Parry. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.).

A portion of the text is allotted to a recitativo of impressive and pertinent declamation; then follows an andante in E♭, $\frac{6}{8}$, the tasteful and pathetic melody of which, together with the apt transitions to other keys, reflects great credit on the composer. The accompaniment, as far as the chords go, is effective and extremely well imagined; but in point of form it might have been a little more varied and chequered, the piano-forte having throughout six quavers per bar; a circumstance which creates a certain degree of sameness. An allegretto forms the last movement: it is spirited, regular, and melodious; but the several ideas, appropriate and occasionally showy as they are, cannot claim the merit of originality. The whole composition is in good style, and likely to please the generality of singers.

"*Only love, my love, the more,*" a Cambrian Ballad, sung by Mr. Braham, written, composed, and inscribed to Miss Morgan, by John Parry. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.).

A neat little symphony, a short suitable recitativo, and a simple ballad, in which novelty of melodic

ideas or harmonic combination seems to have been less the object of the composer, than a desire to adapt to his own poetry a pleasing cantable tune of innocent and tender expression.

"*Isabel,*" the admired *Pas de deux* danced by Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree in the Opera of "*Native Land*," arranged for the Piano-forte by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.).

This is a theme with four or five variations, and the subject consists of a completely national and very beautiful Spanish air, "*Isabel*," which we have seen in a collection of national airs. The additional information of this air having been footed in a *pas de deux* by two of our principal female singers may, for ought we know, constitute a feature of recommendation with some persons: a feature of peculiarity it certainly is. Mr. K.'s variations are agreeable, and of proper diversity of character. The style of that gentleman's writings is always pleasing, smooth, neat, and correct. *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) in which is arranged Henry R. Bishop's favourite Ballad, "Sweet Maid," dedicated to Miss Corbet*, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.).

A good tasteful style, and an adequate portion of flowing melody, are the characteristics of most of Mr. R.'s writings; and these we find strongly diffused over the present divertimento, which, on that account, and the general vein of elegant musical diction prevailing in it, we are warranted in distinguishing from the common productions of this class. The second movement (*spiritoso*), for

instance, has, in p. 2, two very pleasing cantable subjects treated in the best manner; and in p. 3 there is good active passage-work of various kinds. The next movement, p. 4, propounds Mr. Bishop's sweet air, $\frac{6}{8}$, in a classic way, and amplifies and varies that theme with particular neatness in p. 5. The same subject, thrown into $\frac{3}{4}$ time, serves as an apt motivo for the rondo in F, p. 6, in which some well-devised bass evolutions and appropriate digressions attract attention, and which derives a further feature of interest from the representation of the subject in four flats.

"*My bonnie bark," a Song from the Tales of Allan Cunningham, composed, and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss E. M. Richardson, by Mac-*

donald Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Birchall and Co.)

It required some judgment to adapt a flowing melody to a text which, like the productions of many of our modern poets, labours under metrical irregularities. These difficulties Mr. H. has overcome with tolerable success, and he has upon the whole devised a suitable and well connected air. We should have preferred the harmony of the symphony to that adopted in the two first vocal bars, the former being more mellow and less chequered by variety of chords. The temporary change of tonic at "Spread thy plumes," &c. is quite in its place, and affords proper relief, and the accompaniment throughout is adequate and effective.

FINE ARTS.

MR. BULLOCK'S COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEXICO.

MR. BULLOCK, of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to whom the public have been so long indebted for a progressive extension of their knowledge of natural history, by the excellent classification and rich illustration of its various objects in his extensive Exhibition, which was dispersed three or four years ago, has, with "the leading passion" still strong upon him, just returned from exploring the regions of Spanish America, and imported from a soil teeming, as Humboldt has described it, with a productive power in the development of Nature's works, unequalled in any other quarter of the world, some of its rarest products in the several departments of natural history.

The scientific attention of Europe has been long directed towards Spanish America. The stores of European natural history, so long and so ably explored, lost a considerable share of popular attraction, and the political changes in the new world opened a good opportunity of examining the aboriginal condition of a country and a people, of whom volumes have been written, many by the ablest historians of their time, but from the scantiness and often fabulous materials then within their reach, supplying but little, and that little too often imperfect, of practical and useful information upon the subject of their research.

Of late years Baron de Humboldt, so well known for his scientific pur-

suits, was the principal person who had the honour of practically examining and elucidating the past and present condition of Spanish America. Mr. Bullock has followed, to illustrate, and still further develop, the pregnant sources of information thus practically brought to light. Instead of theory and conjecture, we shall now have real and palpable truths; and as much of advantage may be eventually expected from the direction thus given to public inquiry, as of present gratification from the novel and striking display which this Exhibition affords. Be it also remembered, that this first effort is made only by an enterprising individual, and by his single means. The antiquities of other nations have been mostly explored under national patronage, or at the sole expense of the state (as at Herculaneum and Pompeii), and conducted with various fortune for a long series of years. This is, we repeat, a single effort by a private individual, a first one too, and achieved in the short space of one year.

When we consider the wide-spreading desolation, recorded in history, of the destroyers of the Mexican empire, our wonder is, that Mr. Bullock has succeeded in obtaining so many essential monuments of the aboriginal people, rather than so few. To make the attempt after so many hopeless efforts was the act of no ordinary individual, stimulated by no common zeal for the promotion of science and art. It was needless for Mr. Bullock, after the experience which the public have had of his indefatigable efforts in scientific pursuits, to have said, in allusion to his voyage to Mexico, "that he seized the first moment for such an enter-

prize with avidity, and prosecuted it with unwearied solicitude and zeal. All that he could gather to illustrate the ancient capital, the ancient monuments, the ancient religion, the ancient inscriptions, the ancient feelings, and the ancient customs of the inhabitants of Mexico, is here combined in the best manner which his judgment could devise." We would have praised him for the attempt, even had it been unattended with success; and some idea may be formed of the *present* difficulty from the *past* history, which, in the following description, is literally accurate:

From the moment that the Spaniards achieved the conquest of Mexico, "the conquerors employed all the means in their power to efface every vestige and recollection of *what had been* from the minds of the subjugated people, whom they treated with every species of ignominy and cruelty. Not a single building or wall of this superb city remained; all was indiscriminately levelled to the ground, and every trace of its former splendour was destroyed by the unsparing hand of the victor. Such of the native colossal sculpture as could not be burnt or broken, was buried under the foundations of the city; and their valuable books, hieroglyphics, paintings, and historical manuscripts, which could be discovered either by art or force, were indiscriminately committed to the flames. In such quantities were these consumed, that, in the great square of Tezcuco, the seat of learning of the Aztecks, they formed, when collected together, an immense pyramid, and were reduced to ashes in one general blaze among the unavailing regrets of the intelligent of that city, whose inhabitants (how ill were they

repaid!) had been the first friends of the Spaniards. So great was the pious zeal and exterminating fervour of the first Bishop of Mexico, that the most elaborate and beautiful works in gold and silver were consigned to the melting-pot; and even the valuable gems and precious stones which had the least sculpture on their surface were reduced to dust, although large sums were offered for their ransom. It ought, however, to be stated, that in the century which succeeded that of the conquest, several of the clergy sent from Spain, regretting the destruction of the historic writings, collected and preserved with much care the few that remained, and even studied the language, for the sake of expounding them; and about eighty years since, the Chevalier Boturini, a learned Italian, visited Mexico for the purpose of obtaining materials for a general history of the country, and enthusiastically devoted his time and fortune to the accomplishment of this object. Having made himself master of the language, he procured, at a considerable expense of time and research, the largest collection of manuscripts and Aztec paintings that had been made since the conquest; and prepared to return to Europe with these treasures, which, in his letter, he says, exceeded in his estimation all the mines of gold and silver in the country, when the whole were seized and taken away by the rapacious hands of the jealous government, and himself sent to Spain, where in a short time he died broken-hearted, and the world lost the valuable information he had acquired at so much trouble and risk. Of the five hundred maps, pictures, manuscripts, and other valuable re-

mains, scarcely any are left but the few now so fortunately brought to England, with the permission of the present government."

It is gratifying (and Mr. Bullock does ample justice to the fact) in contemplating this new government, to find that the attainment of liberty, after an arduous struggle against old Spain, has been attended with a disposition on the part of the present American authorities, to give every facility to the promulgation of science and a knowledge of the country, which must lead to the most beneficial results.

Mr. Bullock, availing himself of the facilities afforded by the late political revolutions of Spanish America, has, in addition to his collection of works in natural history, been enabled to collect many curiosities of great interest, hitherto sealed from European research. These consist chiefly of original specimens of ancient sculpture and paintings; of casts of the enormous and monstrous idols of the supreme temple; of the grand altar, or sacrificial stone, on which, according to the history of the barbarous superstition of the times, thousands of victims were annually immolated; of a cast of the famous kalendar stone (recently dug up and placed by the side of the cathedral); of a model of the immense pyramid of the Sun; of the original map of ancient Mexico made by order of Montezuma for Cortes; of a number of remarkable manuscripts and picture-writings, and antiquities of various kinds in the arts and manufactures of this aboriginal people.

As a companion to the Exhibition of what Mr. Bullock calls "*ancient Mexican memorabilia*," he prepared on the spot a representation of Mex-

ico in its present state. This is a panoramic view of the city and beautiful valley of that name, taken, during the last year, by Mr. Bullock's son, an ingenious youth, inheriting the enterprising spirit of his father. In the fore-ground is an Indian hut, completely furnished, and inhabited by the only Mexican Indian who has visited Europe since the natives sent by Cortes to the King of Spain. The hut is surrounded by a garden, modelled from the most extraordinary trees, shrubs, flowers, fruits, and vegetables produced in the country, besides many of the living plants, and conveying a correct idea of all the luxuriancy of a tropical climate. In this room are also displayed the most interesting objects belonging to the natural history of Mexico; consisting of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. finished with the closest resemblance to nature. To these are added a collection of minerals; a series of the models of the various classes of the people of New Spain, and specimens of their habitations, costumes, manufactures, and useful arts.

The Egyptian Hall has been fitted up to convey some idea of the temple of Mexico, and in it is disposed whatever relates to the ancient superstition of the country. The first object that strikes the eye upon entering the upper room, is the cast of "*the great serpent*." It is conjectured to have belonged to an idol, at least seventy feet long, probably in the great temple, and broken and buried at the conquest. It is coiled up in an irritated and erect position, and is an adequate representative of those horrid reptiles, which were, according to the account of Bernal Dias del Castillo, retained in the menage-

rie of Montezuma's palace, "to keep company with their infernal gods; and when these animals yelled and hissed, the palace seemed like h—l itself."

At the east end stands the cast of the great idol, *the Goddess of War*, before which human victims were sacrificed. This idol, with its pedestal, is twelve feet high and four feet wide, sculptured out of a solid piece of bluish grey basalt, full of feldspar. The form is partly human, and the rest composed of rattlesnakes and the tiger. The head is that of two rattlesnakes united, the fangs horribly ensanguined from the office assigned to them; the body is deformed, and the place of arms supplied by the heads of rattlesnakes, placed on square plinths, and united by fringed ornaments. Around the waist is a girdle, originally said to have been covered with gold; and beneath it, and partly covering the deformed feet, is a drapery entirely composed of wreathed rattlesnakes; and on each side is a winged termination of the feathers of the vulture, with various other emblems of the sanguinary rites daily performed in honour of the idol. Before the statue is placed the cast of the great sacrificial stone or altar of porphyry, ornamented on the surface with the representation of the Sun; and on the sides, with other numerous groups of figures, exhibiting the Mexican warriors dragging their prisoners to sacrifice, with various descriptive hieroglyphical characters. There are also in front of the same statue two of the original incense-burners, sculptured in stone, on pedestals: one represents a recumbent human figure, supporting the apparatus for fire; the other is an owl, of good workmanship.

The great *kalendar* stone, the cast of which meets the eye opposite to the door, is well described as being a fine specimen of Mexican workmanship and knowledge, and hardly yields in interest, whether we contemplate it as a record of ancient art, or of mathematical science, to the sundial of Phædrus (the Pæanian), removed from Athens, and so elaborately described by the Chevalier Delambre, of the Royal Institute of France, in Visconti's learned treatise upon the Elgin marbles. The Mexican *kalendar* is described as having been found in the Plaza Major, under the pavement on the site of the *Teocalli*, or temple. It is formed out of a heavy basaltic rock, is thirty-six feet in circumference, and weighs more than five tons. The Indians call it, expressively enough, *Montezuma's watch*. In the centre of this immense tablet is represented the figure of the Sun, the rays in the direction of the cardinal points; around the head the Seasons are represented in hieroglyphics; and in the next circle, the name of the eighteen Mexican months of twenty days, making a remarkable coincidence with our calculation of time. There are also in this division of the Exhibition a number of small idols, vases, and other implements in use among the aboriginal inhabitants, some of them in very good preservation, and all sufficiently defined to convey an idea of the progress made by the inventors in the arts necessary for the embellishment and utility of life; an almost miraculous preservation, when we consider how the work of destruction kept pace with the progress of the conquest in Mexico.

The operation of religion upon the arts has long been felt in society, and

the idols of all ages may be said to exemplify the sculptural taste of the people and their proficiency in the arts. It is elegantly observed by a living critic, that "Greek art had her infancy, but the Graces rocked the cradle, and Love taught her to speak." The same author observes, that "the standard the Greeks erected, the canon they framed, fell not from heaven; but as they fancied themselves of divine origin, and religion was the first mover of their art, it followed that they should endeavour to invest their authors with the most perfect form; and as man possesses that exclusively, they were led to a complete and intellectual study of his elements and constitution: this, with their climate, which allowed that form to grow, and to shew itself to the greatest advantage, with their civil and political institutions, which established and encouraged exercises and manners best calculated to develop its powers, are the reasons (among others which the author enumerates) why the Greeks carried the art to a height, which no subsequent time or race has been able to rival, or even to approach."

Unfortunately for the Mexicans, their hideous and horrid superstition created objects, not "to be adored for doing good," but "only feared for proving mischievous." In the language of the poet,

"So fearful are the forms the monster takes,

So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes,"

that the presence of such figures, when influencing the passions and affections, was calculated to debase and deform, rather than to cultivate and embellish any correct principles of taste: so that the spirit of their mythology was not much calculated

to awaken either a nice perception or feeling for the refined and refining qualities of art. An able philosopher has said, "that at the same time that men communicate their ideas, they endeavour to communicate their passions;" and those of superstition are "dark as Erebus." We still, however, find in this collection some small pieces of sculpture rather in a style of elaborate workmanship.

In those mechanical arts adapted for the purposes and mere ornaments of common life, and in the solid and substantial parts of architecture, contrary to the opinion entertained by the historian Robertson, we find the Mexicans to have attained a high degree of perfection. Mr. Bullock discovered the foundations of extensive edifices, constructed according to regular rule, and evidently in a style of execution adapted for elegance and convenience: the model of one in this Exhibition demonstrates that fact. The description given by Cortes of Montezuma's court and capital, is that of a people, however degraded by superstition, still far advanced in the arts of civilization, ruled by a regular and equitable government, supported by no small degree of pomp: they had their gardens of great extent, their baths of cut stone, their pavilions and theatres; their articles of dress and ornament composed of jewels and the precious metals; their manufactures of feathers, mantles, skins dressed and undressed, &c. &c.; and when we bear in mind, that some of their squares were compared by the invaders to those of Cordova, a city at that time not entirely divested of the magnificent ruins of those temples and palaces with which the Moors had overshadowed the Guadalquivir,

we must believe that the architecture and arrangement of the great Mexican capital presented nothing of what old Evelyn would call "the trifling of Goths and barbarians." The best accounts of ancient monuments, when conveyed by written description, are often imperfect and uncertain; but when, as in this Exhibition, they are illustrated by authentic fragments, or verisimilitudes of the original, the demonstration becomes complete and conclusive.

The maps and manuscripts, on paper of *maguay*, or prepared deerskins, in the Egyptian Hall, are curious objects of antiquarian examination; though in some parts mutilated and decayed, yet still an abundance of the original material remains to preserve and explain the meaning. Mr. Bullock's account of this part of the collection deserves to be told in his own words:

"Previous to the discovery of America, and the arrival of Cortes in Mexico, the inhabitants possessed the art of hieroglyphic painting or writing; and on the landing of the Spaniards, artists were dispatched from Mexico to the coast to delineate them, their ships, horses, and whatever appeared curious. These were rudely executed on large sheets of paper, and forwarded to Mexico, for the information of the sovereign*; and in the same manner, the whole learning of the people was at that time preserved. After the conquest, every document of this description that

* Lord Kaimes, in his article upon *arts*, corroborates what is mentioned in the catalogue: for he says, "Figures, composed of painted feathers, were used in Mexico to express ideas; and by such figures Montezuma received intelligence of the Spanish invasion." *MS. A. 1. 1.*

could be procured was destroyed, and very few have reached our time. The Baron Humboldt brought some fragments, which he has published; but so rare are these Azteck MSS. that none of the museums or libraries of Paris or London possess one. Mr. Bullock was, however, so fortunate as to discover several, and by the permission of the Mexican government allowed to bring them to this country, on the express condition of their being returned at the close of the Exhibition."

In the map of ancient Mexico, the numerous streets, canals, and temples are accurately laid down and named. It is the same which is thus described in the catalogue of the unfortunate Boturini: "An original map, on India paper, as large as a sheet. It shews the situation of the said imperial city, which (as I suppose) was beautified or improved in the reign of Tzcohuatl, with the royal canals, and the particulars of each district and house. It appeared to me that Mexico had, in the time of its barbarism, a plan made in the same manner as Venice had. This map is torn in the middle, and represents the barbarous or gentile kings, as well as the Christian casiques, who governed the said city."

There are many other smaller plans, maps, and pictures in this Exhibition. Some of these hieroglyphics appear to be drawn in the very infancy of art; they are mere *skiagrams*, what Mr. Fuseli would call "simple outlines of a shade," without any pretensions to any other addition of character or feature, than what the profile of the object thus delineated could afford. Others are somewhat better finished. Among the paint-

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ings which have found their way into Europe from Mexico, we look in vain for any examples of the description given by one of the conquerors of Montezuma of the merits of three Indian artists of his time (Marcos de Aquino, Juan de la Cruz, and Crespillo), "who, if they had lived with Apelles in ancient times, or were compared with Michael Angelo or Berruguete in modern times, would not be held inferior to them." They are, however, curious, and in some of the parts not deficient in vigorous conception.

A close examination of the principal antiquities in this Exhibition is calculated to strengthen the traditional hypothesis, that the Mexicans and Tartars had one common origin. We forget where we have read the history of the tradition which records, that for ages the Mexicans carefully preserved colossal figures of a Tartar man and woman in their appropriate costume, from whom they said their race had sprung, and who had passed from them "over the waters," leaving their spirit to hover over Mexico. This is a curious theme of speculation, and is thus ingeniously alluded to in Mr. Bullock's catalogue:

"In directing attention to any of these objects, further than the enumeration and description would suggest, it may be allowed to point out the close and striking resemblance which exists between the antiquities of Mexico and Egypt. The mighty pyramid, the hieroglyphic writing, the sculptured stone, are almost alike; and their kindred origin can hardly be doubted. Here examination and comparison will probably illustrate the most ancient records of the world.

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Again, the worship of the Mexicans appears to have been more monstrous and bloody than that of the Egyptians, or rather, parallel to that of the Buddhist and the Hindoo. The temple and cavern and holy mountain differ little from the dome of Jaggernhaut, and the cave of Elephanta or Ellora, and the high-place of Oriental sacredness; while the enormous serpent-god devouring human victims, and other uncouth shapes to which adorations were paid, carry the resemblance even to minute details, and strengthen the hypothesis of a similar origin." This pregnant theme we must, however, leave to more professed antiquarians and philosophers, and pass to the more lively and glittering Exhibition of modern Mexico, which forms the ground-floor gallery of the Egyptian Hall.

Here, after surveying the gloomy and terrific emblems of a sad and devouring superstition, which degrades the race of man, we are introduced to the cheering and gladdening scene which animates us, when "We look from nature up to nature's God."

We have here placed before us the beautiful and enchanting prospect of Mexico as it is; its mountains, its palaces, its valley, lakes, and rich natural scenery, refreshed and shadowed into speckling tints by the variety of tropical plants with which the climate abounds. The aloe, the cactus, the palm, "the strange shapes of the vegetation, the uncouth stems bursting from the earth like columns of architecture, the mixture of the grotesque form and the rich flower, the rugged and barren soil contrasted with its gigantic produce, and the few animals introduced to give character to the whole, are reality." In front is the lightly con-

structed habitation of a Mexican Indian, who was prevailed upon by Mr. Bullock to accompany him to this country. The catalogue says, that "the slight cane erection and thatch of palm-leaves (of which this hut is constructed) are all that the delicious clime requires for the abode and protection of man. Simple and contented, his wants are evidently few. A net, or two or three mats, as many neatly plaited wicker or straw baskets, and half a dozen vessels of earthen ware, complete his scanty furniture; and his cage-like abode is encumbered with nothing else, except perhaps a large gourd or two, and his curious cloak of leaves, as ample a covering from the wet as any water-proof which British ingenuity could export to Mexico."

Notwithstanding the truth of much that is here said of "this delicious clime,"

"Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,"

we must not forget the dreadful convulsions of nature which have at such frequent intervals in history raged and depopulated its cities, and doubtless furnished another cause, if that were wanting after the Vandalism of the Spaniards, for the difficulties of discovering many of the great landmarks of art, such as they were, which once existed in those regions, and so many of which have been now recovered (at least for Europe) through the enterprize of Mr. Bullock.

We have not room to enumerate the beautiful objects which are displayed in the branch of the Exhibition appropriated to the productions, natural and artificial, of modern Mex-

ico. They consist of a representation in miniature of every thing which is to be seen in the streets of that metropolis; whilst the eye, wandering around the room, is delighted with the richness and variety of the natural productions, the brilliancy of plumage of the birds (the collection of humming birds is exquisite), and the beauty and resplendent hues of the fishes and marine productions.

There are also two large cases of minerals.

An Exhibition composed as this is, cannot fail to be highly useful to the public, and we should hope profitable to the proprietor, to whose enterprizing spirit in the promotion of every thing connected with the study of natural history and antiquities we are indebted for its formation.

COOKE'S EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS.

MR. COOKE of Soho-square has just opened his gallery of drawings for the season, and a splendid representation it conveys of the high and varied qualifications of the British school. The choice of subjects is admirable, and the collection is decidedly superior to any former Exhibition of works in this department of art. We cannot too highly praise the noble and distinguished proprietors of many of these works, for the readiness with which they are represented as lending their aid to the formation of this valuable Exhibition. We have here before us a fine illustration of the remark of a very competent judge, that "under disadvantages of national neglect and public apathy, which were never before surmounted in any country, the English school has grown and ripened within the reign of his Majesty to a degree of strength and maturity which may fairly challenge comparison with the past state of art in this country, and the present state of art in every other country of Europe."

We find in this gallery Mr. Mulready's admirable picture, called (figuratively enough) *the Wolf and the Lamb*, from the King's collection. His Majesty, who has ever shewn

himself a munificent patron of the fine arts, has been graciously pleased to permit an engraving (which is now executing in the line manner by Mr. J. H. Robinson) to be made from this excellent picture, in aid of the Artists' Fund. The beneficent intention of his Majesty will, we have no doubt, be carried into complete effect, not only in the execution of the engraving, but in the eventual advantage to the fund for which it has been so graciously presented.

In the catalogue of artists (living and deceased), whose drawings enrich Mr. Cooke's Exhibition, we find the names of the following: Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty, &c. &c.; J. M. W. Turner, R. A.; John Jackson, R. A.; Thomas Stothard, R. A.; David Wilkie, R. A.; Richard Westall, R. A.; William Owen, R. A.; Abraham Cooper, R. A.; William Collins, R. A.; William Daniell, R. A.; G. Jones, R. A.; T. Gainsborough, R. A.; R. Wilson, R. A.; William Hamilton, R. A.; Paul Sandby, R. A.; G. B. Cipriani, R. A.; F. Bartolozzi, R. A.; C. R. Leslie, A. R. A.; H. Edridge, A. R. A.; and those of Girtin, Dewint, Havell, Dighton, S. W. Reynolds,

Cristall, Brockedon, Wilkin, Uwins, Hills, Robertson, Green, Penry Williams, Clennell, Cozens, Miss Byrne, Mrs. Green, George Ward, Moreland, Martin Ward, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Dighton, Cheesman, Kirk, &c. A noble school of study is presented by the works of many of these eminent men; these may be truly called the accumulated stores of invention, which enable the young student to acquire sufficient materials for his own mind to work with, after contemplating the different excellencies which are dispersed through the productions of his distinguished predecessors.

At the head of the contributors in the department of portraiture of course stands the President of the Royal Academy, who has sent two beautiful portraits: they are, *Portrait of a young Lady of Rank*—*Studies of Children*.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.

The first is an exquisite portrait for delicacy and softness of expression; the air of the head, "that incidental air of fashion," which was said to be one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's chief merits, is here beautifully depicted. The *Studies of Children* is a drawing also remarkable for all the soft and playful traits of natural expression.

In landscape Mr. Turner stands also pre-eminent. He is a large contributor to this gallery, having furnished no less than seventeen drawings.

Twilight, Smugglers off Folkstone fishing up smuggled Gin—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

is a fine marine production. There is a richness, a force of expression, and a bold tone of nature in every

part of this drawing, which make it very valuable. The *Rialto*, the *View of Rome*, and the smaller drawings of Italian scenery, are also very beautiful. The coast views are already well known, from their multiplication by engravings, and deservedly sustain the reputation of an eminent professor of art.

The Vintage.—T. Stothard, R. A.

Mr. Stothard is also a numerous contributor to the formation of this collection. The *Vintage* is a rich and beautiful drawing, full of exquisite poetical attraction. The subjects from the Scottish novels are full of humorous traits of individual character, and touched with great animation and variety. The fertility of this artist's invention is equalled by the precision of his execution in detail.

Fitzjames and Ellen landing on the Isle (from the *Lady of the Lake*).

—R. Westall, R. A.

There is feeling and expression in this drawing, and a good deal of taste in the execution. A few brighter tints of colour might have been introduced with advantage. His *Margaret of Anjou* is a beautiful composition.

Landscape, after Wilson.—

W. Havell.

This copy is clever in the landscape part, but deteriorated in the figures, which are rather clumsy. The mountain scenery of the *Keswick Lake*, by the same artist, is very well finished.

Dolbaddern Castle, North Wales

—Copley Fielding, represents bold scenery, with characteristic truth.

Head of a Boy in a Turkish Dress, copied from the Picture painted

by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after his return from Italy.—H. Edridge, R. A.

This is a well-finished copy of the first work of Sir Joshua Reynolds which announced his departure from the stiff and monotonous style of painting which he found in England. The original is a fine and rich painting, in the style of Rembrandt. An anecdote worth mentioning is related of this very picture. When Hudson, who had been Reynolds's first master, saw it, and could discover no traces of his own dry and beaten manner left in the style or handling of his former pupil, he exclaimed, "By —, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England." This artist's *Sterne's Maria* is also a well executed copy. His *Rouen Scenery*, though with a good deal of executive merit, is too bright.

Chief of a German Banditti dodged to his Retreat by his Pursuers.—

D. Dighton, Military Painter to his Majesty.

This drawing is not deficient in forcible and vivid expression. Eastlake has, however, made us fastidious in the portraiture of such subjects.

View of a Mud Fort at Lasgird, near Simnoon, in Khorassan.—J.

B. Fraser, Esq.

There is a good deal of merit in this drawing, and the novelty of the scenery adds to the attraction.

Peasant-Girl returning from the Wood.—J. Cristall.

The figure is plain, simple, and unaffected, and the general character of the drawing creditable to the artist.

The Scullions at the Duke's Castle threatening Sancho with the Ceremony of Shaving—The Scholar's first Acquaintance with the

Devil (Diable boiteux).—F. Uwins.

Mr. Uwins has several clever drawings in this Exhibition. Those we have named are good specimens of his conception of comic character. The *Country Girl at Ludlam's Cave* is also an excellent drawing.

Château de Sarra, Valley of Aoste.

—Major Cockburn.

It is always gratifying to see the sword sheathed for the pencil, and the soft and soothing study of the fine arts supersede the terror and disheartening of arms. This gallant officer possesses a good deal of taste in his compositions, and great expertness in the mechanical facilities of the pencil. He has several picturesque pieces in this collection, which are drawn in a very pleasing and creditable style.

A Dog and Rabbit.—Martin Ward.

A very clever drawing; the heads particularly well executed.

St. German's Abbey: a Sketch.—

S. W. Reynolds.

The architectural parts are well defined, and the porch in particular well drawn.

View from Windcliff, Monmouthshire.—Penry Williams.

This is a beautiful landscape; the perspective in the back-ground, the aerial buoyancy of the clouds, the general effect, finely managed, and attesting the hand of a master.

Mare and Foal.—A. Cooper.

A small drawing, possessing a good deal of the merit of this artist in the department of animal-painting. The *Dead Birds* are capital.

Study from Nature at Embly.—

W. Owen, R. A.

A good landscape, in a light and pleasing style of execution.

Maria Grazie, the Wife of a Bri-

gand. Chief of Sonnini in Italy.—
W. Brockedon.

A Corn-Field—Stacking Barley.—
P. Dewint.

These are two very pretty drawings, and may be almost said to breathe the air of nature.

The ominous Incident at the Mermaid's Fountain.—C. R. Leslie, A. R. A.

This artist has several designs from the Scottish novels in this Exhibition; they are very well drawn, and full of characteristic and animated expression.

Portrait of a Gentleman in a Dutch Dress.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

A spirited and well-drawn portrait.

Dahlias.—Mrs. Pope.

A drawing displaying considerable taste.

Portrait of Charles I. from Vanddyke's celebrated Picture from which the Bust was executed.—
Wilkin.

This is taken from the picture of the three views of King Charles's face, and is a faithful copy. There are good engravings from it in the Exhibition-rooms.

Dogs.—G. Morland.

A fine drawing by poor Morland of his family of dogs; the different attitudes and varieties of expression are very well depicted.

Ploughing.—R. Hills.

This is a very good drawing; the horses possess the truth of nature.

There are also in this collection, and we have to express for being unable to notice them in the detail which some of their merits would admit and justify, many excellent drawings by Clennell, Green, Mrs. Dighton, J. Jackson, R. A. Collins, R. A. Miss Byrne, Mrs. Green, Miss Reynolds, Alexander,

Smith, Robertson, and several others, whose works deserve commendation.

The middle room contains two *Moonlights* by the late amiable and eminent artist Gainsborough, and a *Landscape with Cows*. These extraordinary works are exhibited by artificial light, and are an extraordinary imitation of nature aided by optical delusion. The paintings are not more than ten or twelve inches square, and yet by the arrangement of the optical medium through which they are viewed, they appear as large as the natural objects they are intended to represent. They were painted by the artist for his own gratification and the amusement of his friends, and were bequeathed to his daughter, from whom the present proprietor, Dr. Monroe, purchased them. The following is the description from the catalogue, which we insert, as these pictures are likely to furnish peculiar attraction in this Exhibition, and deserve the commendation bestowed upon them:

1. *The Cottage*; representing a most powerful effect of fire-light in the interior. The artist has given considerable interest to this subject by introducing the cottager opening the door: the contrast between the light of the cottage and that of the moon excites the most pleasing associations in the mind, and never fails to produce an instantaneous effect of pleasure and approbation.

2d. *Landscape and Cows: a Morning Scene*. The artist has evinced in this subject a fine feeling for the beauties of simple nature: the colour, depth, and freedom of penciling have never been surpassed in any of the works of this eminent landscape-painter.

3. *A Moonlight Scene*. The moon

has just risen above the hills, and is brilliantly reflected in the rippling stream. A few sheep scattered in the fore-ground add great beauty to the stillness of the scene. This exquisite work is so finely conceived as to render it doubtful which of the two *Moonlights* deserves the preference in public estimation.

We cannot contemplate the meed of living merit which our present artists have so justly acquired, and turn to the excellence of departed worth, without exclaiming, in the language of the poet,

"Yet while exulting o'er each bold essay
Of British genius brightening into day,
In fond remembrance flows the grateful tear,
To think what stars have fallen from our
sphere."

We have here before us, among the drawings of our own masters, the long-neglected but since admitted tests of their merits, who early struggled to establish an English school, who, through all the vicissitudes of neglect and contumely, amid dignity and despair, appealed to those who ought to have been the patrons of art, in the patriotic language of honest feeling, to

"Prize not the skill of foreign realms alone,
Nor think it taste to stigmatize your own;
With generous bias lean to British art,
And rather wrong your judgment than your
heart."

How long that appeal was made in vain, we have recorded in the same poet's expressive lines:

"Lo! pensive, leaning o'er the illumined
page,
Where History meditates the madd'ning age,
And mourns her Mortimer; while, kind too
late,
Relenting Fortune weeps o'er Wilson's fate,
Remorseful owns her blindness, and to Fame
Consigns with sorrow his illustrious name."

We have in this Exhibition several of Wilson's drawings. This artist, in the re-action of neglect, was said to unite "the composition of Claude with the execution of Poussin." As neglect was carried in the first instance to extremes with this high-minded and ill-requited artist, so in the end was praise too indiscriminately applied. He was, however, a great ornament to his profession, the first artist in England who, as a landscape-painter, rivalled, and in many parts surpassed, the great continental artists who had superseded him, but who died in the unprofitable retirement of the librarianship of the Royal Academy.

Besides Wilson's, we have here drawings of the late W. Hamilton, R. A.; T. Girtin, who never was, but who nevertheless deserved to have been, a royal academician; H. Treasham, R. A., G. B. Cipriani, R. A., and several other original members of the old school of English artists. There are several spirited drawings of the late H. Munro, whose premature loss to the arts has been so deservedly deplored.

Added to these specimens of the school of British art, there is a very full collection of drawings by the old foreign masters. In the list are the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Rubens, Claude, Correggio, Parmegiano, Cuyp, and a considerable number of the most eminent Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters.

The whole collection is rich and attractive, and reflects the highest credit upon the artist under whose direction this Exhibition has been arranged.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A NEW Society under this name has been formed for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living artists of the united kingdom. The catalogue gives the following explanation of the motives which led to its formation:

The great increase in the number of artists since the foundation of the Royal Academy by our late revered Monarch, having rendered the rooms of that valuable national school inadequate as a place of exhibition for the numerous works of art annually sent for that purpose; and the British Institution (the only public place of sale) closing its exhibitions of modern art early in April, in order to diffuse a more general taste for the fine arts by an annual display of the best works of the old masters, a large body of artists have been induced, under these circumstances, to form themselves into a society for the erection of an *Extensive Gallery for the Annual Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom*, in the various branches of painting (in oil and water colours), sculpture, architecture, and engraving, at the period when the tasteful and opulent are usually resident in the metropolis; viz. during the months of April, May, June, and July.

The regulations are upon the most liberal principles. All artists of merit in the empire have an opportunity of displaying their works so as to be fairly seen and appreciated by the public, and they are also eligible as members of the society.

The gallery of this society is entered by a handsome Doric façade in Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East, and

consists of a suite of six rooms, well proportioned, and adapted to the various departments of art. The north-east room is appropriated to sculpture; the south-west to architecture, drawings, miniature, and enamels; and the south-east to engravings.

As this Exhibition was only formed at the close of the month, when our Number was prepared for press, we can only on the present occasion give a cursory sketch of the various works with which it abounds, and which are highly creditable to the labours of the artists who have contributed to its formation. The old hospitable English feeling marked the opening of the gallery with an elegant dinner. Mr. Heaphy, the president of the society, was in the chair. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex honoured the company with his presence; and Mr. Hart Davis, M. P., Mr. Lambton, M. P., the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, Lieutenant-General Sir Ronald Fergusson, Mr. Thomas Campbell, and many other gentlemen who take an active interest in the promotion of the fine arts, were among the guests assembled at this auspicious festival. His royal highness, in returning thanks to the company for drinking his health, observed that he felt a very warm interest in the success of the society. He thought that the Royal Academy, so far from feeling any jealousy with respect to the present society, ought to look upon it with satisfaction and pride, because it had in some manner emanated from itself. He had no doubt, that if the objects of the society were fairly represented in that quarter whence honour and distinction were derived, it would receive

all the encouragement to which it was so justly entitled. Long, he hoped, would the institution continue to flourish; and he felt proud in being the first to propose, "Prosperity to the Society of British Artists!"

The private view of the Exhibition, notwithstanding a very unfavourable state of weather, was very fashionably attended, and the prospects of the society opened in the most cheering manner, many pictures having been sold at that first visit.

Of the industry of our artists some estimate may be formed when we state, that the great room contains 224 works, the north-west room 98, the north-east (sculpture) 39, the south-west (drawings, &c.) 219, the south-east (engravings), 173; making a total number of 753 works in this Exhibition.

The collection is so miscellaneous, that the most severe peculiarity of taste must here find an abundant gratification. The portraits are numerous, and in general good: they are principally by Mr. Northcote, R. A., Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. T. C. Thompson, Mr. T. Heaphy, and other artists well known in that prolific department of the fine arts.

The Exhibition is crowded with historical, poetical, and landscape subjects. Immediately upon entering the principal room, the eye is arrested by

The Seventh Plague in Egypt.—J. Martin.

This subject is taken from the 9th chapter of Exodus, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 26th verses, which describes, that on the preordained signal of Moses, the Lord poured down hail on all the land of Egypt, "upon man and upon beast, and upon every herb

of the field, and thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground, excepting only in the land of Goshen, where the children of Israel were, was there no hail." The compositions of this artist are mostly conceived in a style of grandeur which is calculated to excite admiration; but his execution, and the principal objects which he introduces, are nearly the same throughout all his historical pictures, and lose by repetition, in one form or another, much of their original force. His air is sulphureous, and his shadows metallic; the perspective of his architecture is always fine, and the material, in accordance with his general tone of colouring, as well as with historic truth, is of porphyry. But we confess, that notwithstanding the tribute we have uniformly paid, and are still disposed to pay to the genius of this young artist, we cannot recommend a perseverance in his example: his imagination is evidently of the most vivid kind, but it runs the risk of being spoiled by the indulgence of a style of his own creation, which resorts too little to nature for assistance in details. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when speaking in one of his lectures upon *genius*, has forcibly and truly urged, that though there are no rules for genius, yet that it always in its practical development depends for success upon the proportion of our attention which we devote to the observation of the works of nature, to our skill in selecting, to our care in digesting, methodizing, and comparing them: he adds, "this great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth. They are about us, and upon every side of us." What, we ask,

have we about us, and upon every side of us, like the clouds and skies, and mountains and verdure, in some of Mr. Martin's pictures? Some of this artist's mezzotinto designs are vigorous and beautiful.

Silenus intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne on their lazy and irregular Lives.—

B. R. Haydon.

This poetical subject is composed with great spirit: the figures are full of character, and some of them finely graceful and buoyant; the colouring is well executed.

Ullswater, Cumberland, looking towards Patterdale.—T. C. Hoffland.

"Hail to thy beams, O Sun! for this display. ||

* * * * *

Delicious Grasmere's calm retreat,
And stately Windermere, I greet,
And Keswick's sweet fantastic vale;
But let her Naiads yield to thee,
And lowly bend the subject knee,
Imperial lake of Patrick's dale."—

CUMBERLAND.

Mr. Hoffland's landscapes in this Exhibition are numerous, and in his best style. The beautiful scenery of Ullswater, not the grandest, but affording the most calm and agreeable *coup-d'œil* of our northern lake views, is here finely touched, and in a clear and bright tone.

The Vale of Lonsdale.—W. Linton.

The rich and finely contrasted scenery of this vale, parts of which have been so often sketched by the landscape-painter, is here represented by Mr. Linton with considerable skill and taste. The fore-ground is beautifully finished, the verdure has the freshness of nature; the broken and decayed trees are very well painted.

Narcissus—J. Glover,
is another landscape executed on

a large scale, like the two preceding: there is a poetical repose and serenity in this composition which harmonize finely with the subject. His other works in this gallery are also full of merit.

"Leap-year Ladies, or the Bird of Paradise."—*The Game of Put.*
—T. Heaphy.

Mr. Heaphy, the president of this society, has contributed several pictures: those descriptive of scenes in familiar life are composed with great vivacity and humour. The card-playing scene is very rich, and full of variety and bustle: the colouring is lively and agreeable.

The Widow.—H. Richter.

This indeed is not a Hindoo widow, although she is evidently preparing, with the most composed and happy resignation, to burn her sables. The archness of expression in the figures, principal and auxiliary, is peculiarly appropriate for the expression of one who was doomed "to mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad." The gay colouring corresponds well with the change of character. There is a good deal of merit in this picture.

We regret that our limits, on the eve of going to press, confine us to a cursory sketch of some of the principal pictures, and in the bustle of a first and hasty glance, we are aware we must have overlooked a number of works which deserve attention. Besides the pictures we have alluded to, Mr. P. E. Stroehling has some well-finished scriptural subjects; Mr. Nasmyth has some landscapes in his calm and soft tone of colouring; Mr. Stanfield's *Antwerp*, Mr. and the Misses Ross's compositions are full of merit and sweet tints of colouring. Miss Gouldsmith's landscapes are al-

ways pleasing, from the tone of nature which pervades them. Lady Bell has some very tasteful specimens of her skill; Mr. Stevens's and Mr. Taylor's *Birds* are well drawn; Mr. G. Vincent's landscapes are excellent; Mr. Christmas's *Una* is very poetical; Mr. Burnet's *Cattle and Figures* is a clear and well-finished painting; Mr. Rippengille's *Cross-examining the Witness* is an excellent peep in panoramic miniature into the bustle and diversified character of a county-court during the sittings for business; Mr. Stark's landscapes are invariably beautiful; Mr. Ingaltan has some good views near Windsor; Mr. Carse's *Valentine* is comic: but we must break off reluctantly from this department of the Exhibition.

In sculpture, the principal contributors for busts are Mr. Rossi, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Scouler (who has also an historical group very well executed), Mr. Henning (who has also some good designs), Mr. Gahagan, and two or three other artists. Mr. C. Rossi, R. A. has a good model for a statue of the late *Mr. Benjamin West*, to be placed, according to the catalogue, in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a full-length, in a modern dress, the features bearing an exact resemblance to those of the venerable ori-

ginal; and the attitude also possessing the same true character.

We have not space to notice in our present Number the drawings, engravings, miniatures, and enamels; but we can venture, from our hasty glance, to recommend them to public attention. Many of them are executed by young artists, who are likely, from these specimens, to become more generally known, and if patronage attend merit, more fully appreciated by the opportunity thus afforded them by this society of attracting the notice of the lovers of the fine arts. It is gratifying to see the arts thus becoming daily more widely diffused; for we are not of the number who are afraid, that the general desire for public exhibitions will multiply painters, rather than advance the real station of the graphic art. We apprehend that the public are not so impassioned for the arts as to purchase pictures merely because they are painted: the *ars delinendi* will still remain in the hands of those who have the principal merit; and those who are, according to Shakspeare's designation of mediocrity, "of no mark or likelihood," must still be content to retain their own pictures for their pains; a sufficient discouragement for the growth of imbecility.

GRECIAN GALLERY.

AN Exhibition-room under this name has just been opened in the Haymarket, for the purpose of exhibiting the Chevalier van Brée's large picture of the *Sacrifice of the Virgins*. The chevalier is historical portrait-painter to the King of Holland. This picture measures 27 feet by 20, and is said to have been

|| painted expressly for the late Empress Josephine, for the grand gallery of the palace of Fontainebleau. It represents the celebrated classical story of the Athenian victims destined to be devoured by the monster Minotaur, and Theseus offering himself as their deliverer; and is a very fine composition of an eminent foreign

artist. The figure of King Ægeus, who is in the act of announcing to the wretched victims their impending fate, to appease the wrath of the King of Crete, is solemn and dignified, and the beauty and grief of the surrounding objects are finely expressed. At one extremity of the picture the figure of Theseus, firm, bold, and determined, is admirably portrayed. The arrangement of the

grouping is very skilfully managed, the form and expression of the figures well contrasted, and the Grecian outlines are finely marked. It is a fine historical production, upon the details of which we should dwell with pleasure, did the time of the Exhibition at the close of the month enable us to do so, without interfering with our previous arrangements.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of jaconot muslin: the *corsage* made high and very full; the fulness longitudinally and regularly arranged by five bands, each formed of four or five small cords or bobbins, and edged on each side with narrow work: two of the bands terminate at the arm; the next widen from the centre of the waist, and extend over the shoulder, where they turn and meet about half way down the back. The sleeve is of an easy fulness: the epaulette slashed, and interlaced with amber-colour ribbon; between is a row of quadrangular *bouffants*. The cuff is neatly trimmed with a bobbed band and worked ruffle, and an ornament to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, which has a deep wreath of a fanciful and novel form, apparently confined to the dress by entwining an amber-colour ribbon, which forms the lower part into triangles: the upper becomes more pointed, and extends transversely about a quarter of a yard: the whole is corded, and trimmed with narrow work. Worked muslin ruff to correspond, drawn with gauze ribbon. Cap of sprigged net;

the border of Buckinghamshire lace, set on plain in front, and a little full round the slashes of the cap, which are two on each side, where bows of amber and lilac gauze ribbon are introduced. The crown is circular, and ornamented with a narrow rouleau of amber satin and lace. Amber-colour corded silk shoes.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of pale blue twilled sarsnet: the *corsage* cut bias, and made to fit the shape: the front simply ornamented with four satin bands, forming a stomacher, and a satin band and tucker of fine blond round the bust. The sleeve is short and full, the fulness tastefully arranged in festoons by four satin buttons, equidistant from each other: a little above the satin band that goes round the arm, on the shoulder, is a full-blown satin rose, with palmated satin leaves pending half way down the sleeve: broad satin band round the waist, with a rose and palmated leaves pendant behind. The skirt has an elegant satin border of roses surmounted with leaves, arranged in the form of the lotus, and united by festoons;





beneath is a broad satin rouleau. White *crêpe lisse* dress hat; the brim very full and rather broad, a little turned upwards all round, and ornamented with a garland of damask roses and two long white os-

trich feathers, placed on the right side. Richly embroidered scalloped scarf of Urling's lace. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise. Long white gloves; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

THE clock represented in our engraving, of a new and elegant shape, 13 inches in diameter and 25 in height, stands covered with a glass bell upon a handsome pedestal about 3 feet high, the whole forming a very useful and tasteful ornament for a drawing-room or library.

The merit of the invention consists in its combining and exhibiting at one view the state of the world, as acted upon in the progress of time by the diurnal and annual revolution of the heavenly bodies immediately connected with our globe, according to the Copernican system; shewing, at the same time, the hours and the corresponding position of those bodies in their respective orbits. This result is obtained as follows:

To the clock is annexed a complicated, and at the same time a simply and beautifully executed kind of orrery, which is put in motion by the clock, and as they perform together their several motions, they shew—

1. The division of the hour; 2. The hour of the day; 3. The day of the week; 4. The day of the month; 5. The month of the year; 6. The degree and sign of the zodiac; 7. The diurnal rotation of the earth upon its axis, producing the alternations of day and night for the different countries of the globe; 8. The gradual progress, of the earth in its annual revolution round the sun, combined

with its elliptical movement, which causes it to approach to, and recede from, the sun according to the seasons; 9. The diurnal and annual rotation and elliptical motion of the moon round the earth as its satellite, with its phases, indicating at the same time its age; and, 10. By means of a revolving dial placed above the globe, the true time, and also (at will) the hour of the day or night, in any given part of the world.

To add to the utility of this invention, it is so contrived that, by slightly altering the position of a single wheel, the orrery is rendered independent of the clock, and may then be put in motion with any degree of celerity by a handle, for the purpose of demonstration, as long and as often as it is found necessary or thought proper; after which it is sufficient to give to the handle a retrograde motion, until the hand of the zodiacal is brought back to the proper day of the month, and to replace the connecting wheel, in order to re-establish the action of the clock upon the orrery as before.

Taken thus singly, the orrery will be found to give a most satisfactory practical illustration of the elements of cosmography and geography, by rendering perceptible those motions which, in their joint operation with the clock, are too slow to be sensible to the eye.

The progression of the common and leap year points out the period at which the orrery must be wound up, which occurs only once in four years.

The ingenuity and utility of this

contrivance reflect great credit on the skill of the inventor, Mr. Raingo, watchmaker, of Paris, who has obtained a patent from the French government for the manufacture of it.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A TRANSLATION of Schiller's ballad entitled *Fridolin, or the Road to the Iron-Foundry*, by Mr. J. P. Collier, author of "The Poetical Decameron," is just ready for publication. It is handsomely printed in 4to. and illustrated by eight engravings in outline, beautifully executed by Henry Moses, from the masterly designs of Retsch, whose illustrations of Göthe's "Faustus" have rendered his name deservedly popular in this country. The original German is printed with the translation, on opposite pages, and to the piece are subjoined some explanatory remarks on the designs by the translator.

The Rev. James Beresford has in the press, *The Cross and the Crescent*, an heroic metrical romance, founded on Madame Cottin's "Matilde."

Mr. Wiffin has completed his translation of *Tasso*, and it is in a state of great forwardness at the press.

A volume is about to be published, for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, with the title of *Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Richard Wilson*,

R. A. with some account of his life, and remarks on the style of his landscapes; arranged by T. Wright, Esq. It will be illustrated with plates.

Mr. Bowdler is preparing for publication, *Gibbon's History of the Fall and Decline of the Roman Empire*, adapted for families and young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages.

Mrs. Frances Parke will shortly publish a volume, entitled *Domestic Duties*, containing instructions to young married ladies on the management of their households, and the regulation of their conduct in the various relations and duties of married life.

Mr. A. Skottowe is engaged on a *Life of Shakspeare*, with essays on the originality of the dramatic plots and characters, and on the ancient theatres and theatrical usages, in an 8vo. volume.

The Exhibition of Painters in Water-Colours, which is at this time open to the public, shall receive due notice in our next Number.

Poetry.

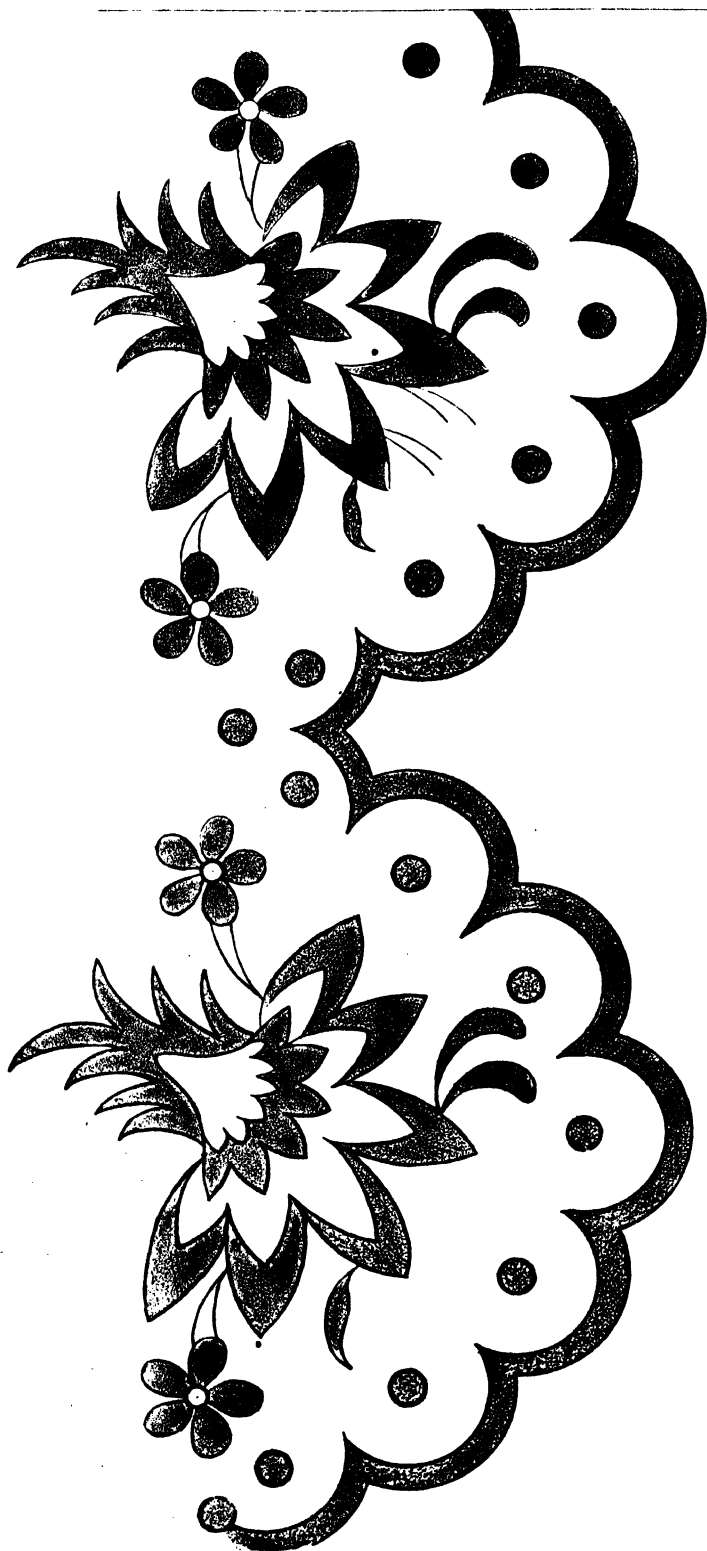
TO THE RIVER LEA.

STILL dost thou flow, thou sullen stream,
Thy sedgy-skirted banks along;
Still dost thou drink the morning beam,
And hear the skylark's matin song,
As when the Dane with hostile throng,
And streaming flag and banner came.
Long swept to earth, he lies among
The dead; but thou art still the same.

Though Memory brings her glass between
The silent dead, the present line,
And faithful to the ruin'd scene,
Records it on her tearful shrine:
Yet must she soon her power resign,
And fling her fading wreaths to thee,
Ere thou forbear one drop of thine,
Thou emblem of eternity.

WITLESS WILDFIRE.

HODDESDON, 1823.



ADVERTISEMENTS for MAY 1, 1824.

[To be continued Monthly.]

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CONSISTING of Copious and Familiar Conversations, on Subjects of general interest and utility; together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian: to which is added, in a separate column, the exact Mode of Pronunciation, on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian Language.

By S. A. BERNARDO.

London: Printed for SAMUEL LEIGH, 18, Strand; Of whom may be had, a new Edition of **BLAGDON'S FRENCH INTERPRETER**, price 6s. 6d. half-bound.

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OR, MEMOIRS OF THE SEYMOUR FAMILY.

New-York, printed 1824.

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THIS elegant Extract is prepared principally with Roses, from which it derives mild astrigent properties, gives strength and beauty to the Hair, and imparts to it the delicate fragrance of those flowers. Hair washed with the Extract soon becomes pleasingly soft, bright, and luxuriant in its growth; and Hair that has been made harsh, and is turning grey by the using of ardent spirits, or other improper preparations to clean it, will soon be restored to its natural colour, brilliancy, and beauty, by a few applications of the Extract of Roses, which is only to be purchased in London of **David Rigge and Brockbank, No. 35, New Bond-street.**—Price 3s. 5s. and 10s.

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REPERTORY OF ARTS FOR APRIL 1823.

(See Article **HALL'S PATENT STARCH**.)

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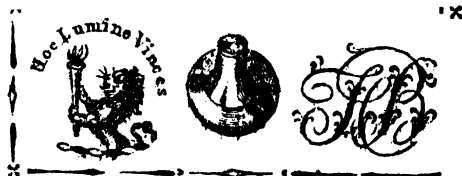
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

JUNE 1, 1824.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

Facts and Fictions, Tale the first, is reserved for the commencement of a new volume.

The Noviciate, Village Sketches near Paris, and Sketches of the Manners of the Italians in Country Towns, have been deferred for the same reason.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the **THIRD VOLUME, THIRD SERIES.**

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. III.

JUNE 1, 1824.

N^o. XVIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

STOKE-POGIS, THE SEAT OF JOHN PENN, ESQ.

STOKE-POGIS was originally the property of the Lords de Pogis, from which ancient family it derives its name. It is situated about four miles from Windsor, in Buckinghamshire. In the reign of King Edward III. it was conveyed by an heiress of the Pogis family in marriage into the family of the Lords Molins. It passed by inheritance to the Huntingdons. Henry Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1595, was the last of this illustrious family who possessed Stoke-Pogis. We find even in his lifetime the manor-house in the possession of Sir Christopher Hatton. It then passed through various hands, until it came into the possession of Lady Cobham in the year 1750; about which time Gray celebrated Stoke-Pogis by his poem, a Long Story, in which he describes the house and grounds, its

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defects and beauties, in an admirable style.

The Viscountess Cobham died without issue in the year 1760, when Stoke-Pogis was purchased by the late Hon. Thomas Penn, son of the Hon. William Penn, the celebrated founder and original proprietor of the province of Pennsylvania in North America. Considerable alterations and various additions were now made in the old mansion, from designs by Richmond. Mr. Penn dying in 1775, the manor of Stoke devolved on his eldest surviving son John, then a minor, by Lady Juliana his wife, fourth daughter of Thomas Fermor, first Earl of Pomfret. In 1789, the old mansion was found to be in such a decayed state, that it was taken down, with the exception of one wing, left to commemorate the Muse of Gray; and, from

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its blending so well with the surrounding scenery, it is still in existence. Though a ruin, it forms a picturesque object as viewed from the grounds, displaying at the same time a fair specimen of the Gothic mansion of the age of Elizabeth.

The present elegant mansion stands at some distance from the old, the site being selected by Mr. Penn for the beauty of the situation and the fine views which it commands. The entrance front extends 192 feet, and is ornamented with a fine colonnade. The columns, ten in number, are Doric. The hall of entrance, called the Marble Hall, is spacious and exquisitely finished: it contains some superb marble busts, supported on scagliola pedestals, and communicates with a magnificent library, 126 feet in length, divided into five compartments by scagliola columns. The general division is after Bacon's three-fold arrangement of reason, memory, and imagination. Above the book-cases is a series of designs by Smirke in chiaro-scuro, representing the principal epochs in the history of letters and science. The collection of books is well chosen and extensive. The views from this room are fine, commanding Windsor and the distant wood-covered hills; while the embellishments of the house seem to form a fine fore-ground on this side, consisting of a noble park, well stocked with deer, and otherwise diversified with a spacious sheet of water. An observatory at the top of the house commands a great variety of pleasing and noble scenes, bounded by the castle of Windsor on the one side; Taplow, Cliefden, Dropmore, and Hedsor on the other.

Our View of the delightful mansion represents the South Front,

which is adorned with a colonnade of twelve fluted columns of the ancient Doric. The library occupies the whole of this front, with the exception of the wings, one of which forms a conservatory, the other a handsome apartment, which deserves notice, if but for the fine basso-relievo in marble, by Deare, that graces the mantel-piece. It represents Cæsar receiving a check from the Britons. Connected with this room is one that contains a portion of the trunk of a tree, supported on a marble base. On a brass plate is this inscription:

"This part of the great elm under which the treaty was held, A. D. 1681, between Penn and the first inhabitants of America in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and which was blown down A. D. 1810, is a present from some of the Society of Friends or Quakers residing in Pennsylvania."

It is added:

"The tree was in some danger during the American war while the British army was in possession of that city, it being often necessary to cut down the trees in its vicinity for firing. But the late General Simcoe, who had the command of the district in which it grew, was induced, by his esteem for the character of William Penn, and the history connected with it, to order a guard of British soldiers to protect it from the axe."

By the side are some portraits of the Indian chiefs who signed the following deed:

"This indenture witnesseth, that we, Packenah, Jaultham Jickals, Partquesolt, Jerois Essepmank, Felktroy, Hekellap-pace, Eromus, Machloha, Wissa Powy, Indian kings, sack-makers, right owners of all lands from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can

ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods, and as paid in hand and secured by William Penn, proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania and territories thereof; viz. 20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms stroud-water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 lbs. of powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pairs of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 lbs. of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl-blades, 300 tobacco-pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco-tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 lbs. of sugar, 8 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco-boxes, 100 Jews' harps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads; do hereby acknowledge, &c. &c. Given under our hand at New-castle, 2d day of the 8th month, 1685."

A true copy taken from the original, in Dec. 1813, by Ephraim Morton, of Washington, Pennsylvania, formerly a clerk in the land-office.

The dining-room and other apartments contain some fine portraits by Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, and Sir William Beechey.

The house is of brick stuccoed; was finished in 1790, after designs by the late Mr. Nasmith, but has since undergone an entire alteration, under the management of Mr. James Wyatt.

The pleasure-grounds are charmingly laid out; the flower-garden being after Mason's principle, as described in his poem, "The English Garden." Here is a chaste temple with Ionic columns, dedicated to the "Child of Fancy," containing a bust of Shakspeare, beneath which is the following inscription, from his "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

"About, about,
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, onphes, on every sacred
room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner as the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious
flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass in a ring:

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile, fresh, than all the fields to see;

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purpled, blue, and
white,

Like sapphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery."

It should be observed, that the temple faces Windsor castle, of which there is a fine view in the distance, thus rendering the whole most apposite.

This flower-garden teems with sweet-scented shrubs, and is adorned with the busts of eminent men, on pedestals bearing inscriptions from their works. In the recesses are elegant vases sacred to friendship. In fact, not a nook but is carefully furnished with some appropriate embellishment. It is but justice to state, that the whole is the arrangement of Mr. Penn.

The park is delightfully wooded: from the diversified surface of the ground, the effect is very fine. Several embellishments raise their chaste forms among the woods, imparting grace to the natural beauties which surround them. To the north is a column 58 feet in height, supporting a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke, by Rossi; while to the east, looking beyond a handsome stone bridge which crosses a fine sheet of water, is seen the monument of Gray.

Our Second Plate is a near view of this Mausoleum: it was erected in 1799, previously to which time, not any memorial had been bestowed on the departed bard, who lay as it were neglected, until Mr. Penn, with feelings that all must admire, raised a shrine to his memory. It consists of a sarcophagus of stone, supported on a square pedestal, the sides of which form tablets, on which are quotations from his works. On approaching, the following inscriptions meet the eye:

SOUTH SIDE.

This Monument,
In honour of THOMAS GRAY,
Was erected A. D. 1799,
Among the scenes celebrated by that
Great lyric and elegiac poet.
He died July 30, 1771, and
Lies, unnoticed, under the tombstone on
Which he piously and pathetically
Recorded the interment of his
Aunt and lamented mother.

EAST SIDE.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

NORTH SIDE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade!

O happy hill, O pleasing shade,
O fields, below'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain,
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow.

WEST SIDE.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would
rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd
hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The situation of this monument is admirably chosen: the back-ground is full of interest. The venerable church of Stoke, a plain rustic edifice, may be said to belong to Stoke Park. Here all is solemn, still, remote from the busy hum of men; and here, "beneath the yew-tree's shade," is the spot consecrated by the interment of Gray. It is immediately beneath the eastern window, where his mother and his aunt were previously buried.

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

(From "*Sayings and Doings*," attributed to Mr. THEODORE HOOK.)

(Concluded from p. 275.)

ASSISTANCE was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion; and in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and ex-

cited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone (which was the extent of his misfortune) were by skilful treatment



and implicit obedience to professional commands soon pronounced in a state of improvement: but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman whose anger he had incurred had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit; and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind; and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the gipsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him; while her constitution, like that of my poor Fanny Meadows, was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or at the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind. When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too

rapidly sinking into an early grave; and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst; while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatively of future happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but, alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from *him* whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek, and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings' at one, and the physicians advised by all means that Maria should be apprised of and prepared for the meeting the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure so important as the medical men thought to her recovery—so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of

Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished. The anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow.

At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

“Draw the blind down, my love,” said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him. —“She is there!” exclaimed he.

“Who?” cried his astonished wife.

“She—she—the horrid she!”

Mrs. Harding ran to the window, and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—*MARTHA THE GIPSY*.

“Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away,” said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

“What evil is at hand?” sobbed the agonized man.

A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned from the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful question.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one in its importance of horror. What could surpass this?

Before the afflicted parents lay their innocent child stretched in the still sleep of death: neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful: it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected; for although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had reinvigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed youngman I never indeed heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers, that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the ex-

ertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held; and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.

George of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *début*; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales, after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially by endeavouring to place his son where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the Continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of nature, and the quiet domesticated couple

sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities it seems had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this affair no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place,) was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection their poor unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated gipsy.

The charm, however, had no doubt been broken. In the two past years Martha was doubtless either dead or gone from the neighbourhood: they were a wandering tribe. And thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang, and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general

feeling, founded upon religion and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, a universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire and the teeming board announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling coach and four, to spend the honey-moon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials; and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on Twelfth-night, to celebrate in a juvenile party the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.

When that night came it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters; it was a pleasure to behold them pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us and the most accomplished prince in Europe annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim. And merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled and for a season forgot his care: yet, as he glanced round the room, he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years.

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs

to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake, and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint sayings, were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "king," and granted; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which, by custom and usage, ever since she was a little child, she had annually performed upon this anniversary; and accordingly the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that show of tucker-heaving diffidence, which is so becoming in a very pretty downy-checked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that producible by the

falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour, the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell, to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not—who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes, first fixed stedfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, entreated the bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kiss-

ed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness which, under the commonplace circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When he reached his bed-room he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity.

"What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall, I know not; but it is impending over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

"Who?"

"MARTHA THE GIPSY."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to-day!"

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination!"

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to

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meet with little credit: all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful feverish hour or two fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning!

"Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant; "but he was dead."

This story was told to me by my friend Ellis in walking from the city to Harley-street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

"And there," said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where it all occurred."

"Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well; but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel?"

"Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party and heard the noise."

"But you did not see the spectre?" cried I.—"No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not."

"No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head dazzled me.—I was startled.—"Pray remember old MARTHA THE GIPSY!" said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

"Thanks, my bonny one!" said the woman; and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street into Russell-street, singing or rather yelling a joyous song.

Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road reassured us.

"What do you think of *that*?" said Ellis to me.

"SEEKING IS BELIEVING," was my reply.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

CURIOUS PICTURE OF A PRINCESS DRAWN BY HERSELF.

It would be difficult to find a parallel to the picture given of herself by the Duchess of Orleans, mother to the regent who governed France during the minority of Louis XV.

"From my earliest youth," says this princess in her *Memoirs*, "I well knew how very plain I was, and

did not like people to look at me attentively. I bestowed no pains on dress, because fine clothes and diamonds attract notice. My husband, on the other hand, was very fond of covering himself with diamonds, and not a little gratified that I disliked such ornaments. On gala-days I

was obliged to use rouge, which I did much against my will, because I hated every thing that put me out of my way. One day I made the Countess of Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why, in passing the looking-glass, I did not turn to it like every body else. I replied, 'that I had a great deal too much self-love, to mortify myself with the sight of my own ugliness.'

"I was really extremely ugly in my youth; I had not a single interesting feature in my whole face. With small eyes, snub nose, fat cheeks, and thick lips, I had nothing whatever attractive in my physiognomy. In stature I was short and squat; in a word, I was destitute of every kind of charm. Had I not been so good-tempered, nobody could have endured me. It would have been impossible to find any traces of intellect about me, even with a magnifying glass. Perhaps on the whole face

of the earth there was not so hideous a pair of hands as mine. The king himself (Louis XIV.) often made this remark to me; jocosely adding, that I must be thoroughly convinced of my ugliness, since I was always the first to laugh at it myself.

"I was nevertheless by nature of a melancholy disposition, and when any thing vexed me, my left side swelled as though it was full of water. I could not bear to lie awake in bed; and therefore rose as soon as I awoke. I seldom took any breakfast, and then only bread and butter; disliking coffee, chocolate, and tea. My mode of life was quite German, and in eating and drinking I adhered closely to the good old habits. I could not abide any soup which was not mixed with milk, beer, or wine. Neither could I endure brown bread, and was always so ill after it, that nothing would cure me but eating ham and sausages."

COUNT VIVALDA.

M. JOUY, whose popularity as the author of many sprightly and interesting works is not confined to his own country, has introduced us in his last publication, *L'Hermite en Italie*, to a fellow-traveller whom he fell in with on the road from Lyons to Turin. He strove in vain to make acquaintance with the stranger, who avoided him as much as possible, and appeared very uneasy when the passports were examined by the *gens-d'armes*. The writer describes him as a man between forty and fifty, with a gray yet prepossessing look, a forced smile, and an air of melancholy, commanding interest and respect. Involuntary sighs and apparently convulsive movements escaped

him. His answers to questions were laconic, and frequently he gave none at all. It was not till the travellers reached Turin, that the mysterious stranger stepped up to our author and whispered as follows: "You shall know more concerning me: but beware of making inquiry after me; wait till I furnish you with information." Soon afterwards he received a note, but without signature, to the following effect: "Be to-morrow, the 2d of November, precisely at two o'clock, on the Boulevard Borghese, opposite to the foundry, and a person will meet you there."

Here accordingly I found him, continues the traveller, wrapped in a wide cloak and with a slouched hat.

He came up to me. "Adversity," said he, "has taught me to read the thoughts of men in their eyes. I have observed, not only that I have excited your curiosity, but that the source of it is pure and philanthropic. After the inquiries which I have made, I may gratify it, and impart my history to you. I am Count Vivalda. My family is one of the most ancient, opulent, and distinguished in Milan. In my youth I squandered away my fortune; I have travelled over almost the whole of Europe, shall leave Turin in an hour, and hold your life responsible for the keeping of the secret that I am intrusting you with. I am hastening to my people, to make my report to them: till then not a creature must know our place of abode. Our ultimate intention is to settle in America, whither we shall carry prodigious treasures. I share with the valiant Meino the command over the heroes of Narzoli, of whom *gensdarmes* are at this moment in quest. Take this ring; it will be a better safeguard to you on the roads of Italy than all the passports of Napoleon. You need but shew it: it will command universal respect."

At these words an involuntary shudder came over me. He remarked it, and continued with a smile: "I am not now engaged in the pursuit of my duty and business; here I am a man like yourself; but should prejudice against our way of life not have struck too deep root in your mind, you would discover in it much that is great, and you would even be convinced; that it is compatible with the performance of many an act of justice, with the exercise of many a virtue. There is nothing too bold, too hazardous, too desperate for us to attempt. Two years ago General

Menou, then governor of Turin, caused the strictest search to be made after us. Meino and I contrived to procure two French staff-officers' uniforms; we learned the watchword; at midnight we obtained admittance into the governor's house, upon pretext of urgent orders of which we were the bearers, and penetrated to his bedchamber. Here, alone with him, we discovered ourselves, and thus addressed him:—

'You cause us to be pursued as enemies, and are at this moment our prisoner: suspend all your measures against us, if you would not have us pay you another visit, the consequences of which would be more serious.' Next morning we were far enough out of his reach in our headquarters. Some time afterwards, when the beautiful Signora Meino was taken and carried to Alessandria, her husband repaired, in the uniform of a colonel of *gensdarmes*, to General D—. He wore the order of the legion of honour, and the very same cross he had taken from Sali-cetti, the traitor. No sooner was Meino alone with General D—, than he began plumply to assure him, that if his wife were not set at liberty within three days, he—

The general would not allow him to finish; he motioned him to retire, and two days afterwards the signora was free. I had staid behind at Alessandria, and should otherwise have called the general to a severe account at the expiration of the time. But imagine not that we delight in bloodshed. We seldom murder, and only in case of absolute necessity. Our band is subject to the strictest discipline. We never carry off females, whose virtue we honour and respect above all things. We make

it our principal business to secure the persons of wealthy Italians, and to keep them as pledges. Without doing them the least bodily harm, or violating that respect which is due to them, we carry them into our mountains, and there treat them with kindness and indulgence till they are ransomed; that is, till we have obtained from their families a sum of money in proportion to their fortune. The duration of their captivity depends entirely on themselves and their relatives. We permit them to send home letters, mentioning the time and place at which the ransom is to be paid. We consider them only as hostages, who are immediately liberated when our terms are complied with. If, however, their families abuse this intimation, and acquaint the authorities with the circumstances, death is the consequence; and this danger is always particular-

ly insisted on in the letter. No man is ever carried off and compelled to ransom himself twice."

With these words, the count, repeating his injunction of secrecy, shook me by the hand. We parted, and for ever. I have since learned, that, after several sanguinary conflicts with the *gensdarmérie*, Meino and he were surrounded in a farmhouse, which was formally besieged, and as they would not surrender, a fire was opened on the house, which was soon in flames. Meino, who was no more than twenty-five years old, and his comrades, were dragged from amidst the blazing ruins, conveyed to Turin, condemned by the court of assize, and executed at the Place de Grève there in the Jews' quarter. Salicetti's cross was transferred from the bosom of the robber to that of the commander of the *gensdarmérie* of Alessandria.

GHOST STORIES.—No. VII.

THE APPARITION OF WOODSTOCK.

Soon after the execution of King Charles I. the parliament appointed a commission to survey his house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes belonging to it. The commissioners, having engaged a secretary named Giles Sharp, met on the 13th of October, 1649, and took up their residence in the king's own rooms. They made his majesty's bedchamber their kitchen; the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber the place where they sat for the dispatch of business. The dining-room they converted into a wood-yard, and stored it with the wood of the famous royal oak from the High Park, which, in order that nothing might be left with

the name of the king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and split and bundled up into faggots for fuel.

Things being thus prepared, they met on the 16th of the same month for the dispatch of business; but in the midst of their first consultation, there entered a large black dog, which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vanished. This excited the greater surprise as the doors were kept constantly locked, so that no ordinary dog could have got either in or out. Next day their surprise was increased: when sitting at dinner in a lower room, they plainly heard the noise of persons walking over their heads,

though they well knew that the doors were all locked, and that nobody could be there. Presently afterwards they heard the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber; as also all the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurried about the room; their papers, containing the minutes of their transactions, were torn, and the ink-glass broken.

When all this noise had ceased, Sharp, their secretary, proposed to examine these rooms; and in presence of the commissioners, from whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood spread about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, and the ink-glass broken, as already mentioned, but not the least track of any human creature, nor the least reason to suspect one, as the doors were all fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the author of this mischief must have entered the room by the key-hole.

The following night, Sharp the secretary and two of the commissioners' servants being in bed in the same room, which was contiguous to that where the commissioners lay, had their beds' feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with so much violence as shook the whole house, and terrified the commissioners more than ever.

On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the same room for greater safety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant went out with a sulphureous smell, and at

the same moment many wooden trenchers were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the same which their honours had eaten off the day before, and which had been removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole house. The next night they fared still worse; the candles went out as before; the curtains of their honours' beds were rattled to and fro with great violence; their honours received many severe blows and bruises from eight great pewter dishes and a number of wooden trenchers thrown on their beds, and which, falling off again, were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning not one of them was to be seen. This night likewise they were alarmed by the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds and other frightful noises; but all was clear in the morning, as if no such thing had happened.

The following night the keeper of the king's house and his dog lay in the commissioners' room, and then they had no disturbance: but on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out; a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room; the dog howled piteously; their bed-clothes were all stripped off, and their terror increased. On the 24th, they thought that all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed-sides; they counted sixty-four billets that fell, and some hit and shook the beds in which they lay; but in the morning nothing was to be seen, nor had the door of the room where the billet-wood was kept been opened. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful

crack like thunder was heard; and one of the servants running in haste, thinking his master was killed, found three dozen of trenchers laid smoothly under the quilt by him.

All this, however, was nothing to what followed. About the middle of the night of the 29th, the candles went out; something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the beds and others on the floor: about one o'clock a noise was heard like that of forty cannon discharged together, and it was repeated after an interval of about eight minutes. These explosions, which were heard through all the country for sixteen miles round, alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours' room, collected the great stones, four score in number, and laid them in the corner of a field, where they were still to be seen many years afterwards. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms at once, the commissioners and their servants gave themselves up for lost: they cried out for help, and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword, had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came from his own room to theirs. While they were together, the noise was continued, part of the tiling was stripped off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it.

On the 30th, at midnight, something walked into the room, treading like a bear: it walked many times to and fro, then threw the warming-pan violently on the floor; at the same time a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with large stones and horses' bones, came pouring into the

room with uncommon force. These were all found in the morning, to the astonishment and terror of the commissioners, who were yet determined to proceed with the business.

At length, on the 1st of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued. Candles were lighted up in every part of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, while the candles were all burning, a noise, like the bursting of a cannon, was heard in the room, and the burning billets were thrown about by it, even into the beds of their honours, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burned to the ground. About an hour afterwards, the candles went out as usual; an explosion, resembling the discharge of many cannon, was heard, and many pailfuls of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours' beds; great stones were also hurled in as before; the bed-curtains and bedsteads were torn and broken, the windows shattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the most dreadful noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers, who were abroad that night in the warren, were so terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and asked, in the name of God, what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit returned, and as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the door-way between the two chambers to see what passed; and as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and af-

terwards making three scrapes over the snuff and scraping it out. Upon this the same person had the boldness to draw a sword; but he had scarcely got it out when he felt an invisible force pulling it from him: the latter at length prevailing, struck him so violent a blow on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead. At this instant was heard another burst, like the discharge of the broadside of a ship of war, and at intervals of a minute or two, nineteen more succeeded: these shook the house so violently, that they expected it every moment to fall upon their heads. The neighbours, being all alarmed, flocked to the house in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and psalm-singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon was heard as from without, though no visible agent was seen to discharge them.

But what was most alarming of all, and effectually put an end to the proceedings of these commissioners, happened the next day, while they were all at dinner, when a paper, in which they had signed a mutual agreement to reserve a part of the premises out of the general survey, and afterwards to share it equally among themselves, which paper they had concealed for the present under the earth in a pot containing an orange-tree that stood at one cor-

ner of the room, was consumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth with which the pot was filled taking fire, and burning violently with a blue fume and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never again be prevailed upon to return.

These extraordinary particulars are recorded as authenticated facts by Dr. Plot in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*; and he gravely adds, that "though tricks have often been played in affairs of this kind, yet many of the things above related are not reconcileable with juggling, such as the loud noises beyond the power of man to make without such instruments as were not there; the tearing and breaking the beds; the throwing about the fire; the hoof treading out the candle; and the striving for the sword and the blow the man received from the pummel of it."

Notwithstanding these arguments, the whole affair was the contrivance of the secretary, the memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford, otherwise called *Funny Joe*, who, having engaged himself to the commissioners by the name of Giles Sharp, by his knowledge of the private trap-doors belonging to the house, by the help of fulminating powder and other chemical preparations, and by letting his fellow-servants into the scheme, carried on the deception without discovery to the very last.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. XII.

LEGEND OF THE SPAR-CAVE.

THE king and lord of a hundred isles, the high chief of Clan Colla, peace-maker of contending warriors

from sea to sea, and the dreaded blast to scatter all that blow the embers of feud among sons of the

land of hills, the king and lord of the isles pacified a feud of generations between the Macneil, laird of Collonsay, and the Maclean, laird of Coll. The lord of the isles engaged the firm band of brotherhood to quell those leaders of ancient strife, when he gave his twin daughters, beaming in all their loveliness, that the stream of life for Coll and Collonsay should roll a mingled tide through ages far to come. But the breath of feud may be rekindled by a passing gale to a tempest, fierce as the lightning of thunder-rended skies, and a contest of their vassals for the wreck of a ship from coasts remote spread a flame of haughty defiance to the leaders, and the twin sisters mourn for a death-dealing rage of steel; but the pleading voice of their grief is unheard amidst the din of arms. As wave answers to wave on the shores of their isles, the twin sisters lament the fight of blood, while the roaring surges toss between them, and the sisters cannot meet to recall the joys of their youth. Summers rise in leafy pride, and winters howl along the dry whistling grass of the plains, and the bright smile of peace returns not to the green isles of the west.

The laird of Collonsay and the laird of Coll are foremost among the valiant in Scotland's wars; and the saintly brother of the lord of the isles, the calm-browed abbot of Oronsay, brings the twin sisters together to his dome of prayer. Stretched on the couch of languishing is Echan cean ard na Laoch* within the holy walls; and the leechcraft of the brethren has failed, because of his impatient flame of valour, eager to

flash among the sons of snow. In joy the fever-worn hero laid his burning cheek upon the bosom of his mother; but swelling wrath quickened the heavings of his heart when the spouse and daughter of Coll appeared. The gentle chieftainness of Coll hailed in love the twin sister of her birth, and the high-souled lady of Collonsay sent forth all her fondest welcomes as she clasped the partner of her earliest days; but with averted looks, cold was the grasp of Echan's hand, till the soft-voiced greetings of Suilmigacha entered his breast, a hidden fire. As a beautiful mist gilded with the crimson dawn, the blushing maid subdued the rising gust of hate as she drew near his couch. With smiles artless as the babe of yesterday she unbent his lofty brows, as a moonbeam cheers the darkling cleft of a precipice; and though he turned indignant from the offspring of a foe, his heart and his eye pursued her light bounding steps. Fourteen summers had not shone upon the amber tresses floating over her neck and breast, as rays of noon glancing upon the snowy peak of Jura, and the kids of her green isle sported not along their native hillocks with agility more gladsome. The twin sisters rejoiced in the love of years long past; they rejoiced in the growing strength of Echan, when bashful awe of the hero departed from Suilmigacha, as heavy fogs of summer are dispelled by the light of morn, and her awakening glee chased the clouds from his spirit. With brightened aspect he listened to the thrilling notes of her harp, or the more ravishing breath of her song, recalling the deeds of olden time. The soul of Echan cean ard na La-

* The chief of heroes.

œn hung on this bud of loveliness, as the wild bee roused from chilling slumbers hovers in delight about the first flower of spring; and if her sidelong looks met the fiery gaze of his eye, the deep blush of her cheeks, and the trembling of her hand as she swept the strings of the harp, warmed his bosom with the hope that feeds secret sighs of love. With tearful sympathy she laid the herb of healing on his side, white as foamy-headed billows, dashing, leaping, and struggling around the roaring, whirling Corryvreckan; or her soft hand tenderly chafed his arm, still aching with the stroke of her people. As the child earns a smile of Muime, she called up all his soul, when her slender fingers sportively divided the curls of his raven hair, to mix them with her own flowing tresses; and with the enchantment of her mirth, he is raised from the couch of suffering.

The autumn waned, summer passed away, and spring advanced, when a light skiff brings a scout to the abbot of Oronsay, with tidings that the chiefs return to their isles. The twin sisters separate in grief, and Suilmigacha, clasped in the embrace of Echan, twines her white arms on his neck, and her mother bade him impress on her unripened lips a brother's fond adieus. Their souls mingled in this first salute; their eyes are fountains of woe when the abbot hastens the lady of Coll to her swift-sailing ship. Desolate and forlorn, the young chief of Collonsay with straining sight pursues the receding bark—the image of Suilmigacha remains—fixed in his inmost heart is the maid: but the maid of his love is daughter to a foe; and the gray-haired chief of Collonsay detests

Clan na Geallanna. Echan is sad for the rage of his father, yet he feels the parting kiss of Suilmigacha, and a soft pressure of her arm returns in his dreams.

The prince of Fellin claims aid from the unfailing arm of Echan cean ard na Laoch, and the terror of his name withers the invaders of Erin. He returns a meteor of battles, but thoughts of Suilmigacha consume his lonely nights: the fire of his dark-rolling eye is quenched—sickness of the soul wastes his manly form—the right hand of valour falls nerveless on the couch of disease. The gray-haired leader of Collonsay lived but in his son; but that he should wed the daughter of a foe, would darken his years more than to lay the last hope of his race beneath a cairn of the brave, where his ghost, wandering on all the winds, still bends to the clouds of a forbidden land.

The gray-haired leader of Collonsay spreads a flaming light in the east, and Echan guides his prow to Oronsay.

“Brother of my grandsire, and spiritual father of the mightiest clans,” he said, “the red cross of holy valour is on my garment; the spear and lance of Scotia in my hand: with thy benediction, abbot of Oronsay, I depart in hope of fame among the terrible in arms.”

“Wide-spreading is thy renown of former fights, my son,” replied the abbot; “and thy name shall be heard on every field of the burning sandy plains. I bless thee in the power of the Highest, and his blessing shall be thy shield amidst the strife of nations; the painim shall flee before thy fiery glances, and thy fame shall resound over all the earth.”

The arm of Echan turned the fu-

rious tide of battles: yet as a mouldering spark wastes in secret the foundations of a lofty pile, the thoughts of Suilmigacha prey on his burning soul. His strength fails; helpless and doleful, he is wafted to Oronsay.

The lady of Collonsay and the lady of Coll have again met within the holy walls; they meet in care and sorrow. The lady of Collonsay mourns her lord and son exposed to the painim steel; and the lady of Coll bewails her lord ingulphed in caverns of the deep. Suilmigacha is there in all her beauty, full-grown, as a young birch waving before a breeze of early morn. Her voice of love again enters the ear of Echan; her white arm raises his drooping head, and his hollow cheek glows in the soft light of her blue eyes, sparkling through tears.

"Our sires were foes, my hero," she said; "but with thee, and for thee, Suilmigacha dies."

"And for Suilmigacha is the strength of Echan laid low," faintly spoke the hero. "Angel of my life, our bridal bed shall be the cold earth of Oronsay."

"My children," said the abbot, "though for me in early youth the dross of human passion was purified by a flame divine, not unpitied is the scorching flame of your bosoms. Echan dies if Suilmigacha is not given to his love, and Suilmigacha pines to the grave for the hero of her hidden sighs. I give ye to each other in the Lord, and in the holy sacrament of your marriage the feuds of both your clans shall be healed for ever. I give ye to each other, if willing to conceal your fruitful loves in a caverned recess known only to

the brother of your grandsire—a recess hallowed by the devotions of my earliest youth."

"Give me but Suilmigacha," said Echan, "and in her I shall have light and joy amidst caves untrodden by the foot of man. Say, maid of my heart, can the love of Echan cheer thee in profounds of the earth?"

The blushes of love spoke for Suilmigacha as she gave her white hand to the hero; and the triple bond of friendship knit between the race of Oduine and Nielvolda* was their pledge of safety. The three brothers of times long past, with their war-barks, conveyed Echan cean ard na Laoch and Suilmigacha beneath the shade of night to the Slochd Altram, and again and again returned to spread a feast of plenty within the stony-girdled retreat. The Muime, who in early infancy nurtured Sufilmigacha, receives her babe, and Echan exults over his first-born. The deep-bosomed cave is warmed by love and joy. The tales of other times are sweet from the mouth of Echan by day, and Suilmigacha beguiles the night with her song; while the Muime rejoices in the growth of a boy, in whom are healed the feuds of Collonsay and Coll in all years to come.

In returning from the wars of the cross, the gray-haired chief of Collonsay has died, and the brothers come to hail the young leader, and to bear him from the Slochd Altram to his own isles. The gray-haired chief is with his mighty fathers, and the name of Echan cean ard na Laoch shall live in the mouth of song.

This relic is of a later date than those formerly submitted to the public; yet it affords a portraiture of an-

* See *Repository* for December 1822.

cient modes of feeling and existence, which probably may seem novel and interesting to modern readers. We may venture to say, that our translations have given views of the character, customs, and events among the

Gael, immediately subsequent to the heroic ages, more intimately than can be furnished by any publication now extant, and each bears internal evidence of antiquity.

B. G.

COURTSHIP OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.

It is generally known that this lady, niece to Louis XIII. fell in love with, and was privately married to, M. de Lauzun, captain of the king's body-guard; but the details which the lady herself has left us of the difficulty she found to reveal her passion are not so well known, and may perhaps amuse our readers. We should premise, that at the time she conceived this passion she was in her forty-fourth year. "It seemed to me," says she, "that the frankness and gaiety with which I spoke to M. Lauzun could not fail to reveal to him what was passing in my heart; and though he always entrenched himself within the bounds of a profound respect, I hoped nevertheless that he could not but understand me. One day, after the usual compliments, I told him that it was reported that the king (Louis XIV.) wished me to marry Prince Charles of Lorraine, and I asked him if he had heard of it. He replied no, and strove to persuade me, that the king would take no step that was not agreeable to me. At that moment I desired ardently to open my heart to him, but I had not the courage to go on: however, I comforted myself that I had at least broken off the conversation in a way that would allow me to renew it.

"Accordingly, on the following day, when I again asked what he thought of this marriage, he replied,

that he considered my present situation too happy to be rashly changed. 'Here,' said he, 'you are esteemed and honoured for your virtues, your merit, and your rank. The king loves you; he treats you with respect and affection: what then have you to wish? If you had been queen or empress in a foreign country, you would be *ennuied* to death: these conditions are very little superior to your own, and you would have the trouble to study the humour of your husband and of the people with whom you must live. I cannot conceive that you would find in such a situation the sweet and tranquil pleasures you now enjoy.'

This speech was not certainly very encouraging, for M. de Lauzun did not seem to consider that love was a necessary ingredient in the lady's happiness. She, however, contrived to let him know that she thought otherwise, for she avowed that she meant to make the fortune of a private gentleman. He then enlarged upon the difficulty of finding a man whose birth and merit were sufficiently great to justify all that the princess intended to do for him.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier replied, that there was no difficulty in discovering such a man, since he was already found: but all her efforts to excite the curiosity of the provoking De Lauzun were vain; she could not get him to put the

question, "Who is he?" And to say absolutely "It is you," was rather embarrassing even for an enamoured virgin of forty-four. In this embarrassment a whimsical expedient presented itself. "I have a mind," said she to him, "to blow upon the glass, and to trace the name of my intended husband upon it in large letters." Her heart, however, failed her; she put off the intended explanation till the next day, and then when he was quitting her, she slipped into his pocket a billet, containing only the words—"It is you."

One would have thought the affair was finished, and that the gentleman had nothing to do but express his gratitude and rapture: no such thing; this provokingly modest M. de Lauzun was determined to be incredulous. They met the next day at the queen's, and he said to mademoiselle, "I am not such a fool as to fall into the snare you laid for me in your billet of yesterday: I know very well you love to divert yourself; but I am not so vain as to be the dupe of such a trick."

Here was a turn which might have

put an end to the passion of a lady less enamoured. We know not in what way she contrived at last to open his eyes, but she did open them; and they were privately married, because the king, who had at first given his consent to the match, was afterwards prevailed upon by the remonstrances of the queen and of the Prince de Condé to revoke it.

Lauzun attributing part of his disgrace to Madame de Montespan, expressed himself in such terms respecting her, that the king imprisoned him during ten years at Pignerol. It is probable that this circumstance had the effect of completely souring a temper which must have been naturally brutal, for he behaved extremely ill to his wife on his return. A house which she had built at Choisy first caused a misunderstanding between them: he reproached her incessantly with what he called a waste of money, plunged into gaming and debauchery, and finally rendered her so miserable, that she became as anxious to part from him as she had been to unite herself to him.

THE MAGIC GOBLET.

ADHIM, the sultan of India, was more fortunate than monarchs were in his time, or even in our own; for he had a vizier who always told him the truth. Incredible as this circumstance will appear to those prime ministers who may do us the honour of reading our tale, it is nevertheless a fact; for which we have the authority of the sage Aboulcasem, from whose valuable manuscripts we have taken the substance of the following story. Adhim, the sultan of India, and the most valiant monarch of

his time, was once rescued from impending death in the field of battle by one of his soldiers, who threw himself between the sultan and the enemy, and received in his own bosom the weapon aimed at the heart of his prince. Heaven had decreed that the soldier's life should not pay the forfeit of his generous devotion; he recovered; and Adhim wished to shew his gratitude by heaping riches and honours upon him. But the gifts of Adhim were humbly but resolutely rejected by Misnar: possess-

ed of the means to live, he had taken up arms only to aid in repelling an invasion with which his country was menaced, and he had no wish beyond that of finishing his days on the spot he had inherited from his forefathers.

Adhim failed to engage him in his service, but he did not for that esteem him the less, and he not unfrequently sought in the humble dwelling of Misnar a relaxation from the cares of the throne. Every day increased his attachment to this man, in whom he discovered so much wisdom and goodness, that he at length offered him the post of vizier; and when Misnar, with humble acknowledgments for his royal master's bounty, declined it, Adhim did not as before acquiesce in his determination: he peremptorily insisted on knowing his reasons; and Misnar, thus pressed, replied: "From my youth, O royal Adhim! I have never been able to conceal or deny what I thought was the truth: judge then how ill I should be suited to a place where my sincerity must be for ever giving offence. I should soon be surrounded by enemies; all my actions would be misrepresented; I should lose your royal favour; and even if I escaped with life, I should be consigned again with ignominy to that obscurity from which your bounty had raised me."

"Misnar," said the sultan, "you wrong your sovereign: fear not that the truth will ever be offensive to me, or that the machinations of my courtiers can ever deprive thee of my protection. Dismiss then those unjust apprehensions, and take the post to which I wish to raise thee."

Misnar prostrated himself and obeyed. Adhim swayed the scepter

of India with a mildness which gained him the surname of the Beneficent, and his views were worthily seconded by his faithful Misnar. The vizier was right: his frankness created for him a multitude of enemies; but their machinations served only to root him more firmly than ever in the favour of Adhim, who, whenever they were in private, laid aside his rank, and conversed with his minister as an equal and a friend.

The cares of the throne were one day their subject. "They are weighty," said Adhim, "but they would be insupportable were it not for thy attachment and fidelity, and the love of my women. My courtiers are deceitful and interested; they talk of their attachment to me, but in reality they regard me only as an instrument to forward their ambitious views: but my women love me for myself. What thinkest thou?" continued the sultan, finding that Misnar did not reply.—"I think," said the vizier, "that Adhim is not less a monarch to his women than to his courtiers: real love deals not in profession, and the language of adulation is not less that of deceit because it comes from the lips of beauty."

"Misnar!" cried the sultan smiling, "the court has at last corrupted thee: thou wouldst make me dissatisfied with all others, that I may value thee the more." The vizier replied with equal gaiety, and the conversation ceased; but the words of Misnar dwelt upon the mind of Adhim, and poisoned the pleasure he used to take in the society of his women. "Vizier," said he one day, "I would give my richest province to satisfy the doubts which thou hast raised of the attachment of my women: is there, thinkest thou, any

method to prove it?" Misnar owned that there was, but he besought his royal master not to seek for certainty where certainty might deprive him of the sweetest pleasure of his life, that of believing himself beloved. His arguments were vain, the sultan impatiently demanded the proof, and Misnar presented him with an antique goblet. "This goblet," said he, "has descended to me from my forefathers; it possesses no virtue but antiquity: nevertheless it may be made a means of ascertaining what you wish. Inform such of the sultanas as you wish to prove, that a draught taken from it possesses the power of giving to a wife who truly loves her husband a beauty almost celestial; but to her whose whole heart is not truly and purely devoted to her love, the draught becomes a mortal poison, and she expires as soon as she has tasted it. The sultan received the cup, and so impatient was he to solve his doubts, that he determined to make the experiment that very day.

The first to whom he presented it was the fair Casema. "Light of the seraglio," cried he, "I bring thee a means of rendering thy beauty if possible still more resplendent;" and presenting it to her, he explained its use, taking care to dwell upon the certain effects of the poison. The beautiful Casema turned pale, but speedily recovering, and throwing herself at the feet of the sultan, "The ardour of my love for thee, O mighty Adhim," said she, "must not render me unjust. It is the Sultana Shelima who has given thee an heir to thy throne: to her then it belongs, of right first to essay the virtue of the cup; and even the op-

portunity of proving my faith to thee must not make me deprive her of it."

Ah! thou base hypocrite!" muttered the angry and disappointed Adhim, as he quitted her to make a trial of the faith of Shelima. "O Adhim!" cried she, "thou knowest the excess of my love, and how gladly I would prove it even at the expence of my life, but I dare not draw upon myself the vengeance of heaven by having recourse to magic." This speech went to the heart of Adhim, for Shelima was she of whose love he had believed himself most secure; and it was almost without hope that he presented the cup to the young Muimuna, who excused herself from using it, because she was conscious that the excess of her love for Adhim exceeded that of all his other wives; and she feared lest the extraordinary charms which the cup would bestow upon her would create among them enemies, who might at last succeed in depriving her of the heart of the sultan.

Hope was now so extinguished in the breast of Adhim, that he heard without surprise the various excuses made by the other sultanas to whom he offered the cup in turn; and before the evening, it had been rejected by all except Zulma, a young slave, who had made so little impression on the mind of the sultan, that he thought not of proving her faith.

Adhim retired to muse in the solitude of his chamber over the bitter disappointment which his vizier's love of truth had prepared for him, and to wish that he had still remained in that ignorance which constituted the pleasure of his life: but the charm was dissolved; he felt that the smile of beauty could no longer bring joy

to his heart, and he determined on the following morning to dismiss his women.

He was deep in reflection when he was told that Zulma prayed permission to kiss his footstool. "What wouldst thou?" said he, raising her as she prostrated herself before him.—"Justice."—"Who has wronged thee?"—"Thyself: what has Zulma done that thou hast not granted to her the privilege of proving her faith to thee?"

The heart of Adhim throbbed with transport as he replied, "Thou art yet, Zulma, but in the very morning of life; it is a season when the affections cannot be said to be fixed: think then, Zulma, to what thou exposest thyself."

Zulma extended her hand for the cup, which she emptied at a draught.

At that moment she appeared in the eyes of Adhim as lovely as though the cup really possessed the power which he had attributed to it. The sultan clasped her in his arms. "Receive, Zulma," cried he, "the reward of thy love and truth: from this moment thou reignest sole sovereign over the heart of Adhim, and never shalt thou have a rival."

Faithful to his royal word, he dismissed his other women, and caused it to be proclaimed throughout his kingdom, that the love and truth of Zulma had exalted her to a share in his throne. Happy in her affections and the attachment of his faithful Misnar, he lived to a good old age, without regretting that he had sacrificed the smiles of meretricious beauty for the attachment of one faithful heart.

THE SKILFUL POLITICIAN.

WHEN the transformation of the Batavian republic into a kingdom was on the tapis, Napoleon commanded Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, to furnish him in a week with a memorial calculated to convince the rulers of this republic, that their form of government did not harmonize at all with the system universally adopted throughout Europe; and that the only expedient for preserving the independence of their country in the then political state of the Continent, was the election of a king of the Buonaparte family. On leaving the Tuileries, Talleyrand ran through in thought the whole list of his ordinary assistants: he then applied successively to Messrs. Hauterive, Roux Laborie, the Abbé des Renandes; but they all declared themselves incap-

ble of furnishing a work of such extent in so short a time. His excellency then bethought him of M. Esmenard, whom he was accustomed to call familiarly Figaro. He sent for him, and begged him to furnish the memorial in question, for which he promised him 280 louis-d'ors. Figaro undertook the task, and on the day appointed he delivered the memorial, with which Talleyrand, the emperor, and short every body—excepting perhaps the States General—were highly satisfied.

The good people of Amsterdam were perfectly sensible that communications of this nature differ from express commands in nothing but the form: it was, however, resolved to make a last effort. All the diplomatic men gave their assistance, and contributed their observations. These

were collected and transmitted to the Dutch ambassador at Paris, with directions to employ some French *homme de lettres* to arrange and connect them, and then to present the result to the emperor as a reply to his memorial. The ambassador chanced to be personally acquainted with M. Esmenard: he was the very man to execute this commission; and to him he accordingly applied. "It is a work," said he, "which is of the utmost consequence to the States General, and for which they will pay liberally: I am directed to offer 500 louis-d'ors." Aha! said Figaro to himself—500 louis-d'ors are not to be despised, and I should be a great fool to let such a prize slip through my fingers into the hands of one of my colleagues. In short, Figaro promised to do what was required. The ambassador was delighted: he was far from suspecting that M. Esmenard had any hand in the plan submitted to the States General; and M. Esmenard on his part had too

much good sense to boast of his participation in it.

Figaro commenced and soon finished his work; and as it is right to give even the devil his due, it must be admitted, that he conscientiously executed his commission, and furnished the States General with a capital performance for their money. The answer was in fact far more convincing than the memorial. The ambassador presented it to the minister for foreign affairs, who was equally astonished at the strength of the arguments adduced against his master's plan, and at the elegance of the style of this diplomatic document. The emperor as loudly expressed his surprise; all the members of the imperial council talked of it, but nobody could guess the real author. It was not till many years afterwards that Figaro himself, in a moment of unreserved good-humour, mentioned the trick that he had thus played his patron.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES IN DATES.

HENRY IV. had fourteen letters in his name, *Henri de Bourbon*; lived four times fourteen years, gained the battle of Ivry on the 14th of March, was repulsed before Paris the 14th of May, had his son, Louis XIII. baptised, on the 14th of August, and was assassinated on the 14th of May. Louis XIII. likewise died on the 14th of May. We find the same number recurring in many other circumstances of Henry's history. The oath of the League, by which his partisans bound themselves to support and obey him, was taken on the 14th of November, 1590; the Leaguers met

on the 14th of November, 1591, at the house of the curé of St. Jacques; the act of Parliament which, in consequence of full powers from the Pope, elected another king instead of Charles IX. and excluded Henry of Bourbon from the throne, was brought in on the 14th of November, 1592; the town of Dun fell into the king's power on the 14th of December, 1592; the Duke de Feria on the 14th of July, 1593, promised the Infanta Isabella, daughter of the King of Spain, to the Duke of Guise; the protest of the Parliament against all previous proceedings was dated

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the 14th of January, 1594; the loyal Parliament of Tours made its entry into Paris on the 14th of April, 1594; the Duke of Savoy was reconciled with Henry IV. on the 14th December, 1599, at Fontainebleau; the deputies of the Swiss cantons arrived at Paris on the 14th of October, 1602; Henry, when preparing for the campaign against the Duke de Bouillon, commended his son to the Parliament on the 14th of March, 1606; and Sully solicited permission to resign on the 14th of January, 1611.

A fact still more extraordinary than all the rest is, that in 1554, Henry II. being then at Compiègne, issued an order for the demolition of the stalls and shops which obstructed the rue de la Féronnerie near the

church-yard des Innocents. The non-fulfilment of this order occasioned the death of Henry IV., fifty-six years afterwards: for it was at this narrow part of the street that the royal carriage was stopped by two carts, so that Ravaillac had time to execute his sanguinary design. The order of Henry II. was dated the 14th of May; consequently on the very same day of the month that Henry IV. was assassinated.

These coincidences, which may at first sight appear surprising, will cease to astonish, when it is considered that a great country and a great monarch are furnishing something of interest almost every day, and that it would not be difficult to find parallel cases in a like period of time.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

ON the approach of Christmas, every family in good circumstances lays in its stock of muscadel and its store of southern fruits, which are at that season to be found in profusion on the quays and in the warehouses of the port. The flower-market is gay with a profusion of native beauties of the parterre, and of the additional exotics there are oranges, rich in flower, leaf, and fruit; citrons, roses in ornamental vases, limes in ornamented tubs, and laurel-trees hung round with all kinds of fruit, for the gratification of the youthful populace. For children also are provided various pretty toys; clay and earthen figures in various characters and costumes; storks made of paper or of wool, with their long red beaks, and every plaything which invention can suggest.

The Christmas festival is conse-

crated to mirth and joy. All the shops, every cellar, every coffee-house, is gaily illuminated. The theatres are open for grand ballets; the gaming-houses give balls and suppers. Musicians patrol the streets, which are all night filled with passengers.

But the most interesting character of this festival, that which preserves it in the recollection of every Provençal through time and space, is its attribute of promoting peace and good-will to all men. In private families the social harmonies are restored at that season under every circumstance of real or accidental estrangement: those relations who have during the whole year before been separated by any cause, now make a point of meeting each other in friendship; enemies are reconciled; marriages concluded; husbands and

wives who have been parted are reunited; the most diffident lover becomes animated and eloquent; the most coy maiden relaxes into smiles and assent. Every heart yields to kindly and social affections: "for," say the guests, "it is Christmas-time."

It is well known that in many real old country families certain dishes and certain customs are indispensable to the keeping Christmas in France, such as the cake made of honey and almonds, the enormous turkey, the *culignau*, answering to the yule or Christmas log put on the fire: it is a pine or fir log, on which are sprinkled oil and wine, either to make it burn more briskly, or to typify the plenty of the feast. The muscadel and the carols, the rural games of the villages and peasantry, where the ancient customs are always more characteristic of national feeling than in towns, are nearly the same in many countries. They consist of cock-fighting, wrestling, foot-races, competition in climbing poles, singing, and bell-ringing: but there is one peculiar to Lower Provence which is worthy of notice. It is observed more in the neighbourhood of Frejus and Antibes than elsewhere, and is as follows:

Every Sunday for the four Sundays preceding Christmas, it is the custom for the village youths to treat

the assembled maidens with a serenade, which is called *abundes*: the eldest of the young men is called the *Aba*; and it is usual in return for the gallantry of the serenade for each young woman to send to the *Aba* before Christmas a tart, cake, sweetmeat, or some delicacy marked with the name of the sender. On the subsequent holiday there is a great assembly of the whole village, and the tarts are thus disposed of: The *Aba* ascends a sort of scaffold or raised platform, like an auctioneer. Near him is placed the pile of cakes, &c. in an ornamented basket or tray, gay with ribbons and streamers. The *Aba* takes out a tart, and raises it on high. "Here is an elegant, sweet, nice, pretty, light apple-tart, made by Maria Coutelere, No. 1." Then follows a panegyric on the beauty, virtue, ingenuity, industry, and skill of the fair confectioner; and instantly all Maria Coutelere's admirers commence an eager bidding for the tart, until it is surrendered by the *Aba* to the richest or most persevering bidder. The next tart or cake is disposed of with the same ceremonies and eulogies on the sender, and all are purchased with equal avidity. The sum thus collected is generally appropriated to supply the village fund for dancing, music, and other rural amusements.

BARRY THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Not long since a personage distinguished for philanthropy and courage, and to whose efforts at different times at least forty persons owed their lives, expired at Berne in Switzerland. The name of this philanthropist was Barry. He belonged

to an ecclesiastical order, and never went out without a broad collar, which indicated his vocation and profession. He was frequently to be seen carrying nourishing soup to the sick, but more commonly with a bottle of pure spring water to refresh their spirits,

or to recal them to life, when languishing with ~~thirst~~ or perishing with cold. It is engaged in this humane occupation that he has been delineated by a Swiss artist in a work published at Berne.

This generous creature terminated his beneficent peregrinations, not on two legs, but on four; for, gentle reader, Barry was a dog, and belonged to the hospital on the Great St. Bernard. He had actually been the means of rescuing from death upwards of forty victims. His instinct for this employment was truly astonishing, and his zeal and perseverance indefatigable. When fogs, tempests, snow-storms, or other dangers threatened destruction to the traveller, he would sally forth, and nothing could detain him. If he found a wanderer who had lost his way, perhaps, plunged in deep snow-drifts and half frozen with cold, he would afford him assistance, and serve him as a guide. If it was not in his pow-

er to aid the stranger by himself, he would hasten back to the hospital, and conduct some of the brethren to the spot where the unfortunate traveller lay.

In the print alluded to above, the artist has represented by the side of this noble animal a young child which he rescued alone. He found it one day asleep in a hollow of a glacier, and almost stiff with cold. Barry warmed the poor child, awoke, delivered the bottle to it, and when it had refreshed itself, he carried it on his back to the convent.

Having exhausted his strength in this humane vocation, the prior sent him to Berne, there to pass the remainder of his days in repose. Great care was taken of him, and he attained an age unusual with his species. Since his death he has been embalmed, or to speak more correctly, stuffed, and is now exhibited to the curious in the Museum at Berne, with his bottle and his collar.

MAXIMS.

See much—admire little.

Hear much—believe little.

Know much—speak little.

Shun many things—fear few things.

Give much—take little.

Labour much—command little.

It is melancholy but salutary to know one's-self.

It is pleasant but dangerous not to know one's-self.

The contented man is never poor.

„ The discontented man is never rich.

Children tell what they do; old people what they have done; and fools what they could do.

Every vain man is more or less a liar.

I know, is the expression of a conceited blockhead; I don't know, of a fool.

I know that I know nothing, says the wise man.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. IX.

I promised in my last to relate the history of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley; I shall now redeem that promise without any further preface.

Mr. Macleod inhabited a snug cottage of moderate dimensions, situated on the banks of a small but pleasant stream that watered the county of Fife; it was sheltered from the cold north-easterly winds by the umbrageous woods with which it was surrounded, and in whose leafy bosom it seemed buried; and a high and broken country bounded the view across the river, giving a romantic appearance to the whole. The family which tenanted this mansion consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod and an only daughter, the dear child of their affections and their hopes. At the period at which I mean to take up their history, she was about seventeen years of age; her figure was rather inclined to be tall, but it was finely formed; and her face was exquisitely beautiful. She had a finely arched forehead, soft languishing blue eyes, that darted ever and anon beams of light and intelligence around; her pretty dimpled mouth when it separated disclosed two rows of the brightest pearl; and the rich bloom of health and innocence mantled on her cheeks, where

"Her pure and eloquent blood—

So divinely wrought,
That you'd have almost said her body
Said thought."

In this seclusion, no wonder that Maria was the darling of her parents, and the delight of the few favoured individuals who were admitted to their acquaintance. The number of these was indeed few: choice,

not necessity, had driven Mr. Macleod to this retreat; and when he selected it, it was with the determination of devoting himself to the society of his wife and the education of his child, and not to suffer his quiet to be invaded by any but congenial minds. Here then the lovely Maria bloomed the fairest flower in the parterre, the richest ornament of the surrounding country, the dearest treasure of her family, and the pride and boast of her friends.

It was in the month of September 1775; the trees were just assuming that golden tint which, when illumined by the rays of the sun, gives them an appearance truly magnificent; the reapers were at work in the fields, and the sportsman pursued with eager zest the work of death among the feathered tribes, whilst a bright autumnal sun shed happiness and joy around, when Maria and her father were treading the mazes of a favourite walk amid the scenes of the grove which skirted their rural dwelling. They had not proceeded far, when the noise of footsteps in that sequestered place, so seldom trod by human feet, except their own, for one moment rather startled and alarmed them; and in the next a young and handsome man, in a sportsman's dress, with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, stood before them. His first emotion was evidently surprise at meeting so much loveliness in that secluded spot; but when Mr. Macleod, after the customary salute to strangers, was passing on, he said, "Pardon me, sir, but I have been out shooting this morning, leaving the

lodge of my friend, Sir George Cochrane, at an early hour, and have so bewildered myself that I cannot find an outlet from this wood: would you direct me to the high-road, or to any quarter which would lead me in that direction?" These words were uttered in a tone of ingenuous modesty, which immediately won Mr. Macleod's regard; and as the distance to the lodge was considerable, he courteously invited the stranger to his cottage to take some refreshment. I need scarcely say that the invitation was eagerly accepted.

Thus was laid the foundation of an acquaintance which soon ripened into mutual esteem between the stranger and the two elders of the family, and into love between him and the beautiful Maria. His connections were respectable, and not unknown to Mr. Macleod; and, in a few months after the first introduction, with the consent of her friends, he led the blooming girl to the altar.

Although no harsh and stern parent, or crabbed guardian, forbade the union of Captain Ridley and Maria Macleod, yet for some years they fully exemplified the truth of Shakespeare's remark, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth:

For, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the vollied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and
earth,

And ere a man hath power to say—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion."

The first few months after their union were spent in unalloyed felicity at the cottage of Mr. M.; but this "was happiness too exquisite to last!" The disputes between Eng-

land and her unnatural colonies had ended in hostilities, and the regiment in which Charles Ridley held a commission was ordered abroad. He was too true a soldier to disobey the calls of honour, though the eloquent entreaties of Mrs. Macleod, and the silent but not less impressive tears of his beloved wife, urged his stay, imploring him to give up his commission, and to live for love alone. To this the noble mind of Charles Ridley would not give an assent; and, dreadful as was the pang of parting with all he held dear on earth, he tore himself away, leaving his adored Maria to the tender consolations of her parents. Her grief was neither loud nor boisterous, but it was fixed and settled in her heart. She prayed fervently for the safety of her husband, and the only periods when a smile illumined her now pale features, were when some inward assurance afforded her the hope that her prayer would be answered; or when she received intelligence, either through his letters or the medium of the papers, of the safety and increasing fame of her husband.

Months passed away, and something like composure was restored to the breast of Maria, when descending one morning to the breakfast-room, she found it unoccupied, and the servant entering with the London paper, she eagerly seized and opened it, and began to peruse the news from America, always the source of vivid interest and deep emotion. She had not read many lines, when her colour changed, and in a few minutes she fell senseless on the ground. The noise of her fall brought in the family, and restoratives were administered: she recovered, however, only to exhibit the

aspect of the wildest despair. To inquiries as to the cause of her disorder, she would make no reply, but, pointing to the paper, again relapsed into insensibility. That soon explained the cause: the very first article was an account of a skirmish which had taken place between a party appointed to convoy some provisions for the army, under Major Ridley (to which rank he had lately been promoted), and a detachment of the enemy, who, by dint of superior numbers, had succeeded in defeating the British, many of whom fell, and the rest, amongst whom was their commander, were made prisoners.

It was long before returning eased her light over the distracted senses of Mrs. Ridley. She was confined to her bed for a fortnight, during which constant delirium prevailed, and in her paroxysms she talked of nothing but immediately departing to join her husband. The idea thus started in insanity became the fixed purpose of her soul when health and perception again returned. In vain did her friends seek to argue her out of a project so full of difficulty and of danger. Her constant reply was, "My husband is in prison; they will not deny me access to him; and who is so proper to administer to his necessities, to sooth his woes, as his wife? I must go to

She now took every precaution to recover her strength, and made every necessary preparation for her journey. Mr. and Mrs. Macleod saw and wondered at the heroic firmness which sustained her; they feared to talk on the subject, finding that opposition only rendered her more settled and confirmed in her determination, contenting themselves with narrowly watching her, in order

that she might not leave her abode without their knowledge, fully resolved that she should never embark in what they considered such a mad-brained scheme with their consent.

The only man-servant in the family was John Hammond, who had been born in the service of Mr. Ridley's father, had accompanied Charles when he entered the army, and had been left by him to attend on Mrs. Ridley, when he went with his regiment to America. This young man was devotedly attached to his master. He heard of his mistress's determination to proceed to join him with joy, and resolved to do all in his power to forward her views. Mrs. Ridley wished to make him the companion of her voyage, assured, that on his fidelity she could place a firm reliance, whilst his presence would afford her protection and support. She took an early opportunity of conferring with him, when he cheerfully agreed to accompany her; and they arranged together a plan for her departure, which they calculated would enable them to elude the vigilance of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod. Mrs. Ridley having prepared such necessities as she expected would be useful to her, packed them up in as small a compass as possible for the convenience of flight. A purse, which contained a sum of money, the gift of her dear Charles, she wore constantly in her bosom, and her jewels she secreted in the bundle with her clothes. All these preparations were made with a quiet perseverance, which proved how much her heart was bent upon accomplishing her object. In the mean time, John had been no less vigilant: he had procured an impression of the keys of the stable and of the outward gate in wax, and

got new ones made; he also manufactured a ladder of rope, which he concealed in his own apartment till the period for using it was arrived, and waited with impatience the orders of his mistress to depart.

Two months had now elapsed from the day on which Mrs. Ridley learnt the fate of her husband; her strength and health were fully restored, and she determined no longer to delay her departure. John Hammond received her orders to convey the rope-ladder to her chamber, and to be in waiting under her window after the family had retired to rest; and to enable him to do this without disturbing them by getting out of the house, he obtained leave to spend the day and night abroad; and returning after dark, he let himself into the stable by means of his own key, remaining there till the appointed hour arrived. That night, when Mrs. Ridley took leave of her parents, she could scarcely conceal her emotions: when they blessed her as usual, she burst into tears, and flung herself upon her mother's neck, who strove to comfort and console her, whilst her father exhorted her to fortitude and resignation. At length she reached the chamber, where she spent the time in prayer, till the hour arrived when she had ordered Hammond to be in attendance. She then placed her candle in the window, the signal agreed upon between them, and a low rustling noise beneath convinced her that her faithful attendant was there. She hastily arrayed herself in her travelling dress, deposited a letter on the table for her parents, threw out her bundle, and affixed the ladder of ropes to the casement, and cautiously descending, was received by Hammond, who stood

anxiously watching the event of the enterprise. All was still; every other inmate of the mansion seemed sunk in the deepest repose; even the dog, generally so watchful, stirred not, awoke not, and the two fugitives succeeded in procuring horses from the stable and in getting out of the grounds undiscovered. Hammond had ascertained that some transports were to sail from the port of Leith with troops as soon as the wind was favourable; and they accordingly took the route for Edinburgh. I cannot gratify my readers with a narrative of any hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures in this period of their journey; for they reached Edinburgh without interruption, and through the kindness of the commander of the troops, to whom Mrs. Ridley made herself known, they obtained accommodations on board one of the transports, which sailed the next day; and in thirty days this faithful wife was landed at Philadelphia, and breathed once more the same air with her beloved Charles.

But who can describe the consternation of her parents when her flight was discovered? As, since she had heard of her husband's captivity, she frequently remained in her room till late, on which occasions she never would have her breakfast sent to her chamber, but always preferred taking it when she came down stairs, nothing was thought of her not being in the breakfast-room at the hour at which the family usually took that meal. The servant was sent to announce it, and returned saying, her mistress she believed was asleep, for the door was still fast, and she could not make her hear. Mr. and Mrs. Macleod took their breakfast, and pursued their usual avocations: eleven

o'clock came, still Maria did not appear; and the servant was again sent to inquire, whether she was worse than usual and required any assistance. She had scarcely left the room upon her errand when Mr. Macleod entered. He had been walking in the garden, and discovered the ladder of ropes pendent from Maria's window. With the afflicted mother, he went to the chamber, which was deserted, and all their fears were confirmed. The letter left by Mrs. Ridley was as follows:

"My dear Parents,

"Do not be angry with me for having once in my life deceived you. I go to seek my dear Charles; to share his imprisonment; to nurse, to attend upon him; and I go assured of the protection of that Almighty Being, who will never desert a wife who flies to aid her husband when he is in misery and distress. Pursuit will be useless; for every thing is so

well arranged for my flight, that it will be impossible to overtake me; and faithful Hammond is my companion, who will act as a guide and protector. One thing only pains me: I depart without your blessing on my enterprise. O my dear parents! bless your child, and pray the Almighty to give me health and fortitude to go through with the task I have undertaken.

"Adieu, my dear parents! Pray for and bless your affectionate child;

MARIA RIDLEY."

They did pray for and bless her; and when they received a letter, announcing that she had sailed under the protection of Colonel Dorville, they felt that their prayer had been answered.

I cannot conclude the story of this interesting family in this paper; I must reserve it for my next.

A RAMBLER.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THE DUKE D'ANGOULEME AND BARON THE ACTOR.

ON the recent return of the Duke d'Angouleme from Spain, the *Cid* by Corneille was performed at Paris in celebration of that event. The prince was present, and the numerous allusions were seized and applied with enthusiasm. Among others, the well-known passage,

Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais aux âmes bien nées

La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années,

was received with unbounded applause. The duke nevertheless, be it remembered, is forty-eight years old.

This circumstance reminds us of
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Baron, the French actor, who, after he had long withdrawn from the stage, again appeared in his 68th year, in the character of Rodrigue in the *Cid*. He had of course to deliver the lines quoted above, and no sooner had he pronounced the words, *Je suis jeune*, than an involuntary laugh burst from all parts of the house. Baron was nettled, and again began, *Je suis jeune*, but the laughter became still more general and uncontrollable. The enraged performer advanced to the front of the stage. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the house, "I will repeat the verse a third time; but I declare to you, that if but one of you laughs

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I will not go on with the piece, and will quit the stage for ever." For the third time he delivered his *Je suis jeune*—and not a muscle moved. At a still more advanced age the same performer acted the part of Misael, the youngest of the Maccabees, a lad of thirteen, in a boy's cap and jacket.

LANGUAGE OF PARADISE.

Andreas Kempe asserts, in a work on the languages of Paradise, that it is an indisputable fact, that God spoke to our first parents in Swedish, that Adam answered in Danish, and the Devil seduced Eve in French.

Another scholar, Gottfried Henzelius, in a work entitled *Synopsis universæ Philologiæ*, communicates Adam's, Enoch's, and Noah's alphabet, and even some particulars concerning the language of the angels: and yet this work was published so lately as the year 1741.

MOLIERE'S GRAVE.

The Archbishop of Paris obstinately opposed the interment of the celebrated dramatist, Moliere, in consecrated ground. He carried his zeal to such a length as even to resist Louis XIV. when the king endeavoured to soften him into compliance. "To what depth," said the king at last, "does your consecrated ground extend?"—The archbishop, taken by surprise, replied, "Eight feet, sire."—"Well then," rejoined Louis, "let Moliere's grave be dug twelve feet deep."

ACUTENESS OF THE APPENZELLERS.

"How many hours' ride is it from hence to such a town?" said a horseman to an Appenzeller.—"Go on, go on," was the answer.—"I say, friend,

how many hours' ride is it?"—"Go on," cried the man. The offended traveller trotted briskly forward; when he had proceeded about thirty yards, the Appenzeller called after him: "Now that I have seen your horse's pace, sir, I can tell: you have two hours and a half to ride to the place you mention."

THE PROFESSOR AND THE TURNPIKE-GATE.

Professor Bodmer was once travelling with a friend on horseback through Appenzell; they came to a turnpike. "Open the gate, my lad," cried the gentleman to a boy who stood by.—"I must first know who ye are," said the boy.—"I am Mr. So and so, and this is a professor."—"What is a professor?"—"A professor is a man that can do every thing."—"Then you don't want me: a man who can do every thing can open the turnpike-gate."

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

Cardinal Campeius was once disputing with a Duke of Modena, who being angry, meanly reminded the cardinal that his father was a swineherd. "It is true," said Campeius; "but had it been so with the father of your highness, you would have been a swineherd too."

CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

In the year 1754, it was judged necessary to build a bridge over the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and consequently many persons offered plans and models to the committee of architects who were appointed to examine them. Among others came a common carpenter, Ulric Grubemann. When he first presented his model, the committee shrugged their

shoulders contemptuously, and asked him how he could imagine that such a thing as that could bear the imposition of any material weight without being crushed. The carpenter made no answer, but by putting his little model on the floor, and standing on it

with the whole weight of his body, which, though he was an athletic and tall person, this miniature bridge supported, without yielding a hair's breadth under the comparatively immense burden.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*And ye shall walk in silk attire," Air by a Lady, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed for Miss Carolina Harman of Theobalds, by G. Kiallmark.* Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

In the introductory andante, which in every other respect calls for our approbation, both with regard to melodic invention and harmonic arrangement, we perceive two very awkward successive fifths in the extreme parts of the very first bar; viz. D, F ♯, A and G, B, D. The theme selected for the variations does credit to the fair composer; its melody runs smoothly and expressively; and the accompaniment, whether of the lady's or Mr. K.'s devising, is both apt and select. There are four variations, written in proper style. The fourth is perhaps the least attractive. No. 2. exhibits the subject in an interesting way, under continued staccato quavers; and No. 3. distinguishes itself by good harmonic arrangement, and a natural connection between the successive constituent parts.

No. II. *The admired Air of H. R. Bishop, "Tell me, my heart," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.), and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, by*

D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

No. III. *H. R. Bishop's celebrated Glee, "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre;" arranged (as above), and humbly dedicated to his most gracious Majesty the King, by the same.* Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Although it is from inspection only that we judge of the full effect of these adaptations, we feel quite justified in submitting them to the notice of our readers as well deserving their attention. As mere duets, without the harp, they will be found replete with melodic attraction, full in harmony, and easy of execution; and where the harp can be mustered into additional aid, the support from that instrument must prove highly effective, as the part is strongly provided for, without, however, entailing peculiar difficulties on the performer.

"*C'est l'amour,*" arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to his Pupil, Miss Maria Liddiard, by W. H. Cutler. Op. 39. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

The introduction has some good points, and is altogether in proper style and effective: in the first crotchet of the 17th bar, the A's in the extreme parts fall into an objection-

able octave, which might easily be avoided by substituting C, E b, F for C, A (for the first crotchet only). The rondo is pretty enough, and as easy of execution as it is simple in point of construction and invention. Its principal portion is devoted to repeated exhibitions of the subject in the tonic and subdominant, the digressive matter being comparatively limited, and not particularly distinguished by freedom of imaginative flights. The episodic ideas are confined in point of melody and harmony, and, we might add, in respect of measure likewise, for the rhythmic beat of the subject is seldom departed from. With a theme so engaging and favourable, a rondo of a higher stamp might have been expected, and we are sure Mr. C. could have satisfied these expectations.

"*Love and Friendship*," a Parody written by C. Clementi, and inscribed to Miss Antonetta Cramer; the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Love and Friendship take a ramble, the latter shewing the way; Love plays all sorts of pranks on the road, until, fairly tired, he takes a rest, oversleeps himself, and is deserted by Friendship. The moral announced in the introduction is not absolutely palpable: if we have rightly seized it, it would seem to be a little caustic. But the text is not so much our department as the music, which, in the present case, is very simple, yet sufficiently agreeable to serve as a fair vehicle for the words. The melody turns merely upon the tonic and dominant alternately, and is repeated through several successive stanzas, until towards the conclusion

there is a little minorizing and a slight tinge of variation. Pleasant enough as the composition is, we candidly confess, the poem appears to us of a nature to have invited higher and more pointed musical colouring.

"*In Ballycragh town*," a Song; and "*the Extinguisher*," a Glee, written by C. Clementi; the Music by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

Two humorous effusions; too humorous by half many of our steady readers would say if they read the text. Mr. C. Clementi no doubt is a bachelor—(not of music, like his composer).—Were it otherwise, he would not dare to sing:

"Alas! for my poor Anna! I cannot relinquish her;

For the fire of love is consuming my frame.
Resort then to Hymen, for he's an extinguisher,

Which soon will diminish and deaden your flame."

Shocking! and then we have a song quite as bad, and a little too free by the way, about an Irishman's ghost refusing to enter the gates of heaven, because he hears the voice of his better half within.

Now we feel a little at home as to the moral of Mr. C.'s "*Love and Friendship*;" all of a kidney! and we must take leave to say, that such misogynic and antisocial sentiments ought not to be printed, much less set to music. We don't know now whether even our notice will be admitted to press; and, if it obtain the *imprimatur*, whether we may not be taken to task by some of our fair readers.

Mr. Cutler's music to the Irishman's lament is simple but in character. The glee for "*the Extinguisher*," short as it is, will be found pleasing and well contrived. But to

have set such a sad text for *three* voices is an aggravation of the offence: our consolation rests in the hope, that the two bachelors will find it difficult to muster three male singers—females are out of the question—to vocalize their joint labour. They may make a duet of it between themselves; in a back room we would recommend!

No. I. The Infant Vocalist, Selections from the Nursery Rhymes, &c. with original Airs for the Piano-forte or Harp, by Eliz. Est. Hamond. Pr. 3s.—(Mitchell, New Bond-street.)

A production of a similar nature by the same fair author has on a former occasion been favourably commented upon in our review; and “*The Infant Vocalist*,” now before us, presents features of attraction which are creditable to its author. The melodies devised for these nursery lyrics, although by no means original and striking, are fair and pleasing enough in their way. The object and advantage of setting to music baby poetry of this description is perhaps questionable; at all events, the task, if to be undertaken, appears to us to be more difficult than might be imagined at first sight. The melodies ought to combine a certain degree of captivating originality with extreme simplicity. They should be of the most intelligible materials, so as to be easily seized and retained. The air should be of short extent, and its component periods should present the greatest possible rhythmical regularity and symmetry; while the notes ought to be confined to a very limited range of scale, neither descend too low, nor go higher than the natural compass of a child’s voice. These desiderata, we are free to say,

are but partially satisfied in the present publication.

“*Return unto thy rest*,” a sacred Song; the Music composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

Although this song presents no striking feature of originality, it is entitled to our approbation in more than one respect. The melody is feeling, smooth, and well connected, the rhythmical construction possesses due regularity and symmetry, and the accompaniment is very satisfactory.

“*Regna il Terror*,” composed by Rossini, arranged and varied for the Piano-forte by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

A chorus from *Tancredi*, in a very plain guise; thin, almost a skeleton of the full-bodied score; easy enough, to be sure, to be played by any body, and even in its bare anatomy not without attraction.

Overture for the Piano-forte, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 21. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll and Co.)

A very proper lesson for pupils; easy, regular, and pleasing upon the whole. Beyond this mark, however, we can scarcely extend our recommendation. The ideas are by no means of a novel cast; all is plain sailing in melody as well as harmony; nothing in the shape of contrapuntal interlacement, no combinations beyond those of a common order. The best portion, in our opinion, is contained in the fourth page, where the minore portion, and the part in the relative major key, are calculated to excite more particular attention.

Rossini’s much-admired Overture to the Opera of “Native Land,” as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, arranged for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault.

Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Nothing else but the overture to Rossini's "*Matilde e Corradino*," played as an introduction to "*My Native Land*," at Covent-Garden, which, for its music altogether, is chiefly indebted to loans from Rossini's works, a kind of second edition of "*Tancredi*," &c. As long as our musical dramas are selected, clubbed, and patched together in this way, a discreet silence on the subject of British "musicals" will be most advisable. As well might drones boast of the honey to which they help themselves from the stores of the industrious bee.

Rossini's Overture and Introduzione to the Opera of "Zelmira," performed at the King's Theatre, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Rossini's celebrated Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," newly adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments (as above), ad lib. by the same. Pr. 4s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Beethoven's celebrated Grand Symphony, performed at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments (as above), ad lib. by the same. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.—(Hodsoll.)

We have examined these adaptations with much satisfaction, and not without astonishment at the unwearyed and indeed unexampled diligence and industry of Mr. Rimbault's pen, which, what with minor

productions and more important undertakings, furnishes us almost constant matter for our critical notices. The above three arrangements are of the latter description, and they certainly do not afford intrinsic evidence of the celerity with which Mr. R. accomplishes his manifold labours. He seems to be gifted with an intuitive tact to pick out a score and embody its essentials into a more limited compass. The overture to "*Zelmira*" is deserving of the peculiar attention of the amateur, as affording a further specimen of the more earnest and contrapuntal vein of Rossini in his dramatic introductions. That of the "*Barbiere*" is well known for its vivacity and elegance. Beethoven's Symphony is that in C major, known to and idolized by all the real lovers of the higher efforts of the art; a grand, a gigantic performance, which will outlive us and our sons.

First Rudiments to the Art of Playing on the Piano-forte, with the principal Rules for Fingering, clearly explained in a Series of Instructions and Examples; to which are added Progressive Lessons, &c. &c. a Prelude to each Key; composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 20. Pr. 6s.—(Hodsoll.)

We remember the time when Mr. Hook's "*Guida di Musica*" was a sort of *sine qua non* in musical instruction: whereas at present we could probably name twenty similar works of that description. Every publisher, almost, has one of his own, and the difference lies chiefly in the bulk and price, and the selection of lessons for practice. Mr. Rimbault's book is one of the least expensive, considering its volume, and contains

all that is essential in the tuition of a beginner. The didactic matter is explained with perspicuity and arranged with method. The instructions with regard to fingering, in particular, call for our approbation, brief as they are. The lessons are sufficiently numerous, interesting in point of melody, and modern as to date, down even to the works of Rossini. *A Selection of popular Waltzes for*

the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Book IV. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Most of the seven or eight waltzes in this collection are valuable in their way, and all are not only well calculated for the ball-room, but very suitable for musical practice; the tunes being pleasing and sprightly, and the accompaniments of the left hand quite easy, although sufficiently appropriate and satisfactory.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE fifty-sixth annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open at Somerset-House. The numerous Exhibitions which have of late been formed by various bodies of our artists, have, as might be expected, diminished in some degree that influx of pictures which heretofore found a depository and a mart in the Royal Academy; a diminution which we think will prove alike advantageous to the annual Exhibitions, which were often so crowded with works as to disarrange that order and classification which ought, to a certain degree at least, to prevail in Somerset-House; and to the artists themselves, many of whose pictures were overlooked, from the positions which they almost of necessity occupied.

The present Exhibition is, from the reason we have stated, less numerously filled than preceding Exhibitions (there being one thousand and thirty-seven works), and so far more select, and will we trust be found equally attractive. Many of our students, who "toil after fame, and take the paths of art," have gone to adorn the walls of other establishments,

and their places at Somerset-House are supplied with festoons of drapery, which surmount the pictures in the principal rooms.

The principal royal academicians and associates, if we except Mr. Turner and one or two others, have contributed to this Exhibition. Portraiture as usual abounds, but not so much to the exclusion of the other more generally interesting departments of art as we have sometimes seen. The whole arrangement is good. The portraits being by our principal academicians, we shall begin with a cursory view of the merits of those which cannot fail to attract the attention of the visitor upon entering the Exhibition. The President of the Royal Academy has several admirable portraits: among them are,

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester — *Mrs. Halford* — *Earl Fitzwilliam* — *Lord Stowell* — *Sir W. Cartis* — *A Group of two Children of C. B. Calmady, Esq.* &c. &c. — *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, P. R. A.

There is a spell in this artist's pen-

cil, and a charm in his colouring, which bear the illusion of art to the highest perfection of which it is susceptible. In these portraits (he has eight in the Exhibition), we have a perfect delineation of character formed upon nature's mould. The portrait of the illustrious lady at the head of the list is a production calculated to do honour to any school of art. The expression is mild and dignified, the attitude noble and unaffected, the drapery full of corresponding grandeur, and the colouring bright and harmonious; there is too a pleasing softness in the execution, which cannot be too highly praised. The whole-length of Earl Fitzwilliam is also finely executed, and a capital likeness of the venerable peer. The portraits of Lord Stowell and Sir Wm. Curtis are in the same style of splendid execution; there is a richness in the tone of colouring which deserves the warmest admiration. The portrait of Mrs. Halford deserves the same commendation; and the *Group of Children* is a composition so sweet and playful, that it arouses and cheers all our natural affections: the expression is exquisitely tender. The Duke of Devonshire's portrait is also finely executed.

Mr. Ward has several pictures in his best style: his animal paintings are unique; they have a fire and spirit only equalled by the anatomical skill displayed in their drawing. Mr. Ward's is not the cold imitation of nature; it is nature in action, under the influence of vigorous expression, developing the energies of peculiar faculties, with all the distinguishing flexibility of muscular life. Examine his pictures of horses in this Exhi-

bition, in his private gallery, and in his beautiful lithographic copies.—We cannot omit particular notice, in the present Exhibition, of the *Portrait of Colonel Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. exercising his Regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry on the Sands at Liverpool.*—James Ward, R.A.

As lovers and promoters of the fine arts, we were gratified to see so well executed and characteristic a portrait-group of the most steady and patriotic promoter of British art decorating the walls of our national academy. Mr. Ward has been eminently successful in the composition and execution of this fine work. Artists owe much to Sir John Leicester, and we have no doubt that the gallant and patriotic baronet will feel himself amply repaid by being the possessor of such works as this. Sir John is represented in the uniform of his corps (a very tasteful one), mounted on a grey charger; his aide-de-camp, in a lancer's uniform, with his standard, &c. is near him; and the back-ground is occupied with a view of the corps skirmishing. There is a good deal of depth and grandeur in the composition of this cabinet picture, and the individual expression of the principal figures is admirably portrayed. The likeness of Sir John is excellent, and the attitude appropriate. He is in the act of giving orders to his aide-de-camp, and directing the evolutions with energy and animation.—Some of Mr. Ward's race-horses are admirably painted in this Exhibition; and judging from the *Portrait of Copenhagen*, the horse rode by the Duke of Wellington for fifteen hours at the battle of Waterloo, a

pear to have broken the spirit or impaired the symmetry of that celebrated animal.

Sir G. Cockburn—Portrait of a Lady—Portrait of T. Lowndes, Esq.—Sir Wm. Beachey, R. A.

Sir William has been very happy in his portraits this year; the likenesses are correct, and the colouring is very beautiful. The portrait of the lady is finished with great care, and the expression remarkable for sweetness: that of Sir George Cockburn is full of spirited expression, and equally well painted.

Sir Benjamin Hobhouse—General Phipps—Portrait of the Rev. W. Rawes, A. M.—Portrait of Lady Caroline Macdonald.—J. Jackson, R. A.

Mr. Jackson has six portraits in this Exhibition, which are very well painted. Those of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse and General Phipps are full of characteristic expression, and the colouring is deep and harmonious; the drawing of the heads is particularly fine. The female portraits, particularly Lady Caroline Macdonald's, are full of vivacity and brilliant touches of colouring.

Portrait of a young Lady in the Florentine Costume of 1500—Portrait of Thomas Rowcroft, Esq. his Majesty's Consul General for Peru.—Henry Howard, R. A.

The eminent secretary to the Royal Academy exhibits this year six portraits and a landscape study; and if any thing could atone for the absence of those poetical pictures with which he usually delights the eye in Somerset-House, it would be the execution of the female portrait in the Florentine costume. This picture

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rivals the colouring of Titian: it has the same richness and mellowness of tone, the same breathing expression of nature; there is a softness and delicacy of execution; and although the attitude is in some degree constrained to suit the fashion and costume of the time, yet the sweetness of the features, the fine and graceful flowing of the dark curls which fall in ringlets from the head, and relieve and set off the blooming expression of the face, preserve the original character, and make this portrait a gem of art. Mr. Rowcroft's portrait is a good likeness.

Mr. Shee has eight portraits this year: the following is his best:

Portrait of Sir Anthony Carlisle, F. R. S. Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

This portrait is a capital likeness of the distinguished professor, and full of deep and contemplative expression; the colouring is well executed, and the accessorial parts of the picture finished with great care. Mr. Shee is equally successful in his other works.

Portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland—Lord Acheson, in the Dress worn by the Pages attendant upon his Majesty at the Coronation.—Thomas Phillips, R. A.

This artist has five portraits in the Exhibition, of which the two we have named are the principal. The portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland is remarkable for a sweetness of expression and a deep and rich tone of colouring: that of the page is a beautiful composition, conveying all the ingenuousness of youth with that ease of

attitude and unconstrained air which are its general attributes. The drapery is flowing and grand, and the colouring of corresponding beauty.

Portrait of the Lord Bishop of Durham.—W. Owen, R. A.

Another excellent portrait by an academician of deserved merit. The handling is firm, the expression venerable and appropriate, and the colouring judicious.

There are several other good portraits by Mr. Northcote, R. A. Mr. Pickersgill, A. Mr. Hayter, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Reinagle, R. A. Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Foster, and several other artists whose names we have not room to mention, but whose works will attest their merit at the Exhibition.

In landscape-painting, relieved and enlivened by the introduction of familiar grouping, Mr. Collins maintains his usual eminence.

Stirling Castle—The Cherry-Seller, a Scene at Turvey, Bedfordshire.—W. Collins, R. A.

These are both very beautiful landscapes, as well as the two other pictures by the same artist, the portraits and Devonshire view. In the Bedfordshire scene there is some rich and exquisite colouring, breathing all the fragrance of nature's hues; and in the *Stirling Castle*, like the *Walmer Castle* in the last Exhibition, there is a transparent flickering of shadows across the surface, which is in the highest degree beautiful: the atmospheric appearances beneath the castle are also well depicted.

Venus with Cupid, attended by the Graces.—T. Stothard, R. A.

The composition is very poetical, and parts of the colouring rich and glowing; but in some places, the figures in particular, there is a want of

that transparency with which Howard delights us—a waxen hue, which Mr. Stothard with more care possesses the ability to obviate.

Edward III. Queen Isabella, and the Earl of March.—H. P. Briggs.

The story of this picture is shortly this: "Edward having gained the governor, entered the castle of Nottingham through a subterraneous passage, and came to his mother's apartment, accompanied by Montacute and some other officers. There was at first some noise, and two knights of the queen's guard were killed. The Earl of March was apprehended, carried out and conducted to the Tower of London, notwithstanding the queen's cries and entreaties to her son to have pity on the 'gentil Mortimer.'"

The composition of this historical work bears a striking resemblance to that of Opie's *Murder of David Rizzio*, now in the Common Council Chamber of the city of London. The attitude of Queen Isabella, even the expression of the features, is that of the Scottish queen, and they differ only in complexion. The other figures are not dissimilar from those in Mr. Briggs' picture of Colonel Blood. There is a good deal of skill displayed in the execution of this work; it has a breadth, an energy and vigour, which denote a high capacity for historical painting: the colouring is in some parts hard, but the drapery is very well managed.

Abbeville, a Juggler exhibiting his Tricks.—G. Jones, R. A. elect.

The architectural parts of the picture are well drawn, and the bustle and diversified character of the grouping playful and good; but there is a mistiness in parts of the colouring which diminishes the effect of which the view is susceptible.

The Triumph of Rubens, a Sketch: the idea taken from Northcote's

Dream of the Painter.—F. P. Stepanoff.

An exquisite specimen of colouring, sparkling in every part, and full of glowing action.

Love taught by the Graces.—W. Hilton, R. A.

"By whose clear voice sweet music was found,
Before Amphion ever knew a sound."

DRAYTON.

Mr. Hilton sustains the high reputation of his classic pencil by this work: the group is delightful; there is a poetical inspiration in the composition which stamps the hand of a master. The colouring is not so rich as in some of his previous works: still it is free from hardness or monotony. The figures are finely buoyant, and the Graces as they should be, from the simple and elegant symmetry which they display to so much advantage.

Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess.—C. R. Leslie, A.

The passage in the third vol. of *Don Quixote* chosen for the display of his comic powers is the following, which it is necessary to read to comprehend the details he has as it were personified: "First and foremost, I must tell you I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble on a parcel of sayings so quaint and so tightly put together, that the devil himself could not mend them; but in the main, I cannot beat it out of my noddle that he is as mad as a March hare. Now, because I am pretty confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crochets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass on him for gospel. Such was the answer to his letter and another sham that I put upon him the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my Lady Duquesa's enchantment; for you must know, between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."

This is the best delineation of the exquisite characters composed by Cervantes which we have yet seen.

The *duenna* is a perfect model; the duchess a rich specimen of character; and the contrasted humour and gravity of the several attendants not exceeded by the individual composition of any of Hogarth's grouping. The executive part of the work is also good; the lights are introduced and managed with a great deal of judgment, and so as to set off to great advantage the chief figures.

Mr. Wilkie contributes this year two small pictures: they are,

Smugglers offering run Goods for Sale or Concealment—*Cottage Toilette, from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."*—D. Wilkie, R. A.

"While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty through the
reck;

A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his c'en,
And now and then his joke maun interveen."

Act v. Scene 2.

Were we to consider the skill only which this artist displays in the execution of his pictures, we should have an endless theme for admiration: his colouring, the singular management of his lights, the peculiar tints which he can fling at will upon any part of a picture, and not one of them without producing a beautiful effect, display a power of capacity which no painter either ancient or modern has ever exceeded. But when to this executive merit is added an equal command, as if by intuition, in the great art of personification of character, in "catching the living manners as they rise," and portraying with such admirable spirit and fidelity all the scenes of familiar life, we are indeed struck with the extraordinary powers of Mr. Wilkie. The picture of the *Smugglers* represents

the arrival of two of these freebooters at a cottage, to the surprise and dismay of a cottager, his wife, and child, who, either ignorant of or suspecting the character of their intruders, and not ignorant of the danger of communing with such visitors, appear astounded by their arrival, whilst their dog displays a determination to maintain the sanctuary of the dwelling. The expression in all the figures is excellently distinctive. The *Cottage Toilette*, from Allan Ramsay's poem, is also remarkable for the air of expression and tone of colouring in the picture. Peggy is full of vivacity. The demand upon Mr. Wilkie's pencil for the gratification of the public curiosity is so great, that the following reason is assigned by one of our cotemporaries for the paucity of this artist's contributions to the present Exhibition. We give the reason, chiefly because it shews the munificent patronage which his Majesty is daily bestowing upon British art. The writer says, "Mr. Wilkie may be well excused for contributing no more to the general fund of art this season, when it is recollected that he has been so ardently engaged on two elaborate works, which are in a forward state of progress — one, *His Majesty George IV. receiving the Keys of Leith in August 1822, on his Entrance into Scotland*—a picture of great interest, from the number of distinguished portraits which it contains, as well as its being a magnificent graphic record of an event that will be long proudly remembered in Scotland. The space for the sovereign is yet unoccupied. We understand his Majesty, with his usual consideration, desirous that Mr. Wilkie shall have sufficient op-

portunities to make the resemblance of his person at his ease, intends sitting to him as often as his studies may require.

"The other picture, in an advanced state, is *John Knox preaching his memorable Sermon in the Cathedral of St. Andrew*. These works cannot fail to augment the reputation of this original artist, or of adding new honours to the British school of art."

Next to Mr. Wilkie in the delineation of individual character is Mr. Mulready, whose picture, now engraving by permission of his Majesty, we lately noticed in our review of the drawings in Soho-square, as another instance of the munificence of royal patronage.

The Widow.—W. Mulready, R. A. "So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love."

This picture is full of character: as the name denotes, a widow is the subject of the story, and why ladies in that grief-worn state should be exposed to the mirth of artists or of talkers, we know not, and yet so it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true." Here we have the drama of a courtship composed in its usual style: the coyness of the lady, the half-shadowed evanescence of her grief, the slyness of the lover, who evidently wants the lady only as the accessory to the possession of the shop, the encouraged playfulness of the younger boys, and the contrasted emotion of the elder child and servant; all these present a combination of attractive points, which cannot be surveyed without respect for the skill of the artist who has combined them on his canvas.

King William III. Lord Coningsby, and the first Earl of Portland.—A. Cooper, R. A.

Mr. Cooper has several pictures in this Exhibition, which depict his skill in animal-painting. The picture before us represents King William at the moment when he was grazed by a cannon-ball in the campaign against King James in Ireland. The figures are animated, and the horses, as we have already remarked, admirably drawn and coloured. The *Battle of Shrewsbury* is also a very fine picture.

The Oriental Love-Letter.—H. W. Pickersgill, A.

"By all those token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well,
By love's alternate joy and woe.

Lord BYRON.

This is a beautiful composition, full of sentiment, and clear and lively in the execution.

Distant View of the Mahratta Country, from the Boa Ghaut, between Bombay and Poonah. The Figures represented are a Detachment of the native Army, commanded by an English Officer, who, the day the Study was made, passed the Ghaut with part of the Artillery taken by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the Battle of Assaye. Decan: Morning.—W. Westall, A.

Mr. Westall has several interesting sketches of Oriental scenery; the above is peculiarly romantic and well painted.

Othello relating the Story of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona.—H. Fradelle.

—These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
Yet still the house affairs would draw her
thence;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*, Act i. Scene 3.

There is a good deal of spirit and character in this composition; it de-

scribe the incident with correctness: the figures are well drawn, but the colouring is not throughout so good as we have seen in this artist's former pictures.

Rochester, from the River below the Bridge.—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

This is a very fine picture: there is an ærial richness in the colouring, a tone of warmth, a transparency, in the highest degree beautiful. The view of the town and castle is admirable, and the river scene is finished in a style which we have never seen surpassed. The small craft which navigate the surface, and the deep shadows which they reflect, are depicted with a force and correctness productive of the finest effect.

Amorett delivered by Britomart from the Spell of Busyrane. SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. canto 11.—H. Fuseli, R. A.

The venerable keeper still keeps the field of art to the gratification of his friends, and retains much of his early energy, which he still displays with the vigour of his peculiar fancy.

Pandora.—W. Etty.

Pandora, the heathen Eve, having been formed by Vulcan as a statue, and animated by the Gods, is crowned by the Seasons with a garland of flowers.

"To deck her brows, the fair-tressed Seasons bring
A garland breathing all the sweets of spring."

ELTON'S *Hesiod*.

This is a good poetical composition: the figures full of buoyancy; one or two a little ungraceful in action: the colouring in many parts good, but not so transparent in this picture as in former pictures which we have seen exhibited by this artist.

Landscape, with the Judgment of Midas.—G. Arnald, A.

"When Tmolus, ravish'd with th' harmonious air,

Bids Pan no longer his poor skill compare,
But to the lute submit his jarring reed."

OVID *Metam.* b. ii.

There is a fine poetical feeling in this landscape, and the colouring is clear and chaste.

Lord Patrick Lindsay of the Byres, and Lord William Ruthven, compelling Mary Queen of Scots to sign her Abdication in the Castle of Lochleven.—History of Scotland.—W. Allan.

"Beware, madam," said Lindsay; and snatching hold of the queen's arm with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it in the rudeness of his passion, more closely, perhaps, than he himself was aware of; "beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and have the mastery of your fate." He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried "Shame!"—*The Abbot.*

Mr. Allan has already acquired considerable credit as an historical painter: his figures in general possess expression, and his grouping is remarkable for force and variety; but both the expression and the attitudes are often too coarse and abrupt to convey that portion of grandeur of effect which historical composition requires. This may be the fault of a national model, or of the artist's impression of what must have been the features of the angry spirits who agitated the turbulent times, the manners of which he professes to illustrate; but unquestionably it gives a superficial coarseness to his works, which in some degree diminishes the effect that his general composition and execution are in other respects calculated to produce.

Portrait of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.—W. Patten, jun.

This portrait is a good likeness, and painted in a clever manner.

View of the High-street and Lawn Market, Edinburgh.—A Nasmyth.

A topographic picture of considerable merit; the old architecture of the city well delineated, but the colouring in some parts dingy.

We regret that we have not a larger space to devote this month to the pictures in this Exhibition, the notice of a very considerable number of which we are compelled necessarily to omit. There are many on which we should dwell with the greatest satisfaction, for the proficiency which they denote, and the ripening talents which they develop in the school of British art.

This year's Exhibition is in all its departments remarkable for the display of female talents in the cultivation of the fine arts, and we regret we cannot bestow upon such meritorious exertions, the detailed praise which they individually deserve.—Amongst these productions is the *Portrait of a Lady of Title*, by Mrs. Buttler, a German lady, nearly allied to the family of Schlegel, so distinguished in the annals of German literature. This portrait is full of expression; the air is graceful, and the colouring soft, agreeable, and harmonious.

It is gratifying to find that our students in every branch of art appear, year after year, to send forth examples from their body, well calculated to sustain in future years the character of the Royal Academy. There are many pictures it is true which do not reach mediocrity: this is an unavoidable defect, from which no public Exhibition upon a large scale can be exempt. It is better that a few of such misapplied efforts should find their way through this channel to the public eye, than that a too rigid scrutiny should be adopted, or even be supposed to be adopted,

in the selection for admission, which might have the effect even in a single instance of deterring one modest and meritorious individual from trying his powers in a profession which he might be calculated to adorn.

The miniatures are this year beautiful, and where merit is so general, it would be almost invidious to select. The ladies, as heretofore, maintain their taste and delicacy of execution in this department of the Exhibition.

Of the enamels of the British school, it is impossible to speak in terms higher than their worth. Mr. Bone, R. A. is as usual pre-eminent: he presents the Exhibition this year with enamel copies from Sir Wm. Beachey's *Portrait of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria*; from Gainsborough's *Lady de Dunstanville*; from Sir Antonio More's exquisite miniature of *Mary Queen of Scots*, and from Hoppner's *Countess of Dysart*. They are all most beautifully finished, and will convey to future times the high merit of the artist, and the beauty and celebrity of the subjects he does so much to perpetuate. The younger Messrs. Bone have some clever productions in this Exhibition.

The architectural designs in the library are as usual excellent: we have not room to glance at them in the detail which they deserve. The principal are by Mr. Soane, R. A.; Mr. Wyatt, R. A.; Mr. Gandy, A.; Mr. C. R. Cockerell, Mr. Wilkins, and other artists, who are known to devote themselves with great zeal and success to this branch of art.

The Sculptural Department is full of high merit; and the Model Academy contains works which do honour to our artists.

Psyche—The Pastoral Apollo.—
J. Flaxman, R. A.

are two beautiful marble statues; the Apollo has a noble attitude and a fine expression.

Statue of the late Countess of Liverpool — Statue of the late Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, to be placed in the Cathedral: a Monument erected by subscription among the Members of the College, over which he presided for twenty-six years.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

Mr. Chantrey has displayed his best taste and skill in the sculpture of these works. The softness and delicacy of the first statue, the reclined attitude, the mournful sentiment which it conveys in domestic life, are expressed in a manner too strong to be mistaken. Dr. Jackson's monument is a dignified composition; the venerable expression of the features, the ease of the attitude, the broad and flowing drape-ry with which the figure is invested, convey a high idea of the artist's powers. Of Mr. Chantrey's busts in this Exhibition it is impossible to be too commendatory. *The Bust of the Duke of Wellington*, like Sir Thomas Lawrence's small portrait in a former Exhibition, conveys, and we know not where else to look for it in the numerous busts and portraits of the warrior, that peculiar expression about the brow and mouth which the Duke of Wellington develops when his attention is aroused to any subject. This action of features so well known to those who have had the opportunity of seeing the duke on such occasions, we do not remember to have seen so happily caught by any other artist, and out-

ly in the two instances to which we have alluded.

Mr. C. Rossi, R. A. has a good bas-relief for the front of a pedestal to the monument ordered to be erected by government in St. Paul's to the memory of Lord Heathfield.

Mr. Westmacott, R. A. has a good statue of a *Nymph*. Mr. Belmes has two admirable *Busts of Lord Stowell and Mr. Lambton*; and a lovely statue of the *infant Son of*

Thomas Hope, Esq. Mr. Baily, R. A. has an excellent *Bust of Mr. Fuseli*. Mr. Garrard, R. A. Mr. Scouler, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Heffernan, Mr. F. W. Smith, Mr. Kendrick, and other artists of merit, have also capital busts in this department of the Exhibition.

On the whole, we are happy to congratulate the Royal Academy upon an Exhibition so creditable to the fine arts of our country.

THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION.

THIS choice and exquisitely selected collection of valuable pictures has become by purchase the property of the public; and this may be said to be the first step towards the formation of a National Gallery, or indeed to the extension upon a suitable scale of public patronage to the fine arts. The Royal Academy, though founded by our late revered monarch, and endowed with corporate honours, was nevertheless entirely dependent upon the artists themselves for support: from the public, in a national sense, the Royal Academy received only the use of a suite of apartments in Somerset-House. To his present Majesty the artists are indebted for the munificent purchase of the Angerstein collection, which is, we repeat, an auspicious commencement of "a National Gallery;" and there could not be a finer beginning for such a patriotic object, than the purchase of this admirable collection of pictures.

As soon as it was ascertained that the executors of the late Mr. Angerstein were ready to treat with a purchaser for the collection, his Majesty's government entered into a negotiation with them for that purpose;

and on the 23d of last March, the Earl of Liverpool notified to the Treasury, that he had concluded an agreement for the purchase of the whole gallery for the sum of 57,000*l.* and his lordship delivered to the Board the following catalogue of the pictures, which had by this contract become the property of the public.

LIST of the Pictures of the late J. J. ANGERSTEIN, Esq. in Pall-Mall.

1. The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.—*Claude*.
2. The Marriage of Rebecca.—*Claude*.
3. Ganymede.—*Titian*.
4. The Rape of the Sabines.—*Rubens*.
5. The Emperor Theodosius expelled the Church by St. Ambrose.—*Vandyke*.
6. St. John in the Wilderness.—*Carracci*.
7. Susannah and the Elders.—*Carracci*.
8. A Bacchanalian Triumph.—*N. Poussin*.
9. Erminia with the Shepherds.—*Dominichino*.
10. Philip the Fourth of Spain and his Queen.—*Velasquez*.
11. Venus and Adonis.—*Titian*.
12. Landscape.—*Morning*.—*Claude*.
13. An Italian Seaport.—*Evening*.—*Claude*.

14. The Raising of Lazarus.—*Seb. del Piombo.*
15. A Concert.—*Titian.*
16. Pope Julius the Second.—*Raphael.*
17. Christ on the Mount.—*Correggio.*
18. Portrait of Govartius.—*Vandyke.*
19. The Nativity.—*Rembrandt.*
20. The Woman taken in Adultery.—*Rembrandt.*
21. The Embarkation of St. Ursula.—*Claude.*
22. Abraham and Isaac.—*G. Poussin.*
23. A Land Storm.—*G. Poussin.*
24. A Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.—*Cuyp.*
25. Apollo and Silenus.—*A. Carracci.*
26. Holy Family in a Landscape.—*Rubens.*
27. The Portrait of Rubens.—*Vandyke.*
28. Studies of Heads.—*Correggio.*
29. Studies of Heads.—*Correggio.*
- 30.
- 31.
32. } The Marriage à-la-Mode.—*Hogarth.*
33. }
34. }
35. }
36. Portrait of Lord Heathfield.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*
37. The Village Holiday.—*Wilkie.*
38. Portrait of the Painter.—*Hogarth.*

The ulterior arrangements respecting the permanent disposal of this collection are not yet concluded, but attendants are appointed for its security, and all the proper steps are in progress for making this purchase gratifying to the public and useful to artists. A repository for the great examples of art has long been desired by those who feel how indispensable the improvement of the public taste is with the station of this country and the growth of her commercial prosperity. Such a repository was wanted, notwithstanding the laudable but occasional efforts of public institutions to supply the materials upon which genius is to work,

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and without which the strongest intellect might be fruitlessly or deviously employed. By studying these authentic models, it has been truly said, that that idea of excellence which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages may be at once acquired, and the tardy and obstructed progress of our predecessors may teach us a shorter and easier way.

The Angerstein collection was reckoned for its extent the most valuable private collection in the kingdom. Several of the pictures are in the finest style of execution of the respective masters who were at the head of their several departments of art. The Rembrandts are very valuable; the Claudes, Titians, and Corregios, in the best preservation; the Poussins and Carracci classical and rich. Raphael's portrait of *Pope Julius II.* is a noble and dignified figure. Rubens's *Rape of the Sabines* is a finely coloured and well-composed work. Sir Joshua Reynolds mentions it in his tour to Flanders. It was then the property of Madame Boschaerts, at Antwerp, and to be sold for 22,000 guilders (2200*l.*)

But the chief point of attraction in this collection, and that which is now so deservedly cherished by the British school, is furnished by Hogarth's celebrated series of six pictures, called *Marriage à-la-Mode*, from which engravings have been so often made. These admirable pictures have been often the theme of criticism. Walpole, in viewing them soon after they were painted, truly said, that, if catching the manners and follies of an age living as they rise, if general satire on vices,

familiarized by strokes of nature and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, he comedy, Hogarth composed comedy as much as Moliere: in his *Marriage à-la-Mode* there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. These pictures furnish rich examples of comic character, and possess the most valuable qualities of art: they have been well described to be as moral in design, as they are masterly in execution; striking vice irresistibly in her strong-holds of dissipation, and compressing the experience of a life to a compendium of instructive example. A curious anecdote is related by Mr. Shee of these celebrated pictures. The *Marriage à-la-Mode*, it seems, found at the time no pur-

chaser among Hogarth's admirers, and the artist was reduced to the mortifying necessity of attempting to procure by a *raffle* that reward for his labours, which the generosity, if not the justice of taste, ought to have conferred upon him. But even this expedient failed of success; the prize was not sufficiently attractive to excite the spirit of adventure, and for a sum too contemptible to be named a Mr. Lane, whose taste in this instance was amply rewarded by his good fortune, became the proprietor of a work which merits to be considered an ornament to the noblest collection.

The purchase of this collection for the public is, we repeat, another instance of his Majesty's taste and munificence for the fine arts.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE twentieth Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is now open in the Gallery, Pall-Mall East. Our artists can still boast, as indeed they ought, national pre-eminence in this department of the fine arts, which is British in its origin. The society, proud of the distinction which it has so justly acquired, has, since the salutary separation of oil-paintings from its Exhibition-room, devoted more than usual zeal and assiduity to the perfection of the particular branch of art, to the interests of which it exclusively professes to appropriate its periodical Exhibitions; and the consequence has been an increase of public attraction, and a more general diffusion of water-colour paintings. We now see scarcely an Exhibition without them, and it would be singular if, in a collection formed as

this is, for the express purpose of directing the attention of the public to a national branch of art, we did not behold the best specimens of our ablest artists, and the most general display of their combined proficiency.

The Exhibition of the present year realizes all our most sanguine anticipations, and although at this season an unusual number of Exhibitions devoted to the fine arts arrest and strongly invite public attention, yet we are satisfied, that the Society for the Encouragement of Water-Colour Paintings will retain, as it deserves, its share of general approbation and adequate patronage.

The present collection is the most miscellaneous which we remember, and contains the greatest number of good pictures by members of the society. The variety is pleasing, and is calculated to awaken and occupy

the attention of the most casual and languid loungeur who saunters into the Exhibition-room. The landscapes are really beautiful, and the familiar and still-life subjects are remarkably well finished. The list contains three hundred and six works.

We have this year a full share of the works of Messrs. Fielding, Varley, Robson, Cox, Turner, Mackenzie, Pugin, Stephanoff, Cristall, Barrett, Prout, Wild, &c. &c.; and the drawings are so arranged as to do ample justice to the effect intended by the artists. We shall notice the names in the order in which we find them in the catalogue.

Scene on the Clyde, near the Falls, Lanarkshire.—G. F. Robson.

Mr. Robson is this year an abundant contributor: amongst his best are, *Lincoln*, which is a drawing of great merit; the *Durham*, which is a charming landscape; and the *Scottish Scenery*, which conveys so fine a delineation of the romantic views of the north. In these works there is a fine harmony of composition, and all the effect of nature which can be conveyed through the medium of art.

Mountain Scenery, with Cattle.—R. Hills.

This artist is also a most useful and industrious member of this society: his *Landscape Scenery with Deer* is uncommonly fine; the *Park Scenery with Fallow Deer*, the *Fallow Deer* (No. 106), and similar drawings, are the best finished we have ever seen of these subjects: they have the utmost perfection of resemblance, with complete freedom of execution. *A Farm-Yard*, by the same artist, is also a very clever drawing, and the colouring agreeable and transparent.

Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire.—J. Varley.

Mr. Varley has contributed a variety of works to this Exhibition, British scenery, Grecian, Turkish, Egyptian, and poetical, which comprises and combines them all. The *View of Cromer, Norfolk*, and *Holy Island*, and *Bamborough Castle, Northumberland*, are very pleasing and picturesque drawings in his best style.

Beddgelert, Caernarvonshire.—Copley Fielding.

We have, as usual, from this industrious artist his ample share of drawings to sustain the reputation of the society. The romantic and picturesque character of his mountain scenery, the depth and grandeur of his back-grounds, have been often and justly praised, and are here finely illustrated in his *View of Ben Lomond, from Glen Falloch*. The *View of Romney Marsh* is very pleasing; and the *Morning Scene from L'Allegro* is beautifully descriptive of Milton's landscape imagery: we have here

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

This drawing is highly creditable to Mr. Fielding's poetical conception. *The Porter and three Sisters of Bagdad.*—J. Stephanoff.

A very pleasing composition from the following passage in the "Arabian Nights," which was well adapted for pictorial delineation:

"After they had eat a little, Amine filled out wine, and drank first herself; then she filled the cup to her sisters, who drank in course as they sat; and at last she filled it the fourth time to the Porter, who, as he received it, kissed Amine's hand; and before he drank, sung a song to this purpose:—
'That, as the wind brings along with it the

sweet scents of the perfumed places through which it passes, so the wine had was going to drink, coming from her fair hands, received a more exquisite taste than what it had of its own nature.' ”

There is a good deal of beauty of expression in the countenance of Amine, and the Porter is very well drawn. The colouring throughout is rich, and in Mr. Stephanoff's usual style. His *Lord Chamberlain deputed by Henry VIII. to inform Anne Boleyn of her Elevation to the Rank of Marchioness of Pembroke*, is perhaps a better composition as a portraiture of character; and *the Interior of the House of Lords during the late Queen's Trial*, is drawn with much skill, so as to comprise a pretty accurate view of that ceremony. The artist has obviously been assisted, if not directed, by Mr. Hayter's picture.

View of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen at Rouen.—C. Wild.

Mr. Wild we believe exhibited last year several architectural views from our English cathedrals. He furnishes this year some equally beautiful from the most celebrated Continental churches. The architecture is drawn with the greatest accuracy, and the views are selected with such attention to picturesque effect, that they cannot fail to be generally admired. The florid Gothic in some of these drawings is very finely executed.

Early Morning on the Thames, near Battersea.—D. Cox.

Mr. Cox has some good river views in this Exhibition, and some equally pleasing landscapes. *Shepherds collecting their Flocks—Evening—from Scenery in Herefordshire*, is a most elaborately composed drawing; the verdure and foliage are uncommonly rich.

Storm in Harvest.—G. Barrett.

This artist contributes his full share to the stock of the society; there is a powerful effect produced in this tempest scene:

“ The circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.”

There is much of grandeur in the gloom which overshadows parts of this drawing, and the sweeping effect of the storm is finely conceived. The drawing of *Evening* is richly poetical; the glow of the setting sun, the trees, the transparency of the water in the fore-ground, are in the true resemblance of nature. There is a deep conception in the composition of Mr. Barrett's works, the result of well-directed study and a careful execution, which reflect upon him the highest credit.

Munich, Bavaria.—S. Prout.

Mr. Prout is rich in this Exhibition, and sustains in an eminent degree the just reputation which he had previously acquired. His Continental views are the finest drawings we have ever seen: that of *Munich* is one of the best topographic drawings ever executed: it is full of pictorial character; the lines of perspective are so skilfully drawn, the monotony of the stone-colour so tastefully relieved by the colour of signs, the outhanging drapery, the aerial tints, the shadows of projecting houses, and those cast by objects of high architectural ornament; and superadded to these beauties, the bustling incidents of the market-place, which fill up the fore-ground, chequered with the appearances of life and animation which every where denote a large and populous city, make this, we repeat, a finished work. *The Dismasted Indiaman* is also

very well drawn; there is a depth of tone in the colouring which deserves the highest praise. Some of the smaller topographic drawings are very beautiful.

Bess and her Spinning-Wheel.—
J. Cristall.

This is a very interesting drawing; the subject taken from some simple pastoral lines by Burns. The rippling of the water down the broken and precipitous landscape has a very pretty effect.

Barnard Castle, Durham.—H.
Gastineau.

"The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream."

ROKEBY, *Canto i.*

Mr. Gastineau is this year very successful; there is a soft and agreeable tone in his drawings, which possesses all the truth of nature: the tints of moonlight in this drawing are very beautiful.

*The Inside of Westminster Abbey,
with a Royal Funeral Procession.*
—F. Nash.

The architectural parts of this drawing are well executed, and the solemn glow of colouring equal to any thing we have seen in subjects of this kind, which are so susceptible of grandeur of effect.

Middle Fell, Aysgarth, Yorkshire.
J. D. Harding.

This is a most interesting and pleasing landscape; the light and aerial tints are very cleverly given.

Grapes.—Miss Byrne.

This lady evinces uncommon taste in her colouring; her grapes have all the bloom of nature.

Fruit.—Miss Scott.

Another very creditable drawing from nature.

Among the other drawings which display considerable proficiency are, several by Mr. J. D. Harding, Mr. S. Jackson, Mr. Nesfield, Mr. J. Wichelo, Mr. W. Hunt, Mr. T. M. Wright, Mr. R. H. Essex, and Mr. W. Walker.

We cannot take this cursory glance at the Exhibition, without repeating the warm satisfaction which we derive from contemplating the rapid growth of water-colour painting in this country: having watched it from its infancy, and felt an early interest in its success, we cannot behold, as we now do, the full expansion of its powers, the rank in art which it has so properly assumed, and the extent, variety, and depth which it has developed in all the essential attributes of general art, without unmingled gratification.

PERISTREPHIC PANORAMA.

A CURIOUS Exhibition, called Marshall's *Grand Historic Peristrepheic Panorama*, is now open in Spring-Gardens: it represents in twelve views *the Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo*. This panoramic view is painted, they say, on 10,000 square feet of canvas; the fi-

gures chiefly of full size. There are eleven different views, which are exhibited to the spectator in succession, describing the various movements of the armies in the short and brilliant campaign of the Netherlands in the summer of 1815. The mechanism by which the views are

moved in succession is ample, and the different paintings sufficiently descriptive of the rapid and tremendous events which they record. We may say with the poet:

"And the whole war comes out and meets
the eye,
And each bold figure seems to live or die.
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can,
Foot set to foot, and mingle man to man."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of lilac *gros de Naples*, made quite plain, fastened down the front, and edged with a narrow cording of satin of the same colour: high standing collar, rounded at the corners, and projecting outwards. The sleeve large at the shoulder, and tapering gradually to the wrist, where it is finished with a sexangular cuff and buttons, and a worked muslin ruffle. The trimming is of the same material as the pelisse, and is formed into sextants by flat bands, with satin corded edges arranged perpendicularly; it approximates at the waist, widens as it reaches the shoulder, and also as it descends, till it unites with the trimming that goes round the bottom of the pelisse, which is finished with a double rouleau of satin. Rose-colour bonnet of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with the same, and edged with folded *crêpe lisse*: bouquets of flowers are placed round the crown between the silk trimmings; the bonnet bent in front à *la Marie Stuart*, and tied under the chin with rose-colour *crêpe lisse*. Cottage cap of British Mechlin lace, with bows of rose-colour *crêpe lisse* on each side. Primrose-colour gloves; lilac kid shoes; green parasol, lined with lilac.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of jonquil-colour silk *barège*, fancifully ornamented with satin bows of the same colour: the *corsage* made rather high: the stomacher of jonquil-colour satin, corded all round, and laced in front; it extends across the top of the bust, and ends nearly in a point at the waist, having bows arranged all round at equal distances: on the shoulder is a double row of satin puffing corded at the edges; satin *ceinture*, with triangular leaves formed into a rosette behind. The sleeve is very short, and decorated with satin bows, besides a net-work of satin with ornamented knots at each corner; it spreads over the top of the sleeve, and tapers almost to a point, where it unites with the double satin band that goes round the arm. The skirt has two rows of silk *barège* about half a quarter deep set on very full, and alternately ornamented with satin bows and a broad satin rouleau beneath. Turban of white *crêpe lisse*, surmounting a broad band of gold net, richly ornamented with stars at each point, and two gold tassels pendant on the left side. Brilliant necklace of sapphire and diamonds; bracelets and ear-rings to correspond. White kid gloves; white satin shoes. French silk scarf of cerulean blue, with embroidered lace ends.





GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has not altered very materially since our last notice. Spencers are rather more in request with youthful fashionables; but silk pelisses of light colours still continue in favour, particularly for the morning walk. Silk high dresses also, though not so generally adopted as muslin, are still fashionable for the promenade: the black lace pelerine scarfs so generally worn in Paris, begin to be much in favour with these dresses. *Barège* shawls and scarfs are more in favour with white gowns.

Leghorn bonnets are still much worn in plain walking dress; but *capotes*, both in cambric muslin and *gros de Naples*, are more exclusively adopted in the retired morning walk. Their crowns are about the same height as those of other bonnets, but the brims are deeper; their only trimming is a band of the same material, pinked at each edge, and quilted at the edge of the brim in *dents de loup*. They are generally worn with a three-quarter veil.

Promenade dress and carriage dress, which are in effect the same thing, afford great variety. The envelopes are black and white lace mantles, white lace pelerine scarfs, and scarfs of silk tissue of different descriptions, but all of a very light fabric. We have noticed also *barège* shawls with a bouquet of flowers of either gold or silver at each of the four corners.

Transparent bonnets are beginning to come into favour. They are composed of *crêpe lisse*, gauze, blond net, and different sorts of metallic gauze, and are always ornamented with flowers. These bonnets are in

general of a very becoming shape and moderate size, short at the ears, and not much bent over the forehead. Flowers composed of the down of marabouts continue in favour.

We have seen a new and very becoming hat or bonnet; for we hardly know which to call it, its shape being rather equivocal. The crown is low, of an oval form, and the brim deep in front, but shallower at the sides, and extremely shallow behind, stands out a little from the face: it is composed of either white or rose-coloured satin. The brim is lined with crape of the same colour, and a very light fancy trimming also of crape finishes the edge of the brim. The crown is adorned with wreaths of marabouts, which go half way round it in front: if the bonnet is white, the feathers are rose-colour, and *vice versa*; but the strings, which are placed under the brim, are always the colour of the bonnet.

Morning dresses in the robe style begin to supersede in some degree the *blouse*, though it is still in favour. We shall endeavour to describe one of the most tasteful of these dresses: it is composed of jaconot muslin; the petticoat is trimmed with a deep flounce richly embroidered, surmounted by a fulness of clear muslin, formed into lozenges by easings of azure-blue ribbon; the lozenges are attached by blue rosettes. The *corsage* made to the throat, but without a collar, has a second front, which slopes down at each side of the bosom, and just meets at the bottom of the waist. The robe opens in front, and, a little longer than the petticoat, is richly embroidered all round, to correspond with the flounce. The back is full, the sleeves very wide, and the epaulettes correspond with

the trimming of the petticoat. The long sleeve is finished by a fall of embroidery. *Collarettes en bouillonnée* are mostly worn with these dresses: they are an appropriate but unbecoming appendage to morning costume, as they totally spoil the appearance of the throat.

The *cornette* is going fast out of favour in morning dress; even the *demi-cornette* is not so much worn as a small round cap: the caul is low, but not unbecomingly so; it is generally ornamented with *crêves* intermingled with flowers or knots of gauze ribbon: the head-piece is narrow, with a full lace border and broad gauze ribbon strings. We have seen

some of these caps, the caul of which was a good deal in form of a shell, and a small bunch of violets was placed under the head-piece over the right temple.

A very favourite trimming in evening dress consists of a full roll of gauze entwined with a plaited silk band of three different colours, or sometimes of three shades of the same colour. Another trimming also much in favour consists of a *bouillonnée* divided into compartments by bouquets of field-flowers.

Fashionable colours are, pale blue, straw colour, lilac, rose colour, green, amber, and cinnamon.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 17.

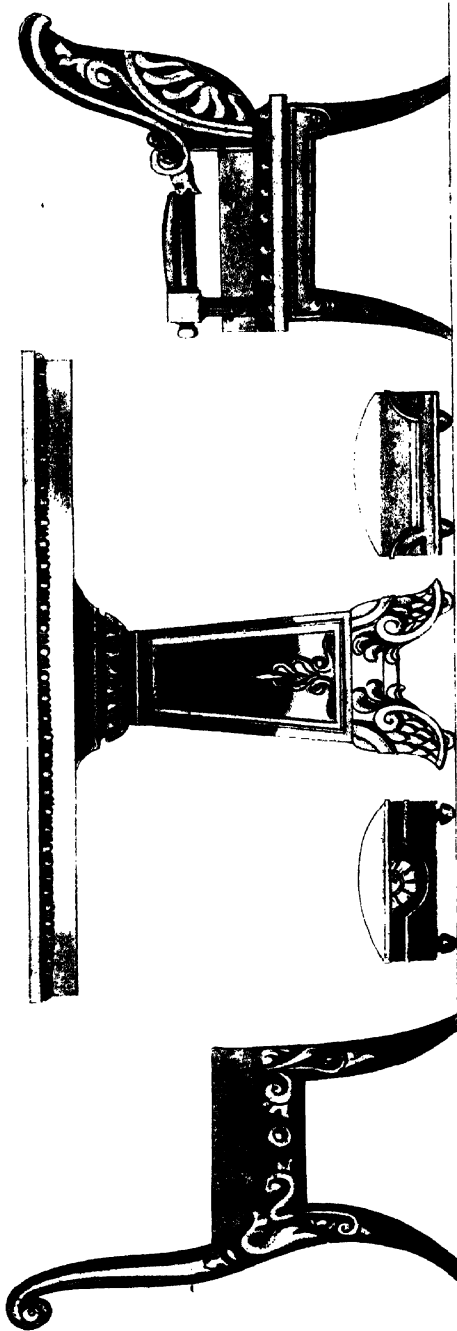
My dear SOPHIA,

NOTWITHSTANDING the warmth of the weather, white is not so much seen in our promenades as is usual at this time of the year, silk dresses being upon the whole rather more worn. *Gros de Naples*, *gros d'été*, *reps* silk, and levantine, are all in favour. Silk dresses are generally made tight to the shape, and the long sleeve is also tight: a good many have large round pelerines. Some are trimmed round the bottom with wreaths of trefoil in satin, to correspond with the dress; there are two and sometimes three placed at some distance from each other. The pelerine and the bottom of the sleeve is adorned with a single wreath. Another favourite style of trimming is clusters of tucks, placed four, three, and two together; the greatest number at bottom. Cockle-shells placed between rouleaus are also in favour; there are always two rows of this

kind of trimming. A good many gowns are still made in the pelisse style, and these are made to fasten in front with hooks and eyes: they are trimmed round the bottom with a plaited silk band; the same kind of trimming goes up the front, and is adorned with knots of broad ribbon placed upon it at regular distances.

The bodies of those gowns that have pelerines are generally made plain; those that have not are ornamented in the fan style; or if the gown is trimmed with tucks, the bust is finished with a stomacher to correspond. The envelopes are always of the lightest texture, *barège* shawls or lace pelerines.

Rice-straw, cotton-straw, gauze, crape, and *gros de Naples*, are all in favour for hats; so is Leghorn, provided that it is of the most extravagant price. A good many hats are composed of a mixture of gauze and satin ribbons. The crown is formed very much in the toque style;



the brim is composed of alternate folds of gauze and satin ribbon. These bonnets are worn without any ornament; in fact they do not want it, from the fanciful manner in which the materials are arranged upon the crown.

The crowns of hats are still low, except those made in the toque style; the brims are of a moderate and becoming size. Feathers are little worn, though we sometimes see them on rice-straw or Leghorn; but flowers intermingled with knots of satin or of gauze ribbon are in much request. Lilac and white lilacs, Indian daisies, *giraflee de Mahon*, acacia of Romainville, roses, and jessamine, are all in favour, as also a number of fancy flowers. The most fashionable of these last are *fleurs à l'Ourica*, which has a red cup with blue leaves: it is composed of jays' plumes.

Peach and apricot blossoms are also in favour, particularly for straw or Leghorn hats. I have noticed on some hats branches of the peach-tree with blossoms, foliage, and small green fruit; branches of the gooseberry of the Alps are also worn, but not generally.

White dresses with *gros de Naples* spencers of light colours are much in favour in half dress. Some are still made *en blouse*, others tight to the shape; the last are ornamented with brandenbourgs.

Clear myelin blouses are now very fashionable in full dress; they are variously trimmed. The *blouse à l'Ourica* is embroidered in silk of a reddish yellow, in imitation of branches of rough coral. Others have branches of the acacia of Farnese without flowers, in two different shades of green, with a brown stalk. The gooseberry of the Alps with its red fruit and green foliage, and branches of the vine with grapes of two colours, are also fashionable. A mixture of tucks and embroidery is likewise in request, as is also an embroidery of rose-leaves with foliage of two shades of green. But the newest style of trimming consists of double S S, with peas between. There is a great deal of variety in this style of trimming, from the variety of forms in which the S S are placed.

Among the new ornaments in jewellery is one fashionable only for very young people: it is a heart in gold, filigree work, round which a serpent is twined; it incloses a lock of hair, and is suspended to a light and elegant gold chain.

The colours most in favour are, jonquil, Ipsiboe-green, Ourica (a reddish brown), violet, slate colour, different shades of blue, rose, and fawn colour. Adieu! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM TABLE, CHAIRS, AND FOOTSTOOLS.

THESE articles of furniture are proposed to be executed in rose-wood, and partially gilt; or the ornamental work carved in satin-wood; both of which have a very rich and decorative effect. The coverings of

Kol. III. No. XVIII.

the seats are of stamped velvet or of silk, and the backs may properly be stuffed and covered also. The furniture executed by the late Mr. G. Bullock was of this character and style, and it is continued with much

3 C

taste by the chief upholsterers of the day.

The tables generally used are

round, and of oblong forms, a little carved at the ends.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. ACKERMANN will publish in a few days, in a pocket volume, with an elegant frontispiece, *Letters between Amelia in London and her Mother in the Country*, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq. the popular author of the "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax."

W. Buchanan, Esq. has in forwardness at press, *Memoirs of Painting*, in two vols. 8vo.: containing a chronological history of the different collections of pictures of importance which have been brought to Great Britain since the French revolution; together with remarks, historical and critical, on the art in general, designed to assist the amateur in forming a correct taste and judgment in regard to painting, and to aid him in the knowledge of the genuine works of the great masters.

Mr. Wolstenholme of York has in the press, *An Account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival* held in September last, by a member of the committee of management. It will be preceded by a brief notice of the abbey festivals, and of the history of music subsequent to the publication of Dr. Burney's work, the materials for which are so widely scattered, that any attempt to concentrate them must be highly useful. The work will be printed in royal 4to. and ornamented with two elegant engravings of the interior of the Minster, and other plates. It will be ready in June.

Messrs. Todd of York will shortly publish, an interesting *Account of Sheriff Hutton Castle*, illustrated with four engravings.

In the course of a few days will be published, *Excursions through Cornwall*, embellished with fifty high finished engravings, from drawings by F. W. L. Stockdale, Esq. late of the East India Company's service.

Mr. Conrad Cooke will publish in June, a new and complete *System of Cookery and Confectionery*, adapted to all capacities, and containing many plates. This work is the result of thirty years' experience in families of distinction, and contains important improvements in the art.

Early in June will be published, *a Key to the Science of Botany*, comprising a familiar and pleasing conversation between a mother and her daughter, by Mrs. Selwyn. It will be illustrated with plates, either plain or coloured.

The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah, an epic romance, in ten cantos, in the stanzas of Spenser, by M. P. Kavanagh, will appear in the course of the next month.

Mr. T. L. Busby's first number of the *Costume of the City of London*, which will be published in a few days, contains the portrait of Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart. (father of the city), in the Lord Mayor's costume. The size is imperial folio.

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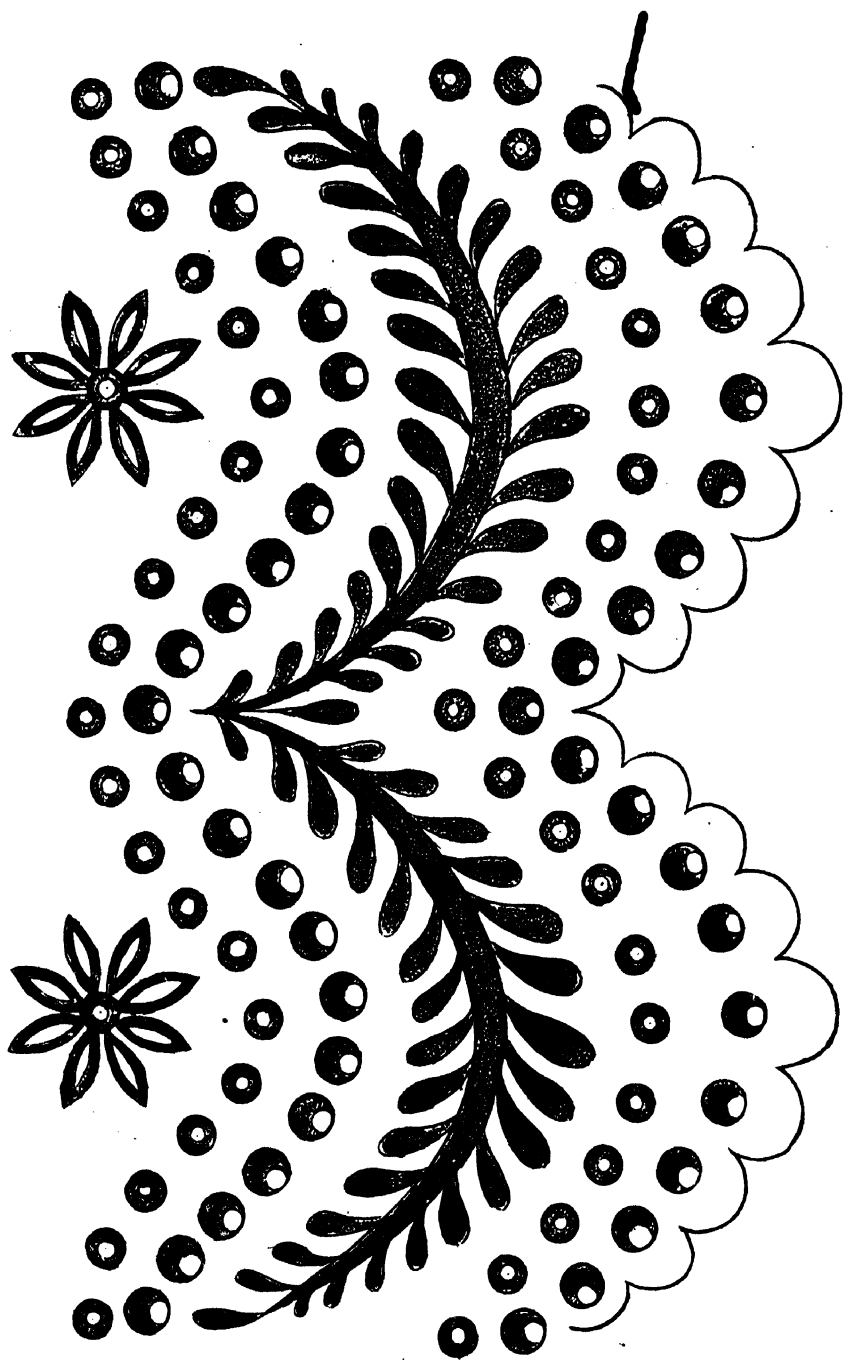
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To prevent the imposition of the spurious Starched Lace, every Article has a Ticket at-
tached, with the Arms of their Royal Highnesses the Princesses; and the Genuine Ken-
sington Lace cannot possibly be had any where but at the

MANUFACTURER'S ONLY WAREHOUSE,
30, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN;

And Retail as well as Wholesale, at the

Manufactory and Lace-Works, 14, Kensington-Square,
Kensington.

Orders manufactured to match any kind of Lace, White or Black.

Purchasers or Ladies leaving their cards, are respectfully informed, that the Hours to see the
Machinery and Lace-Works by young Females at Kensington, are from 10 to 1, and 2 till 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR JUNE 1824,
BY HIS MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT.
THE SELF-ILLUMINATING NIGHT OR DAY LAMP,



Producing Permanent Light by Touching a String.

This invention combines utility, economy, durability, and safety. It is equally adapted to the Drawing-Room, the Library, the Chamber of the Invalid, and the Office of the Man of Business, and is expected to supersede every thing of the kind now in use.

When required for the Night, the LAMP may be placed in any part of the Room, and the String attached to the Bed, by merely pulling which Light is produced. In the Day it may be used for sealing Letters, &c. without the String.

To the Army and Navy — the Law and the Faculty — the Student at the University and in Chambers — to Merchants and Bankers — to Public Offices, and Private Families for every Bed-Room — to Captains of Ships, and Travellers in General, and for the Insides of Carriages, it is particularly recommended; — and to the Lovers of Novelty and the Curious in Science, it may form an acceptable Present.

If allowed to burn, the LAMP will yield a steady light for eighteen or twenty hours without trimming. It is so portable that it may be carried in the pocket; so simple that a child may use it; and so cleanly that it may be packed with the finest linen immediately after use.

By shutting the Box, the works are so nicely fitted, that nothing can escape in whatever position it may be placed. As a proof of this, it has been sent, when fully trimmed and charged with oil, acid, and matches, from London to Edinburgh, by the mail-coach, as a loose parcel, and arrived in perfect security.

Sold, by appointment, by Messrs. SAVORY, MOORE, and DAVIDSON, 136, Bond-street; Mr. DILLOND, St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. LANGSTON, 94, Cheapside; Mr. SANGER, 150, Oxford-street; Mr. CORBE, 31, Regent-street; Messrs. IVE and BURBIDGE, 130, Fleet-street; Mr. GIFFORD, 104, Strand; Mr. HUDSON, 27, Haymarket; Mr. COMPLIN, 41, Bishopsgate-street Within; and Mr. MACKRILL, 33, Whitechapel.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

MR. W. BEACALL, SURGEON-DENTIST, 13, NEWMAN-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, having with unremitting diligence long made the Science of Artificial Teeth, where mechanical contrivance is requisite, his peculiar study, continues to supply the loss of Teeth with Natural or Artificial, in a superior manner, without the least pain, from a single Tooth to a complete Set, AT LITTLE MORE THAN ONE HALF THE USUAL CHARGES. Teeth cleaned if ever so discoloured, and rendered white and beautiful, without pain or injury to the enamel. Decayed Teeth or Stumps extracted with the utmost care and safety, or stopped to prevent irritation on the Nerve. Every operation on the Teeth and Gums — Attends at home from Ten till Four.

CADETS AND PASSENGERS TO INDIA, &c.

ALL respectfully informed, they may be supplied at S. UNWIN'S General Equipments Warehouse, 57, Lombard-street, with every Requisite for the Voyage and their Use in the Country: Caicos Shirts, Linen ditto, Cravats, Dressing-Gowns, Jean Jackets and Trowsers, Towels, Table Linen, Sheets, Hosiery, Dressing Cases, Swords, Saabes, Epaulettes, Brush-Cases, Writing-Desks, Sea-Bedding, Bullock Trucks, &c. — Mrs. Unwin, having the superintendence of the Ladies' Department, solicits those who are preparing their Equipments, to visit her Show-Rooms, and inspect her extensive Stock of Dresses, ready-made Linen, &c. on the lowest wholesale terms. No connexion with any other house.

TINCTURE OF MYRRH.

THE general use of this Article, for fastening and preserving the Teeth, and as a preventive and cure of the Scurvy in the Gums, induces HOWARD STYLES to offer to Ladies and Gentlemen the Tincture prepared by him, which is so much approved of by several of the Nobility, &c. who have used it. H. Styles begs to observe, that TINCTURE OF MYRRH should be pale-coloured; if not, it is either made with coarse and inferior Myrrh, or intentionally coloured with some other article, in order to make it appear strong. Colour therefore is no criterion of its strength: this is to be ascertained by dropping twenty drops of different coloured Tinctures into two tumblers of water, and tasting which contains more of the aromatic flavour of the Myrrh. The Tincture made by H. Styles, though pale, is not the less strong; but, on the contrary, much more so, as containing a greater quantity of the Myrrh in solution, owing to the impure juices being rejected altogether.

Prepared and sold by Howard Styles, Chemist, &c. 139, Regent-street, near Leicester-street — Pints 8s.; half-pints 4s. 6d.; quarter ditto 3s. 6d.

OTTO OF LAVENDER, a most elegant Perfume, in which the Lavender is so united with the Rose, as to combine the refreshing fragrance of the one with the delightful sweetness of the other. A single Drop is sufficient for a handkerchief. — Sold in Bottles at 5s., 10s., and 20s. or at 30s. per Ounce.

